THE LIFE AND ACTS Of the most famous & valiant Champion, *Syr William Wallace*, Knight of Ellerslie: *Maintainer of the Liberty of* SCOTLAND.

Cicer. 2. de finibus.

Laudandus est is, qui mortem oppetit pro Republica, qui doceat chariorem esse patriâ nobis, quâ nosmetipsos. Et memorem famam, qui bene gesit habet.

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Non Scotus est Christe, tui liber non platet iste.

Ex Lib. Roberti Gray
collegii med. Lond. Socii
1704.

TO THE READER.

THis Hiſtorie of Syr *William Wallace*, is ſo linked to that of King *Robert the Bruce*, that the one followeth iumpe vpon the other: For after that Syr *Iohn Menteith* (vpon the faire and large promiſes of *King Edward* of *England*) had traiterouſlie betrayed *Wallace* vnto his cruell enemie, who carried him to *London* where King *Edward* cauſed him moſte vnhumanely to bee tortured, and cruelly executed. Immediatlie God ſtirred vp *Robert the Bruce*, to be a finall Deliuerer of this poore afflicted Nation, out of the hands of that cruell *Tyrant*. And therefore to cleare the whole Hiſtorie, I was forced to ſet downe (briefely) the ſumme of the Hiſtorie of *William Wallace* collected word by word out of the beſt and approued *Hiſtoriographers*, in the Preface of *Bruces* Booke. And now being in hands with his owne Hiſtorie, I thought it moſt conuenient to prefixe it thereunto. And albeit the full Hiſtorie be not comprehended in this briefe Diſcourſe, yet the cheiſe matters are poincted at referring the reſt to the Hiſtorie it ſelfe.

And albeit ſundry doubtes haue beene mooued againſt *Wallace* his paſsing into *France*, & alſo the viſion that hapned him at *Gask-Hall*, the night after he had ſlaine his Man *Fawdon* mentioned in this Booke: And firſt for clearing of *Wallace* paſsing into *France*, I haue inſert a Teſtimonie in *Latine*, out of *Scotichronicon* (fauouring of the Phraſe of that time) contained in the ninth Booke, and the fourteenth Chapter thereof, as followeth.

Poſt enim conflictum de Roſling, Wallace *aſcenſa navi* Franciam *petiit: ubi quanta probitate refulſit, tam, ſuper mare a piratis, quam in* Francia *ab* Anglis *perpeſſus eſt diſcrimina, & viriliter ſe habuit nonnulla carmina, tam in ipſa* Francia, *quam* Scotia *atteſtantur. Cum rege enim* Franciæ Philippo *digno habebatur honore, venerabatur preconio, & mulcebatur alloquio: ac ad ſecum morandum pro perpetuo grandia promittebantur territoria, & tam in pagis quam urbibus predia quamplurima, ac dominia fuerunt ſibi conceſſa. Sed ipſe ſolo paterna & naturali affectione, ad modum Scotorum allectus poſt ipſius à* Scotia *receſſum, audiens ipſum regnum nimium ſuppeditari, ſupplicatione* Scotorum *de facili revocaretur, niſi Rex* Franciæ *ipſum quaſi invite retractaret. Nam ut* Willelmus *ſecum perendinaret,* Philippus *Rex* Franciæ, Eduardo *regi* Angliæ, *ſuo fratri legali, ſpecialiſſime ſcripſit pro treugis inter ipſum & domum* Scotiæ *capiendis (ut infra dicetur) ne videlicet preſentiam* Willelmi Wallas *quem tam teneriter deligebat, vel ad tempus amitteret,* &c.

The ſame in Engliſh.

After the Battell of *Roſling*, *Wallace* entering on Ship-boord, paſt in *France*, where, with what vertuouſneſſe

tuouſneſſe hee did ſhine, what dangers he ſuffered as well on the Sea by Pirates as by *Engliſhmen* in *France*: and how manfully he behaued himſelf, certaine Songes, as well in *France* it ſelfe as in *Scotland*, beareth vvitneſsing. For vvith *Philip* King of *France*, he was had in great Honour, reuerenced with praiſe, and with familiar communing gently intreated: Many ample Lands were offered vnto him for to abide perpetually with him: Many Lordſhips and Townes, both in Burgh and Countrey were giuen to him. But he being allured by his natiue Countrey, and naturall affection, according to the manner of *Scottiſhmen*, hearing after his departure out of *Scotland*, the Realme to be vtterly oppreſſed, was eaſilie, at the requeſt of his Countrey-men, purpoſed home againe, if the King of *France* had not retained him, as it were againſt his vvill. For *Philip*, King of *France*, to the intent, that *Wallace* ſhould abide with him, wrat vnto *Edward*, King of *England*, his Brother-in-Law, eſpecially for Trewis to be takẽ betwixt him and the Realme of *Scotland* (as it ſhall be ſhowne hereafter) for this purpoſe, that he ſhould not for any ſpace want the preſence of *William Wallace*, vvhom he moſt tenderly fauoured, &c.

There followeth more in the fifteenth Chapter of this Booke, of this matter, vvhich for prolixitie vve omit.

Beſids all this, there remaineth many Domeſticall Monuments of *Thomas* of *Longoueill*, vntill this day, (whom *Wallace* took vpon the Sea) diligently obſerued by his Succeſſours: as namely, his Sword, his Euidences of his Lands, and diuers other things, re-

retained of them in great eſtimation: which teſtifie clearly his being in *France*.

The other doubt, is of the Viſion that befell him at the *Gask-Hall*, the which is no derogation to the trueth of this Hiſtory: For the Booke affirmeth not theſe thinges to haue beene done in verie deed: but onely that it appeared ſo. And it was no marueil, that a Man of ſo great ſpirite beeing nowe left alone, in a deſert place, in a great perplexitie, and ouer-weried with exceſsiue trauels, long forewaked without any refreſhment of Meat or Drinke all the day before that he was rauiſhed with ſuch fooliſh viſions, or fantaſies. And ſuppoſing all his Men to be loſt, hee paſſed from the *Gask-Hall*: and looking behind him, he thought he ſaw it all on fire, and *Fawdon* ſtanding on the top thereof, caſting his head at him, and he caſting it backe againe at him: But there was no ſuch thing in deed: For on the morrow he ſent a VVoman to ſee what was become of the *Gask-Hall*: who found it in the old former eſtate. So that the whole matter was but a fantaſie, but proceeding of great trouble and wearineſſe before.

But now to the Compend of the Hiſtorie, of *Sir William Wallace*, mentioned a little before.

Edward, King of *England*, had ſo ſore oppreſſed this poore Countrey, and altogether brought it (as hee ſuppoſed) vnder his ſubjection, and obedience; Noble-men lacking both ſtrength and ſufficient courage to with-ſtand his Forces, and a great number of the Peeres of this Land joyning their forces with King *Edward*, eſpecially the *Bruce*, and his faction, with many others; GOD ſtirred vp this valiant Champion, *William Wallace*, a Man of Noble

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and ancient Family, who did Actes, in thoſe Warres not only aboue all mens exſpectatiõ, but alſo incredible, being a man of great bodily ſtrenght, & high courage: He hardened his body againſt injuries of Fortune, and confirmed his courage by perillous attempts to enterpriſe higher and greater, euen with danger: he gathered vnto him ſome companie of Men, and herewith not only ſlew any *Engliſhmen* he met with, but often times alſo with few foght with great numbers in ſundrie places where he met with them, & ſlew them. In ſhort ſpace his fam filled both the Realms: ſo they that had lik cauſes as he had, & not vnlike loue to their Countrey, gathering together, ſwarmed to him from all parts, and within few moneths he amaſſed an indifferent Army: Noblemen for feare or laſhnes lying ſtill, *Wallace* was proclaimed Gouernour, and as Lieutenãts for *Balliol*, commanded as lawfull Magiſtrate. Hee tooke not this name of pride or of deſire to Empire, but only (like another *Sampſon*) vpon compaſsion, and loue of his Countrey-people. After this, he eſſayed with open force, tooke many Caſtells, (either not ſufficiently furniſhed or not weill guarded, or negligently kept) and razed them. His Men of Warres minds were ſo confirmed, that vnder his conduct they feared no perrill, for that his hardiment lacked neuer wiſdom, nor his wiſdome the wiſhed euent. So in ſhort ſpace he wan all the Forts that *Engliſhmen* poſſeſſed beyond *Forth*.

King *Edward* hearing theſe rumours, and hauing all his Army with him in *France* he wrote to *Henrie Pearſie* Lord of *Northumberland*, & to *William Latimer*, to raiſe quickly Forces out of the next adjacent Countrey, and joyne themſelues with *Creſſingham*,

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to ſuppres the *Scots*. *Wallace* in this time beſieged the Caſtle of *Cowper* in *Fyfe*, to the end his men of warre ſhould not be idle, attending the coming of the *Engliſh* army: his enimies now cuming neare, marched directly to *Striuiling*, (*The Riuer of Forth hath no foords at Striuiling*) Yet there was a vvoodden bridge, ouer the vvhich *Creſſinghame* paſt, vvith the great part of his army: the reſt following ſo thick, (the bridge being ouerburthened vvith ſo hudge a weght) brak in pieces. The *Scots* charged theſe that vvere paſt, before they could be Arayed, ſlew their leader, droue backe the reſt in the water, with ſo huge a ſlaughter, that almoſt the whole were either ſlain by the *Scots*, or drownd in the riuer. *Wallace* after this ſo followed his fortune, that he left not an *Engliſhman* in *Scotland*, except priſoners. This victory was obtained vpō the *Ides of Septemb. 1297*. Hereafter folowed great Famine for the manuring of the ground: and Peſt followed Hunger; wherof greater deſtruction was feared than of the Warre. *Wallace* to remedy this aſwell as he might, charged al fenſible men, to come vnto him at a certain day, & caried them with him into *England*: vvhere liuing in vvinter in their enemies lands, they ſpared *Viuers* at home; vvhere he remained from the *kalends* of *Nouember*, vnto the *kal.* of *Febr.* and no man durſt match him. And then hauing inriched thēſelfs vvith their enemies ſpoyls, returned with great glory. As this journey augmented *Wallaces* fame and authority among the people, ſo it increaſed the Noble mens enny againſt him; vvhereof *Edw.* being priuy, ſetting things in *France* in order, as time would permit, leauing his old ſouldiers beyond ſea, amaſsing, a very great army vpon the ſudden, of nouices, he marched toward *Scotland*; but whē in the plain of *Stane-*

mure both armies ſtood in order of battel, about half a mile from other: *Edw.* viewing *Wall.* hoſte, his ſkil and order of battell: albeit he had a greater number of people, yet durſt he not hazard; returning his ſtanderds, ſoftly retired: but *Wallace* for feare of ambuſhment durſt not follow. This victory obtained without blood, againſt a moſt potent King. The enemies of *Wall.* more ſharply aſſaulted him, raiſing brutes through the countrey, that he openly ſhot at the Kingdom. So they conclude, by all means to ſubuert *Wall.* authority. Theſe deuiſes not vnknown to King *Edw.* he raiſed a great army of *Engliſh* & *Scots*, vvho had remained conſtāt in their promiſe made to him the next Somer came vnto *Faw-kirk*: vvhich village is builded vpon the very ruins of *Seuerus Wall*, diſtant from *Striuiling* 6 myles. The *Scottiſh* hoſt abade not far from thence, ſtrong enough indeed, for they were 30 thouſand, if the Rulers had agreed amongſt themſelues. The Rulers were *Iohn Cummyng*, *Iohn Stewart*, & *Will. Wallace*. the former two in blood, & puiſſance, the laſt in Marſhall glory, moſt flouriſhing of al *Scotland*. While as the 3 battels ſtood in redines to fight, a new contention was added to the former enuy, *Who ſhould lead the Vanguard*: & neither of them giuing place to the other: the *Engliſhmen* ended the ſtrife vvho in order of battell, vvith diſplayed Banners, came vpon them with expedition: *Cummine* with his company fled vvithout ſtroke: *Steward* enuironed both behind and before, vvas ſlaine with his hoſte. *Wallace* being ſore ſet vpon in front, and *Bruce* comming about a Knowle, to charge him on the backe. contained his men together in ſuch order, as in ſuch ſtate he beſt could, and returned backe ouer CARROVN Water, vvhere he defended himſelf,

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hauing gathered together those that were fled, and *Bruce* desiring to speak with him, he refused not: whē these two alone stood right ouer against other, at a deep & narrow part of the Riuer, *Bruce* first said, he wondred at him, that being caried with the facile fauour of the people, would hazard himself in so many perils againe a King, most puissant of that age: assisted also with great support of *Scots*, & that without any hope of recompence of his pains? For albeit he vanquisht *Edward*, the *Scots* would neuer allow of him to be King: and if he were ouerthrowne he had no refuge, but in the mercy of his enemy. To whom *Wallace* answered: I (said he) neuer tooke these paines to purchase to my self a Kingdom, for that is vnagreeable with my condition, and my mind couets it not, but seeing my Countrey-men through your cowardice, to whom the Realme right ly appertains destitute of Rulers, & hereby casten into their most cruel enemies hands: not only in bondage and slauery, but euen to the shambles, I pitied their case, & haue enterprised the defence of their cause, forsaken by you, whose liberty I shall not forsake, before my life forsake me. And so the conferēce ended: either of both returning to their owne After this vnhappy Battell *Wallace* returned to *Perth*, and there skailed his army giuing place to the enuy born against him: and after that day enterprised nothing for the Realm: aud renounced the name of Magistrat: albeit he left not off the inuading of the *English* Nation, whereseoeuer he could be their master. *Edward*, after this wasted, by all warlike calamities, the Lands beyond *Forth* euen to *Perth*: subduing those that in respect of the present misery durst not stir: & so retired with his army into *England*. The *Scots* that were carefull for the liberty of their Realme, a little refreshed after the

enemies departure, made *Iohn Cumming* younger, Regent: who by the aduiſe of the Counſell ſent Ambaſſadours to *Philip Valloes* King of *France*, to trauell with him that by Mediation of his Siſter, who was then affianced to *Edward*, they might at leaſt obtaine Truce. By her trauels they obtained Truce for ſeuen Moneths, but not obſerued (*bona fide*:) for *Engliſhmen* tooke the Ambaſſadours that were directed to *Bonifacius* the eight, and impriſoned them. The *Scots* in the meane time who could not abide the tyranny of *Engliſhmen*, nor culd by no puniſhment ſatiat *Edwards* cruell mind, neither yet obtaine peace vpon juſt conditions, prepared themſelues with obſtinat minds to fight it out, without all hope of pardon. Firſt they droue all *Edwards* Captains foorth of all Towns, and Fortreſſes, and vexed the *Scots*, of the *Engliſh* factiō, vvith all the force they might: vvhile as the ſtat of matters thus cōtinued almoſt two years. *Edward* ſent *Rodolph Confrey*, with a puiſſant Army, to ſuppreſſe this rebellion of the *Scots*, and to put an end to thoſe Warres. This Army without impediment waſted all to *Roſling*, a place in *Louthian*, foure miles diſtant from *Edinburgh*, & to deſtroy farther within the Countrey diuided their Army in three, *Iohn Cummine*, and *Iohn Fraſer*, the moſt wealthy men in *Tweed-dale*, gathering to the number of 8000 men, marched towards the enemy, of purpoſe either to keep in the enemy, that he ſhould not run at randon to ſpoyl the Country or if they found better occaſion, to follow Fortun. Better occaſion was offered then they looked for: For *Engliſhmen* fearing nothing leſſe than the comming of their enemies, ſo often ouerthrowne, behauing themſelues more loſely than was expedient, in their enemies ground, by ſuddon comming of the *Scots*

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vpō the firſt of their Camps, were ouerthrown with a great ſlaughter: they that eſcaped raiſed great tumult in the ſecōd camp, where th'alarm was fearfully raiſed, euery man exhorting his Mate to ſupport their own, they prepared thēſelues for reuenge. The conflict was terrible, as betwixt theſe that were fiers, throgh victory, & theſe that were enraged by thirſt of reuenge: in end, th' *Engliſhmen* diſcomfiſt & chaſed, victory, albeit not vnbloody, yeelded to the *Scots*: the third hoſt, which had bin furder off, affraid the *Scots*, for many being wounded, & moſt part weried with trauels in 2 late battels foreſaw manifeſt danger to enſue by fighting, & aſſured deſtruction by flight, at length the Heads commanded to ſlay al captiues: leſt while they were occupied with th'enemy, they ſhuld come vpon their backs: they armed their ſeruants vvith ſlain mens armor, & ſo made ſhew of a greater army to their enemies: the battel begun vvas keenly foghten on both ſides: the fight being doutfull for a while, the *ſcots* by exhortatiō of their leaders, & calling to mind their late doble victory, renewing their ſtrēgth: ran ſo fiercely vpō their enemies that their aray broken, they gaue backs, It was foghten at *Roſlene, the 6 of the kyl. of March, 1320.* The more notable that this victory was, 3 hoſts in one day ouerthrown by one, the more ſharply *Edw.* ſet his mind to deface this ignominy, and once to put an end to their longſome Warre. He amaſſeth a greater army than euer he did before, & perſued *Scotland* both by land & ſea, to the vtter moſt borders of *Ros.* No man in warfare durſt hazard him ſelf againſt ſo puiſſant an army, except *Wallace*, with his few folks, ſomtimes behind, & ſomtims before, & ſomtims vpon their wings, chopped at ſuch as had raſhly run forth frō the hoſt. *Edw.*

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preast by great promises to mak him his own, but in vain: his answer was ay to all men, *that hee had auowed his life to his Countrey.* Thus things atchieued: *Edw.* adjoyned himself to his son *Edward*, whom he had left at *Perth*, took in sundry Strengths & Forts (& *Striuiling*, after 3 moneths siege, the rest rendred for fear *Edward* held a Parliamēt in *Sainct-Andrews*, vvher he made most part of the Nobility for fear to swear to be his true subjects; *Wall.* always excepted; who for fear to be betrayed of the nobility, withdrue himself to his old lurking places. *Edw.* appointed Lieutenāts and Magistrats throughout *Scotland*, past home to *England*, and left no Monuments, Histories, Books, Lawes, nor learned men, vndestroyed, or transported with him: thinking therby to exterminate the name of that Natiō. He left *Odomare Valentine*, *Vice-Roy*, to extinguish all innouations, if any begin to peepe. But now Wars arose, where he least meaned. Among the rest of *Scottish* Nation with *Edward.* was *Robert Bruces* son, who contēded with *Ballioll* for the Kingdome, and *Iohn Cummine*, cousen german to *Iohn Ballioll*, late King of *Scots*. *Edw.* had spoken often times seuerally, & long time holden them in the hals, vpō vain hope of the Kingdom, and so used their means in the conquest of the same, being both mē of great power and friendship: but the deceitfull mockage at length manifested: there was nothing more desired of either of them. than occasion to be reuēged vpon *Edw.* falset against promise & trust to both: but emulation whereby the one suspected the other, was the stay, that neither durst communicat his counsell to the other. Now *Cum.* perceiued these doings miscōtēted *Bruce*, vehemently deplored vnto him the misery of their Countrey, beginning from the ground thereof

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and inueighing greatly againſt the King of *England* perfidie, accuſed firſt himſelf, & then *Bruce*, by whoſe aſsiſtance and trauels their people were brought to this miſery proceeding further from this beginning of ſpeach, euery of them promiſing ſecrecy to other vpon their Faith and honeſty. They agreed betwixt themſelues thus: *That Bruce ſhould bee King and* Cummine *ſhould reſigne his Right in his fauours*: & Cummine *ſhould haue all Lands that* Bruce *poſſeſſed in* Scotland (he had many faire and fruitfull Lands) *and* Cummine *ſhould be ſecond in honour next vnto the King*. Theſe things ſworn, writtē, & ſealed, *Bruce* vvaiting opportunitie of change, paſt to the Court of *England*, leauing behind him in *Scotland* his wife and brethren. After his departure, *Cummine* either repenting his former aduiſe, or els he thought by craft to cut away *Bruce* that therby he might more eaſily come by the kingdome. He bevvrayed theſe ſecrets to *Edward*: and to purchaſe credite herein, he ſent him the Contract ſigned by both. *Bruce* was ſummōd to a day for treaſon, charged not to depart from Court, & quiet keepers appointed vnto him, commanded to ſpy both his vvords and deeds. The cauſe why the King protracted time in this ſo manifeſt a turne, was, that his brethren might be apprehended before the brute of his execution ſhould ariſe. *Bruce* in the meane time was informed of the ſuddē danger, by his old freind the Earle of *Gomera*: vvho durſt not counſell him by letter to flee, but warning by example, ſent a pair of guilt ſpurs with ſom pieces of gold, as if he had borrowed them the day preceeding. *Robert*, as men in danger are moſt tenty, not ignorāt what was meant by the propine called for a Smith in the night cauſed ſhoo three Horſes backward, leſt the print of the

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Horſe feet in the ſnow might bewray their flight, & that ſame night might be eſpied: accompanied with other two, took journey vpon the 7 day thereafter: themſelues and their horſes weary, came to a Caſtle of his own ſtanding beſide *Lochmabane*: there finding his brother *Dauid* & *Robert Fleming*: and taking them with him, ſcarcely opening vnto them the cauſe of his flight, chanced vpon a Meſſenger, carying letters from *Cummine* to *Edward*: bearing, *That Robert ſhould be executed with diligence: for delay brought danger, leſt a Noble man, fauoured of the people, and therewith alſo wiſe & ſtout ſhould raiſe new troubles, &c.* The *Cummines* treaſon alſo by this teſtimony tried, *Robert* inflamed with rage of ire, paſt directly to *Drumfreiſe*, wher he vnder ſtood his enemy was: & finding *Iohn Cummine* in the *Gray-Fricrs* Kirke: produced his letters, & reproued him bitterly, while as he impudently ſtood to the deniall therof: but he impatient, in wrath ſtrak him in the belly with his Dagger, and left him for dead. When he was horſing again, *James Lindeſay* his couſen, and *Roger Kirk-Patricke*, his friend, perceiuing his countenáce chãged, inquired the cauſe: He told them in a word, *He believed Cummine was dead.* What? ſaid LINDESAY, *Haſt thou left ſo dangerous a deed in doubt?* & therwith he entred into the Kirk, & not only ſlew him, but alſo *Robert Cummine*, his kinſman, preaſsing to ſupport him. This murther was committed the 4 of the *Ides* of *February* 1305. about this time *William Wallace* was taken, and betrayed by *Iohn Menteith*, his familiar companion, corrupted by *Edwards* Mony: in the bounds of *Glaſgow*, where he lurked for the time: ſent to *London*, where by *Edwards* command he was vnhoneſtly beheaded and quartered: his members to terrifie others) hung vp in moſt publicke places

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in *England* & *Scotland*. This was the end of this most worthy mans life, who for high ſpirit in interpriſing dangers, for fortitude in execution, comparable in deed to the moſt famous Chiftains, amongſt the Ancients: for loue to his natiue, Countrey ſecond to none, he onely free, the reſt ſlaues, could neither bee bought with benefites, nor compelled by force to leaue the publicke cauſe which he had once profeſt; whoſe death appeared more to be lamented, that being inuincible, to his enemy he was betrayed by his Familiar, that in no caſe ſhould haue done ſo.

Now for breuities cauſe we end, committing the reſt to the Booke it ſelfe. Farewell.

F I N I S.

In obitum Clariſsimi Ducis GVLIELMI WALLACE, *quem* Edwardus primus Anglorum Rex, *ſibi proditum ſuplicio Londini affecerat. Carmen.*

INuida Mors triſti Gulielmum funere Wallam,
Quæ cuncta tollit ſuſtulit.
Et tanto pro cive, ciuis: pro finibus vrna eſt:
Friguſque pro lorica obit.
Ille licet terras, loca ſe inferiora, reliquit;
At fata factis ſupprimens,
Parte ſui meliore ſolum, Cœlumque pererrat,
Hoc ſpiritu; illud gloria.
At tibi ſi inſcriptum generoſo pectus honeſto,
Fuiſſe, hoſtis proditi
Artibus Angle tuis, in Pœnas parcior iſſes
Nec oppidatim ſpargeres
Membra viri ſacranda adytis, Sed ſcin quid in iſta
Immanitate viceris?
Vt Vallæ in cunctas oras ſpargantur & horas;
Laudes; tuumque dedecus.

F I N I S.

THE ACTS and DEEDES of the moſte Famous and valliant Champion, Syr WILLIAM WALLACE, KNIGHT of ELLERSLIE.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

Ur Anteceſſours of whom wee ſhould of reade,
And hold in mind their fame and worthie dæde,
Wée let ouerſlide through very ſloathfulneſſe,
And caſtes vs euer to other buſineſſe:
On vaine gaming is ſet our whole intent,
Which hes bæne ſæne into theſe times by went,
Our next neighbours that came of Brutus blood,
They often times to Scots wilht little good.
Though now of late God turnd their mind and will,
That great kindneſſe they haue ſhowne vs vntill.

The hearts of people the Lord hath in his hand,
Hee may them rule, and guide at his command.
And though all leids would haue this Land in thrall
Oppone his power God can against them all.
As wee haue seene in our forebeares before,
But of these Parables as now I speake no more.
Wee reade of one right famous of renowne,
Of worthie Blood that reigned in this Region:
And hencefoorth now I will my purpose holde,
Of William Wallace as yee haue heard tolde.
His Fore-fathers who likes to vnderstand,
Of olde Linage, and true Blood of Scotland.
Syr Rannald Crawfurd, right Shyriffe of Air,
So in his time hee had a Daughter fair:
To young Sir Rannald Shyriffe of that towne,
Was sister faire of good fame and renowne.
Malcome Wallace her got in Marriage,
That Ellerslie then hed in heritage:
Auchenbothie, and many other place,
The second Dye hee was to good Wallace:
The which Wallace full hardely had wrought,
When Walter heire of Wallace to him sought.
Who likes to heare more knowledge in that part,
Goe reade the Line of the first SSEWART.
Now Malcome Wallace got with his Lady bright
Malcome Wallace a good and gentle Knight.
And William too, as Chronicles beares on hand,
Who after was reskewer of Scotland,
When it was lost with treason and falsnesse,
Duerset with foes, it fred through Gods grace:
King Alexander, our worthie King forlorne,
By euenture his life lost at Kinghorne:
Three yeares still the Realme stood desolate,
Wherethrough there rose a full grieuous debate.

Our Prince Dauid Earle of Huntingtowne,
Three Daughters had of great fame and renowne:
Of the which three came Bruce, Ballioll, & Haisting,
Two of these three desyred to be King.
The Ballioll claimed of the first gree lineally,
And Bruce the first Male of the gree by.
To Edward soone into England they send,
Of this great striffe they thoght he should make end:
Follie it was (indeed it happened so)
Succour to seeke of their olde mortall foe.
Edward Lang-shankes had now begunne his weare
Upon Gascoigne into an awfull feare:
The lands which hee claimed stood in like case,
Hee thought full sone to make an haill conquese.
To Norhame Kirke hee came withoutten maire,
The counsell then of Scotland met him there.
Full subtilly hee charged them in bandowne,
As their ouer-Lord to hold of him the Crowne.
Bishop Robert in his time right worthy,
Of Glasgow Lord, said, That wee doe deny:
Any ouer-Lord, but the great God aboue,
The King was wrath and home hee did remoue.
Yet Iohn Ballioll followed on him so fast,
To holde of him hee granted at the last:
And contrare right a King hee made him thair,
Wherethrow Scotland repented it full saire.
To the Ballioll our Lords would not consent,
Edward foorthwith set downe a Parliament,
Hee called Ballioll to answere for Scotland,
The wise Lords soone caused him breake that band,
An Abbot past and gaue ouer his alleageance,
King Edward then tooke it in great greeuance.
His hoste hee raised and came to warke on Tweed,
But for to fight as then hee had great dreed.

To Corspatrik of Dumbar sone hee send,
His counsell askt, for hee the countrie kend.
Where hee was brought in presence of the King:
By subtle band they packed vp this thing.

The Battell of Barwick. Chap. II.

Earle Patrick then to Barwick can persew,
Receiued hee was and trusted very trew:
The King followed with his men of renowne,
After mid-night at rest was all the towne.
Corspatrick rose, the keyes well hee knew,
Let bridges downe, and portculzies they drew.
Edward entred, and causde slay hastelie,
Of men and women eight thousand and fiftie,
And childzen tw, by this false euenture,
Of true Scots, escaped no creature.
A captaine there this false king hes made,
Howard Dumbar without resting they rade.

The Battaile of Dumbar. Chap. III.

QVhair gathered was great power of Scotland
Against Edward in battell for to stand:
The thzee Earles was entered in that place,
Of Mar, Menteith, and Athole vpon case.
In the Castell the Earle gart hold them in,
That to their men without they could not win:
Nor yet to them supplying for no mo,
The battels then together fast they go.
And many slaine there was without mercie,
Of true Scots ouerset with subtiltie.
Earle Patrick then when the fighting was fellest
To our foe turned and harming did vs maist.
Is none in world that skaithes may doe maire,
Then weill trusted in borne familiar.
Our men are slaine without redemption,
Through these deeds whole, tint was this Region

How King *Edward* and *Corſpatrick* came to Scone, and depoſed *Iohn Ballioll*, and had with them the heires of *Scotland*. Chap. IIII.

KIng Edward paſt and Corſpatrik to Scone,
And there hée gat the homage of Scotland ſone,
For none was left the Realme for to defend,
For Iohn Ballioll then to Montroſe they ſend,
And him depriued for aye of his kingrike,
Then Edward himſelfe was called an Royall rike,
The Crowne hé toke vpon the ſelfe ſame ſtane,
That Gathelus ſent with his ſonne from Spaine:
When Iber Scot firſt into Scotland came,
That Canmore King, ſyne Fergus had to name:
Brought it to Scone, and gart it ſtabill thair,
Other kings were crowned viii. hunder yeres & mair.
Before the time that King Edward it fand,
Theſe Iewels hé gart turſe into England.
In London ſet in witneſſe of that thing,
By conqueis then of Scotland made him King.
Where that ſtane ſtands Scotland ſhould maſter bé,
God chooſe the time for Margarets heires to ſé.
Right ſcore they led of greateſt that they fand,
And heirs with them, and Bruce out of Seotland,
That office then hé képed but ſhort time,
I may not now put all the déeds in ryme.
On Chronicles why ſhould I tarry lang:
To VVallace againe now briefly will I gang.
Scotland was loſt when hé was but a childe,
All ouerſet with our enemies wilde.
His Father Malcome in the Lennox fled,
His eldeſt ſonne thither with him hé led.
His Mother fled with him from Ellerſlie,
To Gowrie paſt and dwelt in Kilſpindie.

The knight his father thither hes him sent,
Unto his Uncle with an great intent.
In Gowrie dwelt, and had their liuing thair,
An aged man which receiued them fair:
Then to Dundie Wallace to schoole they send,
While he of wit full worthylie was kend.
Thus hee continued in his tender age,
In armes syne did many vassalage.
When Saxon blood in this Region could reigne,
Marking the will of that vnrighteous king,
Many great wrongs they wrought in this Region,
Destroyde our Lords, & brake our buildings downe:
Both wiues & widowes they tooke at their own will,
Nunnes and Maidens whom they liked to spill:
King Herods part they playde heere in Scotland,
Of young Children that they before them fand.
The Bishoprickes that was greatest of vaill,
They tooke in hand of their Archbishops haill:
Not for the Pope they would no kirke forebeire,
But griped all through violence of weir.
Glagow they gaue as at their baile was kend,
To Diocy of Durhame to an commend,
Small benefices then they would not perslew,
But for this thing full many other they slew:
Hanged Barrons, and wrought full mekill care,
It was well knowne within the Barnes of Aire,
Where eightine score was put to fellon dead,
But God aboue hes sent vs some remeede.
It is remembred farder in the tale,
I will follow vpon my purpose haill.
William Wallace ere hes was man of armes,
Great pittie thoght that Scotland tooke sike harmes
Mekill dolour it did him in his minde,
For hee was wise, right worthie, wight and kind

In Gowrie dwelt still with this worthy man,
As hee increast and with abandon than:
Unto his heart hee had full mekill caire,
Hee saw the Sutheron multiply mair and mair.
And to himselfe oft would hee make his mone,
Of his good kin they had slaine many one.
Yet hee was then seemely, strong and bolde,
And hee of age was seuenteene winters olde:
Weapons hee bare either good sword or knife:
For hee with them happed full oft to strive,
Where he found one out of anothers presence,
After to Scots they did no more offence.
To cut his throat or sticke him suddainly,
Hee cared not found hee them anerly:
Sundrie wanted, but none knew by what way,
For as to him there could no man ought say.
Little of speach, was courteous and benigne,
Sad of countenance he was both old and zing.

How *Wallace* slew young Selbie the Constalbes Sonne of Dundie. Chap. V.

Vpon a Day to Dundie he was send,
Of cruelnesse full little hee was kend:
The Constable was a felloun man of weir,
And vnto Scots hee did full mekill deir,
Selbie hee hecht dispiteous and outrage,
A sonne hee had neare twentie yeares of age,
Into the towne hee vsed euery Day,
Three men or foure thereto with him to play.
An hiely schrew, wanton in his intent.
Wallace hee saw, and toward him hee went:
Seemlie hee was, right bigge and well beseene,
Into a weeds of goodly gaining greene.

Hée called on him, and said, Thou Scot abide,
What deuill (said hée) thée graithed in so good wéed:
An horse mantle it was thy kind to weare:
A Scots whittle vnder thy belt to beare:
Rough rulzions vpon thine harlots féete,
Giue mee thy knife, what doth thy geare so méete?
To him hée went his knife to take him fra,
Fast by the collar VVallace can him ta:
Vnder his hand his knife hée braided out,
For all his men that sembled him about:
But helpe himselfe hee knew of no reméede,
Without reskew hée sticked him to deade.
The Squyer fell, of him there was na maire,
His men followed on VVallace wonder saire.
The prease was thicke and cummered them full fast,
VVallace was speedy and greatly als agast.
The bloody knife was drawen in his hand,
Hée spared none that hée before him fand.
The house hée knew his Eme had ludged in,
Thether hée fled, further hee might not win.
The good-wife there within the close saw hée,
And helpe (hée cryed) for him that died on trée:
The young Captaine hes fallen with me at strife,
In at the doore hée went with this good wife.
A russed gowne of her owne shée him gaue,
About his wéed that couered all the laue:
A sudled courtch ouer head and necke let fall,
A worne white hat shée breased on withall.
For they should not long tarie at that Inne,
Gaue him a rocke, and then sat downe to spinne.
The Sutheron soght where VVallace was but dread.
They knew not well at what gait hée in zeid,
In that same house they sought him busely,
But hée sat still and span right cunningly.

As

As of his time hée had not learned lang,
They left him so, and forth their gaits can gang:
With heauie cheare, and sorrowfull in thought,
No wit of him as then get could they nought.
The Englishmen all then in barret bowne,
Bade fyre all Scots that were into the towne.
Yet this gudwife held VVallace vntil night,
Made him gud cheare, and put him out of sight,
Through a darke gate, shée guided him full fast,
In couert went, syne by the water past.
Forbure the gate for watches that was there,
His Mother was into a great despare.
When shée him saw, shée thanked Heauens King,
And said, Deare sonne, so long where hast thou bene?
Hée told his Mother of that suddaine cace,
Then weeped she, and said full oft allace,
Or that thou cease thou wilt bee slaine withall,
Mother hee said, God rewlet is of all.
Vnsufferable are the people of England,
Part of their yre mée thinke wée should gainstand.
His Eme hée knew that hée the squyer slew,
For dread thereof in great languor hée drew.
This passed ouer, while diuers dayes were gane,
The gudman dred that VVallace should bee tane,
The Sutheron are full subtle euerie man,
A great ditty for Scots ordained they than.
Be the law dayes in Dundie set an Air.
Then VVallace would no longer sojorne thair:
His Mother graithed hir in a Pilgrims weid,
Himselfe disagysed, syne gladly with her zeid.
A short sword vnder his weid bare hee,
In all the land full many foes had hée.
Both on their fote with them more toke they noght,
Who speired, she said, To sainct Margaret they soght.

Who

Who serued her full great friendship they fand,
With Suthron folkes, for shee was of England:
Beside Lundores the ferry ouer they past,
Then through the Ochell sped they wonder fast:
Into Dumfermling they ludged all that night,
Upon the morne when that the Day was light,
With gentle-women happed them to passe
Of England borne, in Linlithgow wunning was:
The Captaines wife in Pilgrimage had beene,
When she then met and had good Wallace seene:
God cheare they made, for hee was wonder faire,
Not large of tongue, well taught and debonare.
Foorth talking thus of matters that was wrought,
Whil south ouer Forth with her son she them broght.
Into Linlithgow they would not tary lang,
Their leaue they tooke to Dunipace they gang:
There dwelt his Eme, a man of great riches,
That mighty person heght to name Wallace.
Wade them good cheare, and was a full goodman.
Welcomed them faire, and to them tolde hee then,
Did him to wit, the Land was all on steir,
Treated them well, and said, my sonne so deir:
Thy Mother and thou right heere with me shall bide.
While better bee, for chance that may betide:
Wallace answered, and said, Wlestermore wee well,
Our Kinne is slaine, and that mee likes ill,
And other many Worthie in that airt,
Liue I, will God, wee shall vs wreake on part.
The person sighed, and said, My sonne so free,
I cannot know how that redresse may bee.
What should I speake of frustrat at this tide?
For gift of good hee would not with him byde.
His Mother and hee to Ellerslie they went,
Upon the morne she for her brother sent:

In

In Corsbie dwelt and was Shirriffe of Aire,
His Father was dead that liued long tyme there,
Her eldest sonne that mekill was of maine,
Her husband als at Lochmabane was slaine,
Sir Malcome Wallace his name was but lies,
His hoch sennons were cutted in that pries.
On knees hee fought feill Englishmen hee slew,
To him then sought mo fighters then anew.
On either side with spears bare him downe,
There stricked they that good Knight of renowne.
Unto my tale I left at Ellerslie.
Sir Rannald came vnto his sister free,
Welcomed them and asked of their intent,
Shee prayed that he to Lord Persie would went:
She irked of warre, she could no farther flee,
To purches peace: in rest that she might bee.
Sir Rannald had the Persies protection,
As for all part to take remission,
Then hee causde write to his sister that tyde,
In that respect Wallace would not abide.
His Mother hee left, she weeped with heart full sair,
His leaue hee tooke then from his Eme can fair.
Young hee was, and to Sutheron right sauage,
Great roome they had, despite and eke outrage.
Sir Rannald durst not well hold Wallace there,
For great perrill hee knew appearing were:
For they had whole the strengths of this land,
What they wold doe, durst none against them stand,
Shirrife hee was and wied them among,
Full sore he dred that Wallace should take wrong:
For hee and they could neuer well accord,
Yee got a blow though hee was lad of Lord:
That profered him any lightlinesse,
But they repared ouer mekill to that place.

As English Clerkes in Prophesie it fand,
How one VVallace should put them from Scotland:
Syr Rannald knew weill a more quyet stéed,
Where VVilliam might be better from their féed:
With his Uncle VVallace of Richartoun,
Syr Richart heght that good knight of renoun:
These lands whole then was his heritage,
But blind hée was, so happened through courage.
By Englishmen, that did him mekill deare,
In his rysing hée worthie was in Warre.
Through hurt of vaines, and minishing of blood,
Yet hée was wise, and of his counsell good:
In Februare Wallace was to him send,
Into Aprile hée bowned from him to wend,
But good seruice hée did him with pleasance,
As in that space was worthy to aduance,

How *Wallace* past to the water of *Irwin*, to take fish. Chap. VI.

SO on a time hée desired to play,
Into Aprile the thrée and twentie day,
To Irwin water Fish to take hée went,
Sik fantasie fell into his intent:
To leid his Nette a Childe with him there yeid,
But hée ere noone was in a fellon dread:
His sword hee left, so did hee neuer againe,
It did him good, although hee suffered paine.
Of that labour as then hée was not slée:
Happie hée was, Booke fish aboundantly.
Ere of the day ten houres could ouer-passe,
Ryding there came néere by where Wallace was,
The Lord Persie, that was captaine then of Air,
From him hée turned, and could to Glasgow fair.

Part

Part of the Court had Wallace labour seene,
To him there raid fiue clad in garment greene:
Saint Martines Fish, said Scot now we would haue,
Wallace againe them meekly answere gaue,
It were reason, mee thinke yee should haue part,
Waith should bee delt in all place with free heart.
Hee bade his Boy giue them of his weathing:
The Sutheron said, As now of thy dealing
Wee will not take, thou would giue vs ouer small,
Hee lighted downe, and from his Boy tooke all.
Wallace said then, Gentlemen if that yee bee,
Leaue vs some part, wee pray for charity.
An aged Knight serues our Ladie this day.
God friend leaue part, and take not all away.
Thou shalt haue leaue to fish and take thee maire,
All these surely shall in our flitting faire:
Wee serue a Lord, these fish shall to him gang,
Wallace answering, said, Thou art in the wrang:
Whom thou'lt thou Scot: in faith thou seruit a blow:
To him hee ranne, and out a sword can draw,
Wallace was woe hee had no weapons there,
But a Poult-staffe which in his hand hee bare:
Wallace with it fast on the cheeke him tooke,
With so good will while off his feete him shooke.
The sword flew fra him a foote broad on the land,
Wallace was glade, and caught it soone in hand;
And with the sword an ackward stroke him gaue,
Under the head, his craige in sunder draue.
Be that the rest lighted about Wallace:
Hee had no helpe, but onely Gods grace:
On ether side full fast on him they dang,
Great perill was, if they had lasted lang.
Upon the head in great yre hee stroke one,
The shearing sword cut to the coller bone:

Another

Another hée hit on the Arme hastilie,
While Hand and Swoꝛd both on the Land can lie:
The other two fled to their Hoꝛse againe,
Hée sticked him that last was on the plaine:
Thꝛée slew hée there, two fled with all their might,
After their Loꝛd, but he was out of sight,
Taking the Mure, ere hée and they could twine,
To him they raid anone, ere they would blin:
And cryed, Abide, your men are martyꝛde downe,
Right cruelly into this false Regioun:
Fiue of your men here at the Water baide,
Fish you to bring, though it no pꝛofite maid.
Wée ar escaped, but in field slaine are thꝛée,
The Loꝛd asked, How many may there bée?
Wée saw but one that hes ouercome vs all,
Then leugh the Loꝛd, and said, Shame on you fall:
Since one you all hes put to confusion,
Who moues it most, the Deuill of Hell him dꝛowne.
This Day foꝛ mée in faith he beis not sought.
Whē Wallace thus the woꝛthy woꝛk had wꝛought,
Their Hoꝛse hée toke and geir that was left there,
Gaue ouer the craft, and went to fish no moꝛe.
Went to his Eme, and told him of the Déed,
And hée foꝛ woe neare swelt out of his wéed:
And said, Sonne, these tythings sits mée soꝛe,
If they bée knowne, thou may get skaith thereforꝛe.
Uncle hée said, no longer will I bide,
These Sutheron Hoꝛse let sée if I can ryde:
Then but a childe in seruice foꝛ to make,
His Emes sonne with him hée would not take.
This good knight said, Deare Cousing I pꝛay thée,
When thou wants good come fetch enough from mée,
Siluer and Golde Hée causde one to Him gine,
VVallace then knéeled, and lowly toke his leaue,

The ende of the first Booke.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

How *Wallace* ſlew the Churle with his owne Staffe, in *Aire*. Chap. I.

YOung VVallace then fulfilled of hie courage,
In prize of Armes deſirous of Vaſſalage.
Thy vaſſalage may neuer be forlorne,
Thy deed is known, though all the world had ſworn:
For thy whole minde, labour and buſineſſe,
Was ſet in Warre, and verie righteouſneſſe.
And full great loſſe of thy Deare worthie kin.
The rancour more remaines thy minde within.
It was his life, and moſt part of his ſwde,
To ſée them ſhed the birning Sutheron Blood,
To Ochterhouſe withoutten more hée raid:
And but a ſhort time in peace there hee baid.
There was one VVallace that welcomed him well,
Though Engliſhmen thereof had little feell.
Both Meat and Drinke at his will had hée there,
In Langlan Wood when that hée made repare.
The Gentleman full oft was his reſet,
With ſtuffe of Houſe full oft hée can him bet.
So hée deſirde the towne of Aire to ſee,
His childe with him then no moe toke hée.
Aye nert the Wood Wallace cauſde leaue his Horſe:
Then on his fote went to the Market croſſe.
The Perſie was in the Caſtell of Aire,

With

With Englishmen, great number and repaire:
And all the towne rewling on their owne wise,
To many Scots they did full great suppryse.
All but abasing Wallace among them zeid,
The rage of youth made him to haue no dread.
A Churle they had, that great burdens did beare,
Excedingly he would lift mekill mair
Than any three that they among them fand,
And als by this one sport hee toke in hand.
Hee bare a sting into a busteous pole,
On his broade backe of any would it thole,
But for a Groat as fast as hee might draw.
When Wallace heard speake of that merry saw:
Then hee desired at that Market to bee,
For on stroke hee bade him Groates three:
The Churle granted, of that proffer was faine,
To pay that siluer Wallace was full bane.
Wallace that sting tooke vp into his hand,
Full sturdily before him could he stand.
Wallace with that vpon the backe him gaue,
While his rig-bone all into sunder draue,
The Churle was dead, of him I speake no maire,
The Englishmen assembled on Wallace there,
Feill on the field of folkes fighting fast,
Hee vnabased, and not greatly agast:
Vpon the head one with the sting hit hee,
While bone and braine hee made in pieces flee,
Another hee stroke on the vaisnet of steill,
The tree then raue, and frushed euerie deale,
The tree was lost, the Englishman was dead,
For his craig-bone was broken in that steade.
Hee drew a sword that helped him in neede,
Throughout the thickest of the preasse hee yeed:
And at his Horse full faine hee would haue beene.

Two

Two greues him moſt that cruell were and kéne,
Wallace returned as man of mekill maine,
And at one ſtroke the formoſt hath hée ſlaine,
A full ſore ſtroke the other gat that tyde,
With his good ſword hée made him there abide,
In at the Corſlet brymly hee him bare,
The grounden ſword out through his body ſhare,
Fiue ſlew hee there ere hée paſt from the towne,
Hée got his Horſe, to Langlane made him bowne:
And keeped the childe and leit him not abide,
Eſcaped thus hée can to Langlane ride.
Some followed him on horſe and vpon foote,
To take Wallace as then it was no bute.
The trées was thicke that képed him full well,
But there to byde hee could neuer a deale:
God ordinance that effeired for his eſtate,
His cuſtome was at all times aire and late.
The Squyar Wallace in Ochterhouſe that was,
Both bed and meate, for him hée made to paſſe,
As for that time that hée remained there,
But ſore hee longed to ſée the towne of Aire.
Thither hee paſt vpon a market day,
Would God as then that hée had bidden away:
His Emes ſeruant for to buy fiſh is ſent,
Sir RannallCrawfurd the Shirreffe thenw as kent,

How Wallace ſlew Lord Perſies ſtewart, and was priſoned in Aire. Chap. II.

WHen hée had tane ſik good as hée had boght,
The Perſies ſtewart right ſadly to him ſoght,
And ſaid, Thou Scot, to whom buyes thou this thing?
To the Shirrieffe, hée ſaid, by heauens King.
My Lord ſhall haue it, ſyne goe fetch thee mair,
Wallace by chance was neare by going thair.

Hee went to him, and said, Deare friend I pray thee,
The shirreffes seruant that thou would let him bee.
A lordly man the steward was of blode,
And thought VVallace him charged in termes rude,
Goe hence thou Scot, the mekill Deuill thee spede,
At thy shirreffes vse thou weenes vs for to lead,
An Yunting staffe into his Hand he bare,
Therewith hee smote on William Wallace on there.
But with his tre little sunzie hee made,
Fast by the coller him caught withoutten bade.
A full great knife fast to his Heart stroke hee,
Then from him dead thot him right suddainly.
Cater sensyne I trow hee was no more,
The Englishmen assembled Wallace there.
Fourscore were set in Armour birnest boun,
On market day for Scots to keepe the towne.
Wallace boldly he drew a sword of warre,
Into the byrne the formost couth hee beare,
Out through the body sticked him to the dead,
And sundrie moe ere hee past from that stead:
An ackward stroke another toke hee there,
Upon his knee the bone in sunder share.
The third hee stroke on a puissant of mailzie,
His craige in two no wedes might aualzie,
Thus Wallace faired as wood as a Lyon,
The Englishmen that were on bargan boun:
They kept the gait with speares rude and lang,
For Dint of Sword might no man to him gang:
Wallace was Harnest on his body well,
At him they sought with sharpe swords of stæll,
And from his strength enuironed him about;
Out through the prease on a side hee brake out:
Unto a wall that stood by the sea side.
For well or woe there must hee need abide,

Part of their ſpear in peaces there hée ſhare,
Then from the Caſtell other helpe came mair,
Out ouer the Dyke they glaide on either ſide,
Brake downe the wall, no ſuccour, was that tyde:
Then VVallace knew of no weene but to Die,
To win his Death among them thus went hée,
Other part in great yre hewing faſt,
His birneſt brand it burſted at the laſt:
Brake in the Hilts, away the blad hee flew,
Hée wiſt no weene, but forth his knife hee Drew.
The firſt hée ſlew which him in Hand hes hint,
And other two hée ſticked with his Dint.
The remanent to him with Speares hes ſought,
Bare him to ground, no further might hee nought.
The Lords bad that they ſhould not him ſla,
To pyne him more, they charged him to ta:
Into their Innes although that hee had ſworne,
Out of the gate by force they haue him borne.
Thus ſod VVallace with Engliſhmen was taine,
In fault of helpe, for hée was his alane.
Hée could not ceaſe, his courage ſo him bare,
Friuole Fortune hath brought him in the ſnare.
Theſe falſe gods, full of vnrighteouſneſſe,
And falſe Iuno, full of Deceitfulneſſe.
Theſe faimed gods VVallace neuer yet knew,
Great Righteouſneſſe aye him to mercie drew.
His kin might not get him for no kin thing,
Right they haue payed the ranſome of a King.
The more they bad, the more it was in vaine,
Of their beſt men that Day ſeuen hath hée ſlaine,
They cauſde ſet him into a Priſon fell,
Of his torment great pittie was to tell:
Euill Meate and Drinke they cauſd vnto him giue,
Great maruell was if he might long there liue,

And eke thereto hee was in Prison low,
While they thought time on him to hold the Law,
Leaue I him thus into this painefull stead,
Whill God aboue doe send him some remeed.
The plaine complaint and pitteous lamenting,
The woefull weeping that was for his taking,
The tormenting of euery creature,
Alas, they said, How shall our life endure?
The flowre of youth into his tender age,
Forfoun of Armes hes left him in thirlage.
Liuing this day a Chiftain haue wee none,
Durst take in hand, but young Wallace alone.
The land is lost, hee is caught in the snare,
The Aperse of Scotland is in great care.

How *Wallace* was imprisoned in *Aire*, and escaped. Chap. III.

BArrelde Herring and Water they him gaue,
Where hee was set into that vgly Caue,
Sic food for him was feeble to commend.
Then said hee thus, Good God now mee receiue:
My pitteous spirite and soule ouer all the laue:
My carefull life I may not now defend,
Ouer few Sutheron vnto the death I drew,
And that I rew indeed, and very trew:
For some I will out of this world wend,
If I should now in Prison make an end.
Eternall God, why should I thus wise die,
Sen my beliefe all whole remaines on thee?
And thine owne hand full worthely hes wrought,
But thou remeede, no life they ordaine mee:
Mine onely Saiuour that died on the tree,
From Hells prison with thy Blod hes mee bought,
Why

Why wilt thou giue thine handy worke for nought,
And many other in great paine that I see,
For of my life nothing else I rought.
O waryed sword, of temper neuer trew,
Thy frushing blade in Prison some mée threw:
And Englishmen ouer little harmes hes tane,
Of vs they haue vndone moe than anew:
My faithfull Father despitefully they slew:
My Brother als, and good men many on,.
This is the date shall vs ouercome each one.
Of this Kingrike, deare God, when shall thou rew?
Since my power thus suddenly is gone.
All worthy Scots, Almighty God you léede,
Since I no more in Worship may you spéede,
In Prison here mée worthes to mischeue,
Now fillie Scotland, that of helpe hes great néede.
Thy Nation stands into a fellon dread.
Of Worldlinesse right thus I take my leaue,
Of other paines God let you neuer preue:
Though I for woe out of my wit should wend,
None other gift I may now to you giue.
Adew Wallace, vmquhyle was strong and sture,
Thou must of néede in Prison long indure,
Thy worthie Kin may not thee saue for Gold,
Ladies wéepes, that was both milde and mure,
In furious paines thy Mother that thée bure:
For thou to her was dearer than fine Gold,
Her most desire was to thée vnder mould,
In worldlinesse why should any allure?
For thou wert formed forcy on the fold.
Complaine yée Powre, thus as your scedull tells,
Complaine to Heauen with words that neuer fails,
Complaine your voyce to the great God aboue,
Complaine for him that sits in sytfull Cells:

Complaine his paine that thus in dolour dwells:
In langour lyes, for losing of their loue,
His furious paine was fellon for to proue.
Complaine also yee Birds as blyth as Bells,
Some happie chance may fall for your behoue.
Complaine yee Lords, complain ye Ladies bright
Complaine for him that worthie was and wight,
Of Saxons sonnes that suffered mekill Deare,
Complaine for him that is in Prison Dight.
And for no cause [Scotland] but for thy right.
Complaine also yee worthy men of weare,
Complaine for him that was your Asper speare,
Few Englishmen yet to the Death he dight,
Complaine for him your triumph had to beare.
Cellinus his Master Jauelour was now,
In Englishmen, alace, why should wee trow?
Our worthy kin are pyned on this wise:
Sik rule but right is little till allow.
Wee thinkes wee should in barret make them bow,
At our power, and so wee doe full syse,
From their Danger God make vs for to ryse:
That well hath wrought before these times now,
For they marke aye to wait vs with suppryse.
What should I more of Wallace torments tell:
The Flur he toke into that Prison fell:
Neare to the Death lykly hee was to draw:
They charged the Jauelour there he not should dwell
But bring him forth sone of that vgly Cell:
In Judgement where that hee should thole the Law
This man went downe and suddenly hee saw:
And to his sight Death had him snapped snell,
Syne said to them, Hee hath payed that hee aw.
When they presumed he should bee verie Dead,
They cauld seruants withoutten longer plead.

With short aduise vnto the Wall him bare,
They cuist him ouer out of that bailfull stead,
Of him they trowed there should bee no remed:
In a Draff-midding, where hee remained there,
His first Nurce of the new towne of Aire,
To him she came, which was full will of read.
And purchast leaue away with him to faire:
Into great yre they granted her to goe,
She toke him vp withoutten words moe:
And on a Cart vnseemely they him cast,
Out ouer the Water they led him with great woe,
To her owne House withoutten ho:
Shee warmed water, and als her seruants fast,
His body washt whill filth off him was past:
His heart was wight, and sightered to and fro,
And his two eyes at last cuist vp also.
His Foster-mother him loued attour the laue.
Got milke to warme, his life if she might saue.
With all her cure great kindnesse could him kyth,
Her Daughter had of twelue Weekes a knaue,
Her Childes papes in Wallace mouth it gaue,
The Womans milke comforted him full swyth:
Then in a Bed they brought him for to lyth:
And couertly they kept him in that Caue,
Him for to saue how secretly they might.
In their Chamber they kæped him that tyde:
She causde graith vp a buird in the house syde.
With tapestry cloaths honoured with great slight.
And that the voyce in euery land should light,
That hee were Dead throughout the land so wyde,
In presence aye shee wæped vnder sight.
But goodly meats shee graithed either night.
And so befell into that selfe same tyde,
Whill furthermore that VVallace worthed wighte.

Thomas Rymour withoutten faill was than,
With the Minister, which was a worthy man;
Hee vsed oft to that religious place,
The people deemed of mekell wit hee can,
And so hee did, although they blesse or ban:
Which hapned suith in many diuers place,
I cannot say by wrong or righteousnesse,
In rule of warre whether hee tint or wan,
It may bee deemde by diuision of grace.

That man that day at the market had beene;
Of Wallace knew this carefull case so keene:
His Master asked what tythings that hee saw,
His man answered, Of little heard I meene,
The Master said, What hes beene seldome seene.
Where Scots and English assembled on a row.
Was neuer yet so farre as I could know,
But either a Scot would doe a Sutheron teene,
Or hee to him as auenture might saw.

Wallace yee know was tane into that stead,
Out ouer the Wall I saw them cast him dead,
Out of their prison famisht for fault of food.
The Master said with heart heauie as leid,
Sike deede to them mee thinke should foster feid,
For hee was wight and comde of gentle blood:
Thomas answered, These tythings are not good:
If that bee suith my selfe shall neuer eat breade:
For all my wit heere shortly I conclude.

A Woman then of the new towne of Aire,
To him shee went when hee was lyen there:
And on her knees right lowly them besought,
To purchase leaue shee might hence with him faire,
In lightlinesse they granted to her there,
And ouer the water into her house him brought,
To burie him as goodly as shee might.

Then

Then Thomas said, Yet shall I liue no mair,
If that bee true by God that all hes wrought:
The Waster heard what Thomas said in plaine,
Hee charged his man to spead him fast againe:
To see the house and warely to espy:
What words hee heard among them busely.
The man went out at bidding was all baine
To the new towne to passe hee did his paine:
To that ilke house and went in suddenly,
About hee blinked vnto the buird him by,
The Woman rose, in heart shee was not faine,
Who lyes heere hee did demand in plaine:
VVallace, she said, Full worthie that hes beene.
Then weeped shee, that pitteous was to seene,
The man therto great credence gaue hee noght,
Toward the buird hee bowned as he best thought,
On knees shee fell, and cryed for Jesus sheene,
Let Slander bee, and from your thought it steeme.
The man answered, By him that all hath wrought,
I would his welfare, and cuist into his thought,
Might I on life once see him with mine eine,
He should be safe though England would him teeme,
Shee led him vp to VVallace by the greees,
Hee spoke with him, then fast againe can prease,
With glad bodward their mirths to amend,
And came againe, and tould them whole to end:
Hee tould to them the first tythings was lies,
Then Thomas said, Forsuith ere hee deceis,
Many thousand in fielde shall tak an end:
From this Region hee shall the Sutheron send:
And Scotland thrise hee shall bring to a peace,
Into this Region great God shall send him grace.
All worthie men that hes good wit to waill,
Beware that yee doe not misdeeme my taill.

Perchance

Perchance yée say, to Bruce was none like like,
Hée was as good where Deads were to assaill,
As of his hands, and bolder of Battell.
But Bruce was knowne right Air of this Kingrike,
For hée had right, wée call no man him like.
But VVallace thrise this Kingrike conqueist haill,
In England far sought Battell on that Rike.

The Battell of Lowdoun hill. Chap. IIII.

I Will returne to my purpose againe,
When Wallace was relieued of his paine,
The Countrey Deemde all whole that hée was Dead,
His Dearest kin knew not of his remead:
While whole he was lykly to goe and ride,
Into that place hée would no longer bide,
His true Keeper he sent to Ellerslie,
After him there hée durst not let bee.
Her Doughter als, her seruants and her Childe,
Hée made them passe vnto his mother milde.
When they were gone, no weapons there hee saw,
To helpe him with what euenture might faw:
A roustie sword in a nooke hee saw stand:
Withoutten belt, hose, buckler, or yet brand.
Long time before it had beene in that stead,
An aged man it left when he was dead,
Hée Drew the Blade, and found it would well bite,
Though it was foule, he tooke it with him tyte.
God helpe his man, for thou shalt goe with mée,
Whill better come, will God, some may that bee,
To Syr Rannald as then he would not fair,
Into that passage for Sutheron made repair.
At Richartoun full faine he would haue héene;
To get him horse and part of Armour shéene,
Then afterward as hee bowned to faire,

Thrée

Thrée Engliſhmen he met riding to Aire:
At their voyage in Glaſgow forth had béene,
One Longcaſtell that cruell was and kéene.
A bold Squyer, with him good Yeomen two,
Wallace drew by, and would haue let them goe:
To him they ride: and ſaid deſpiteouſly.
Thou Scot abide, I trow thou bee a ſpy:
Or elſe a thefe, from preſence would thee hide:
Then Wallace ſaid with ſober words that tyde,
Syr, I am ſicke, For Gods loue let mee goe,
Longcaſtell ſaid, Forſuith it beis not ſo:
A fellon fréeke thou ſéemeſt in thy fair.
Whill men thée know thou ſhalt with mé to Aire.
Hint out his ſword that was of noble hue,
Wallace with that at his lighting him threw:
Upon the craige with his ſword hes him tane.
Through braine and lyre in ſunder broke the baine:
Be hee was fallen the tway was lighted Downe,
To venge his Dead on Wallace made them bowne.
The one of them vpon the head hee gaue,
The rouſty blade vnto the craige him claue:
The other fled, and durſt no longer byde,
With a rude ſtep Wallace could after glyd.
Out through the ribs a ſicker ſtrake gaue hee,
Whill Lener and Longs men might at once ſee.
The horſe hee toke, both Weapons and Armour,
Then thanked God with glad heart in that houre,
Siluer they had all with him hes hee tane,
Him to ſupport, for Spending hee had nane,
Into great haſte hee rade to Richartoun,
A glad ſembly was at his lighting downe,
When Wallace met with Syr Richart that knight.
For him had mourned whill feeble was his ſight.
His two ſonnes of Wallace was full faine,

They

They had him lost, yet God him saued againe.
His Eme Syr Rannald to Richartoun came fast,
The Woman tauld by Corsbie as shee past,
How Wallace escaped, then on their way yeid,
Syr Rannald yet was in a fellon dread.
Whil hee him saw, in heart hee thought full long:
Then suddenly in armes hee him throng,
Hee might not speake, but kissed him tenderly,
His troubled spirit was in an extasie.
The glad teares they brast from his eyes two,
Ere that he spoke a long time held him so:
And at the last right friendfully said hee,
Welcome Neuoy, welcome deare sonne to mee,
Thanked bee hee that all the world hes wrought,
That fairly thee out of Prison hath brought.
His Mother came and other friends anew
With full glad will to see these tythings trew,
God Robert Boyde that worthy was and wight,
Would not them trow, whil he them saw with sight.
From sundrie parts they came to Richartoun,
Feele worthie folkes, that were of great renoune,
Thus leaue I them in mirth, gladnesse and, pleasance,
Thanking great God of this happie chance.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE.

How *Wallace* reuenged the slaughter of his Father, and his Brother; on Lowdoun hill.

CHAP. I.

IN joyous Iulie, when the Flowers are sweit,
Digestable engendring with the heit,
Both Flowre and Fruite, Bussis and Bewes braid,
Aboundantly in euery slonke & slaide:
All Bestiall their right course to endure,
Weill helped are by working of Nature.
On fute ascending to the Heauens hight,
Conseruit well by the maker of might.
Fish in the flud resorted really,
To mans food the world to occupy.
But Scotland so was wasted many a day,
Throw weire sic skaith, that labour was away.
Vittell worthit skant or Agust could appeir,
Throw all the land the food hapnit full deire.
But Englishmen that riches wanted nane,
By Carriage brought their Vittell in guid wane;
Stuffed Houses with Wine and good Vernage,
Enjoyed this Land as their owne heritage.
This Kingrike haill they rewled at their will,
Messengers then sic tythings tauld them till.
And tauld the Persie, that Wallace liuing was,

And

And fra their prisoun in Air eschapit hes,
They trowit it well that Wallace past that steid,
For Longcastell and his twa men were dead,
They waryit the chance that Wallace was so past,
In euery part they were full greitly agast.
Throw prophecie that they heard had before,
Lord Persie said, What neds words more,
But hæ be fast he shall doe great meruell,
It were the best for King Edwards auell,
Wight hæ him get to be his stedfast man.
For Gold or Land his conquest might stand then:
Wæ thinke by force hæ may not gotten bee,
Wise men forsuith by his eschaip may sæ:
Thus dæme they him in many diuerse cace,
Wæ leise them thus and speake of gwd VVallace.
In Richartoun hæ would no longer byde,
For friends counsell nor ought that might betyde,
And when they saw that it auailed noght,
His purpose was to venge him if he mought.
On Sutheron blood that hes his Elders slaine,
They let him worke his owne will into plaine,
Syr Richard had thræ sonnes as I you tould,
Adam' Richard, and Simon that was bould:
Adam eldest was growne into courage,
Fordwart, right fair, and eghtæne yæres of age:
Large of persoun, right hardy, wise and wight,
Gwd King Robert in his time made him knight.
Long time after in Bruces weires abade,
On Englishmen many gwd iourney made.
This gwd Squyer with Wallace bounit to ride,
And Robert Boyde which would no longer byde.
Under thirlage of seiges of England,
To the false King hæ had neuer made band,
Cleland was there neir cousing to VVallace,

Syne

Syne baid with him in many perillous place.
And Edward Littil his sister sonne sa deir,
Full weill graithed into their armour cleir,
With their seruands to Richartoun they raid,
To Mauchline mure, and short time their abaid:
For freinds them tauld was bundin in thirlage,
That Fenwicke sent was for the Carriage:
Within short time he will bring it to Air,
Out of Carleill they had resſauit it thair.
That pleisit Wallace in hart right greatumlie,
Wit ze they were an gudely companie,
Towart Lowdoun they bounit them to ryde,
And in ane schaw ane littel thair besyde,
They ludgit them for it was neir the nicht,
To watch the way als guidlie as they micht,
A gude true Scot quhilk hostlair house held there
Under Lowdon my Author can declare.
He saw them come, he went to them on hy,
Both meat and drinke he brocht them priuily:
And to them told the carriage men in plaine,
Their fore-ryder to Air was past againe:
Left them to come with power of great auaill,
They trowed by then they were in Anandaill.
Wallace then said, We will not soiorne heere
Nor change no weede but our each dayes geare.
At Corſſintoun the way was spilt that tide,
For that same way behoued they to ride.
And from the time that he off prison fare,
Good summer weed daily on him he bure
Good light harnes from that time vsed he euer,
For sudden ſtrike, from it he wald not seuer.
Ane Habergeon vnder his gowne he bair,
A good steele cap in his bonnet but mair:
Two glooues of plate with cloth was couered well,

In his Doublet a cloſſe Coller of Steele.
His face hee keeped for it was euer bare,
With his two hands the which full worthie were,
Into his weede if hee came in a thrang,
Was no man then in foote might with him gang:
So growne of ſtrength, of power ſtrong and ſtuee,
His terrible dints were fearefull to endure.
They truſted more of Wallace him alane,
Then an hundreth of England might bee tane.
Theſe worthie Scots made there no tarying,
To Lowdon hill paſt in the day dawing.
Deuiſed the place, and put their horſe away,
And thought to win or neuer home to ga.
Two ſcurriours ſent to viſie well the plaine,
But they right ſone returned in againe.
To Wallace ſaid, that they were comming faſt,
Then to the ground all kneeling at the laſt:
With humble hearts praying with all their might,
To God aboue to helpe them in their right:
They graithed them in Harnes haſtelie,
Their ſonzied none of that good companie.
Then Wallace ſaid, Heere was my Father ſlaine,
And my Brother, which doth mee mekill paine,
So ſhall my ſelfe, or venged bee but dread,
The traitor is heere the cauſer of the deed.
Then height they all to bide with heartlie will,
By that the power was taking Lowdon hill.
The Knight Finwick conuoyed the carriage,
Hee had on Scots made many ſhrewd voyage.
The Sunne was riſen leiming ouer lands light,
The Engliſhmen, ſaw that they came to the hight:
Neare him they raid and ſoone the Scots ſaw:
Hee told his men and ſaid to them on raw,
Ponder is Wallace that eſcaped our priſoun.

Hé ſhall againe bee drawne through the towne,
His Head I know might better pleaſe the King,
Then Golde or Land, or any earthly thing.
Hé made his ſeruants bide with the carriage ſtill,
Thought to demane the Scots at their owne will.
Nineſcore hee led in Harneſſe birneſt bright,
And fiftie were with Wallace in the right.
Unrebbutted the Sutheron were in weir,
And faſt they came full awfull in effeir:
A maner of Dyke of Stones they had made,
Narrowed the Dyke whereethrough the thickeſt rade:
The Scots on foote tooke the gate them before,
The Sutheron ſaw, their courage was the more.
In prydfull yre they thought ouer them to ryde,
But other wiſe it hapned in that tyde:
On either ſyde together faſt they glade,
The Scots on foote great rowme about them made:
With prunzing ſpeares throgh plates of fine ſteill,
The Engliſhmen that thought to venge them weill:
On Harneſt Horſe about them rudly rade,
That with vneaſe vpon their fæte they bade:
Wallace the formoſt in the brime hé bare,
The grounden ſpeare throughout his body ſhare.
The ſhaft hé thooke it of the fruſhing trée,
Deuoyded it ſoone ſince no better might bée.
Drew ſwords then, both heauie, ſharp and lang,
On either ſide full cruelly they Dang.
Fighting at once into that fellon doubt,
Then Engliſhmen enuironed them about.
Throgh force they thoght out throw them for to ride,
The Scots on foot that boldly could abide,
With ſwords ſhare throw Halſe and Habrike good,
Upon the fields ſhot out the Sutheron blood.
From Horſe and Pã, throw Harneſſe birneſt béne,

A ſore aſſailȝe forſuith there might bee ſeene.
They truſted no life, but to the latter end,
Of ſo few folke great nobleneſſe might bee kend,
Together bade defending them ſo faſt,
Durſt none diſſener, while that the preaſe bee paſt.
The Engliſhmen, that were right wiſe in weir,
By force ouraimit in ſunder them to beir.
Their chiefe Captaine, as fierce als ony Boare,
Through maltalent and verie proper care:
On a great Horſe into his glittering geir,
Out ouer caſts a fellon Aſper ſpeir:
The knight Fenwick, that cruell was and kéne
Of Wallace father hée at the Death had béene.
And of his brother, that doughty was and deare,
When Wallace ſaw that falſe knight was ſo neare,
His courage grew in yre as a Lyon,
To him hée ran, and ſtrake feile bare downe,
As hée rade by an actward ſtroke him ta,
Both thigh and arſon in ſunder made hee ga.
From the Curſour hée fell on the far ſide,
With a ſharpe ſworde hée ſtroke him in that tide.
Ere hee was dead a great preaſe came ſo faſt,
Ouer him to ground they bare Boyd at the laſte.
Wallace was nere, and turnit in againe,
Him to reſkew, while hée roſe off the plaine.
Wightly did him weir, whill hee a ſworde hes tane
Throughout the ſtowre theſe two in feir are gane,
The remanent vpon them followed faſt,
In their paſſage feill Sutheron made agaſt,
Adam Wallace, the heir of Richartoun,
Stroke on Bewmont, a Squyar of renown,
On the peſant, with his ſworde birniſht bare,
The birneſt blade his halſe in ſunder ſhare.
The Engliſhmen ſaw their Chiftane ſlaine.

Bold

Boldly abode, as men of mekill maine:
Rich Horse ramping rushed freeks vnder feet,
The Scots on foote made mony lose the sweet.
Might men lighted, themselues for to defende,
Where VVallace came their deede was little kend:
The Sutheron part forefrushed were that tyde,
That in that stowre they might no longer byde:
Vallace indeed hee wrought right worthily,
The Squyer Boyd, and all their Cheualtry,
The Englishmen tooke plaine part for to flee:
Little and Cleland made of their enemies die.
On Horse some part to strengths can them found,
To succour them with many working wound.
An hundreth dead in Field was leaued there,
And three Yeomen of Wallace dead but maire,
Two was of Kyle, and one of Cunninghame,
With Robert Boyde to Wallace came from hame,
Fourscore escaped from Field on Sutheron side.
The Scots in place that boldly could abide,
Pulzeing the Field of Gold and other geir,
Harnesse and Horse, quhilke they needit in weir.
The English Knaues they made the Carriage lead,
Clyds Forrest, while they were out of dread:
Bound them fast with Widdies sad and sair.
Bowing trees then hanged they them there,
Spared none that able was for weir,
Women and Priests hee made them ay forbeir.
Then this was done to Dinner soone they went,
Stuffe and Wine that God had to them sent,
Fourscore of Horse they wan that Carriage bare,
With Victuall & Wins as mekill as they might fare.
Other Stuffe, that they off Carleill led,
Sutheron part out of the Field they fled,
With sorrow sought to the Castell of Aire,

Before the Lord, and tolde him of that cair:
What Good they left, and who in fielde were slain
Through wight Wallace, that was of mekill main
And how hee had made all his seruants Hang,
The Persie said, If that Squyar last long,
Out of this Land hee shall eryle vs cleene,
So despitefull was neuer in world seene.
In our Prison heere last when that hee was,
Quer sleuthfully our Keeper let him passe.
Then this our Hold I finde well may not bee,
Wee must make bring our Victuall by the Sea.
But lose our men, it helps vs right nought,
Our Kin may ban that euer we hither sought.
Leaue I them now, blaming their sory chance,
And more to speake of Scotsmens gouernance.

When Wallace had well vanquist into plaine,
That false Tyrant, that had his Father slaine,
His Brother als, which was a Doughty Knight,
Other good men before to Death had dight:
Hee causde prouide, and parted their Victuall.
With Stuffe and Horse, that was of great auaill
To friends about right priuily they send,
The remanent full gladly there they spend.
In Clyds Wood they sojourned there three Dayes
No Sutheron was that durst persue those wayes:
But hee tholed Death that came in their danger.
The word of Wallace walked far and neere,
VVallace was knowne on life liuing againe.
Though Englishmen thereof had mekill paine,
The Lord Persie to Glasgow could hee fair.
With wise Lords, and held a Counsell there,
When they were met, mo then ten thousand,
No Chiftaine was that time durst take in hand,
No lead a Range, on Wallace to assaile.

As

ked about, What was their best counsell?
y? Aimer Wallange, that false Traytor strong,
n Bothwell dwelt, and then was them among:
e said, My Lords, my counsell will I giue,
t doe ye not, from skaith yee may not liue.
e must take peace withoutten tarying,
s for a time, wee must send to the King,
e Persie said: Of our trewes hee will none,
awfull Chistaine truely Hee is one,
e will doe more in faith ere that hee blin,
theron to slay hee thinkes it is no sin:
y? Aimer said, Trewes it behoues you take,
hill afterward for him prouision make.
know hee will doe mekill for his Kin,
ntrice and trueth ay rests him within.

How the *Englishmen* tooke peace with *Wallace*. Chap. II.

HIS Uncle Syr Rannald may make the band,
If Hee will not, recognise all his Land:
to the time that hee this worke haue wrought,
y? Rannald was soone to their counsell brought,
ey charged him to make Wallace at peace,
hee should passe to London ere hee cease.
King Edward and bid in his Prison,
hill they aske to haue peace for his Ranson:
y? Rannald said, Lords, yee know right well,
my counsell Hee will not doe a Deal:
s worthie Kin despitefully ys slew,
Prison then neare to the Death him drew:
e is at large, and will not doe for mee,
ough ye, therefore, should now make mee to die,
e Aimer said, These Lords counsell send,
e to the King to make a finall end.

Of his Conquest, forsuith hee will it haue,
Wallace nor thou may not this Countrie saue,
Might Edward King get him for gold or land:
To bee his man, then might hee keepe Scotland.
The Lord bade cease, thou failest to that Knight,
Far more in trueth then it is any right.
The wrong conquest our King desyreth aye,
Of him and vs it shall be seene one Day.
Wallace hes right, both force, and faire fortoun,
Yee heard how hee escapit our prisoun.
Thus said the Lord, and prayit Syr Rannald fair,
To make this peace, thou Shirriffe art of Air:
As for a time wee may aduisit be,
Under my seale I shall be bound to thee.
The Englishmen that they shall doe him noght,
Nor to no Scots but it be on them soght.
Sir Rannald knew hee might not them gainstand,
Of Lord Persie he hes receiuit that band.
Persie was true and aye of great auail.
Sober in peace, and cruell in battell,
Syr Rannald him bownit on the morne but bade,
VVallace to seeke in Clyds Forrest rad:
So hee him fand bouning to his Dinner,
Whē they haue sene this good Knight cumming n
Well hee him knew, and tolde them what hee was
Meruell he had what made him hither passe.
Made him good cheare of meates good and fine,
King Edward selfe could not get better vine.
Then they had there vernage and vennison,
Of bestiall into great fuston.
Then after meat he shewe them of this deed,
How hee had beene into so mekill dread,
Nouoy he said, Worke part of my counsell,
Take peace a while, and for the more auaill:

But thou doe so forsuith thou hes great sinne,
For they are set to vndoe all thy Kin.
Then VVallace said to good men him about,
I will no peace for all this fellon doubt:
But if it please better to you then mee,
The Squyer Boyde him answerit soberly,
I giue my counsell ere this good Knight be slaine,
Take peace a while although it doe vs paine:
So said Adam, the Heyre of Richarton,
And Cleland als to their opiuion.
With their consent Wallace this peace hes tane,
As his Eme wrought while ten months were gan.
Their leaue they toke with sad comfort in plaine.
Fand God to brogh they should meete whole againe,
Boyde and Cleland, past to their places hame,
Adame Wallace to Richarton by Name,
Forwith Syr Rannald can VVilliam Wallace ryde,
In his Houshold in Corsbie for to byde.
This peace was cryit in August moneth mylde,
These gods of battell furious and wylde.
Mars and Iuno euer doth their businesse,
Causers of Warre, ay worker of wickednesse.
And Venus als quhilke goddesse is of loue,
And olde Saturne his course for to approue,
These foure showes of diuers complextion,
Battell, Debat, Enuy, and Destruction:
I cannot deeme of their melancholie,
But Walace could not well in Corsbie lye:
Him had rather in trauell for to bee,
Right sore hee longed the towne of Aire to see.

How *Wallace* slew the Buckler player, in the Towne of *Ayre*. Chap. III.

SYR Rannald past from home vpon a Day,
Fiftéene hée toke, and to the towne went they:
Couered his face, that no man might him knaw,
Nothing he cared how few enemies him saw:
In sober Weed disagnised well were they,
An Englishman on the gat saw hée play:
At the Scrimmage, a Buckler on his Hand,
Wallace neare by in fellowship could stand:
Lightly hée said, Scot, dareth thou not preue?
Wallace said, Yea, so thou dare giue mée leue,
Smite on, said hée, I defie thy Nation:
Wallace therewith hes tain him on the Crowne:
Throw Buckler, Brand, & throws the Harns alsa,
Vnto the shoulders the sharpe sword made hée go.
Lightly returned to his owne men againe:
The Woman cryed, Our Buckler-player is slaine.
The man is Dead, what néds wordes mair?
Feill men of Armes about him sembled thaire,
Eight score at once vpon sixtéene they set,
But Wallace soone with the formost hes met,
With yre and will on the Head hes him tane,
Through the bright Helm in sunder brist the bone.
Another breathly on the brest hée bare,
His birnisht blad throughout the bodie share.
Great roome hee made, his men was fighting fast:
And many a Groom they made full fore agast.
For they were wight and well vsed in weare,
Of Englishmen right boldly downe they beare.
On their enemies great martyrdome they made,
Their hardy Chiftaine, so well among them glade,

Wally

What Englishmen that bade into his gate,
Contrare to Scotland made neuer more Debate,
Feill freiks on fold were felled vnder fete,
Of Sutheron Blood lay sticked on the strete.
New power Came from the Castell that tyde,
Then Wallace fled, and drew towaud a side,
With right good will hee would eschew suppryse,
For hee in War was worthie, wight and wise.
Harns and heads in sunder hewde hee fast,
By force out through the thickest prease hee past,
Wallace returned behind his men againe,
At the reskew feill Sutheron hes hee slaine.
His men all then hee out of perrill brought,
From their Enemies, with all the power hee moght.
Unto their horse they went but more abaid,
For danger then to Langlane Wood they raid,
Twenty and nine they left into that stead,
Of Sutheron men, that brittinned were Dead,
The remanent againe turned that tide,
For in this Wood they durst not him abid.
Toward the towne they Drew with all their maine,
Cursing the Peace they toke before in plaine.
The Lord Persie in heart was greatly greiued,
His men suppressed againe to him retired.
And feill were dead into their Armour cleare:
Three of his kin, that were to him full Deare.
When hee heard tell of their great grieuance,
Their selfe was cause of this mischiuous chance.
Mourning hee made, though few Scots it kend,
An herauld then to Syr Rannald hee send:
And to him told of their full sudden cace,
And charged him to take souerance of VVallace,
Hee should him hold from market towne and fair,
Where hee might best bee, out of their repair.

The

The Sutheron knew that it was wight VVallace,
That them ouer-set into that suddaine cace,
Their trewes for this they would not breake a deale
When Wallace had this chance eschewed well,
Upon a night from Langlane home hee rade,
In chamber sone their residence they made,
Upon the morne when that the Day was light,
With Wallace forth went Syr Rannald the knight
Shew him the writ that Lord Persie had sent,
Deare sonne he said, this is my whole intent:
That thou wold grãt whil ỹ these trewes were worn
No skaith to doe to any in England borne:
But where I passe Daylie thou bide with mee,
Wallace answerit, God Syr, that may not bee,
Right loath I were, Deare Uncle, you to grieue,
I shall doe nought while time I take my leaue,
And warne you als, or that I fra you passe,
His Ene any hée on this accorded was.
Wallace with him made this continuance,
Like wight was blyth for to doe him pleasance,
In Corsbie thus hee rested them among,
There seuenteene dayes, suppois hée thought it long,
Though they him pleisit as an Primate or King,
Into his mind remainit another thing.
Hée saw his Enemies mallets in this Regioun,
Might not him please thogh he wer King with Croun
Thus leife I him, with his deare Friends still,
Of Englishmen now speike some part I will.

THE

THE FOVRTH BOOKE.

How *Wallace* wanne the Peele of *Gargunoke*.

Chap. I.

IN September, that humble Moneth sweit,
When by-past was of Summer the heat,
Wittail & frute are rypit in aboundance.
As God ordainit to mans sustenance,
Sagitarius, with his Asper Bow,
Be ilke Signe the veritie to knowe,
The changing tours quhilke makes great differance.
And leiffes had lost their coullour of pleasance,
All worldly thing hath noght but a season,
Both Herb, & Frute mon fra the hight come downe,
In this ylke time ane great counsell was set,
In Glasgow towne where mony matters met:
Of English Lords, to statute this Country.
And chargit they all Shirreffes there to bee,
For Rannald Crawfurd behouit that time be there,
For her throw right was borne Shirreffe of Air,
His deir Neuoy with him that time hee tooke,
VVilliam VVallace as witnesse beirs the Booke.
For hee no time should fare bee fra his sight,
Hee luifit him with heart and all his might,
They graithed them without longer abaid,
Wallace some part before the Court out raid.

Quir.

Quertok the Child fyr Rannalds sonne should leid,
With him two men that worthie were indeid.
Softly they raid while they the court suld knaw,
So suddainly that time himselfe hee saw.
The Persies sowme in which great riches was,
The horse was tyrit and might no further passe,
Fyue men were chargit to it keepe well that tyde,
Two was on foote, and three on horse can ryd.
The Waster-man at their servant can speir,
Who aw this sowme, the trueth to mee yee leir?
The man answerit withoutten words mair,
My Lord hee said, It is the Shirriffes of Air.
Sen his it is this horse shall with mee gang,
To serue our Lord, or else I thinke great wrang:
Though a subject indeed would passe his Lord,
It is not leisum by no righteous record:
They cutted the brace and let the harnesse fall,
Wallace was neir when hee sic robberie saw.
Hee spake to them with manly countenance,
In fair forme hee said but variance,
Yee doe vs wrong and it in time of peace,
Of sic robberie it were good time to cease.
The Sutheron schrew in yre answerit him to,
It shall bee wrought as thou may see vs do.
Thou gets no mends what neids words maire,
Sadly advysed, Wallace remembred thair:
Of the promise hee made his Eme before,
Kellon him rewled, as then hee did no more:
But past away to meet his Eme againe,
Seeing this reafe was moued with great paine.
The horse yet toke they for auenture might fall,
Band on the sowme, syne forth the way can call,
Their tyrit soumar they left there on the plaine,
Wallace returned toward the Court againe.

On

On the mure side sone with his Eme hée met,
And tolde how they the way had for him set:
And were not I was bound in my leageance,
Wée parted not thus for all the golde in France.
The Horse they reft quhilke should your Harneſſe bear
Syr Rannald said, That is but little deare.
Wée may get Horse and other things in plaine,
If men be loſt we get them neuer againe,
Wallace then said als wisely God mée saue,
Of this great misse amends shall I haue.
And neither let for peace nor yet pleasance,
With witnesse heere I giue vp my leageance.
For cowardly yée are like to loſe the right,
Sone after then your owne Death will be dight.
In wraith therewith suddenly from him he went,
Syr Rannald was wise and keſt in his intent.
And said, I will byde at the Meirns all night,
So Engliſhmen of vs shall déeme no vnright.
If any be dead before vs vpon case,
Then wée in Law may byde the righteousneſſe,
His lodging toke at the Meirns still hée bade,
Full great mourning for his Nevoy hée made:
But all for nought what might it him auaill.
As into warre hée wrought not his counsell.
Wallace rade foorth with his two Yeomen paſt,
The sowmer man he followed wonder fast:
By Cathcart he ouer hyed them againe,
Then knew they well that it was he in plaine,
Ky Horse and Wéede had argued them before,
And fine to them returned withoutten more,
Wallace to ground from his Coursour can glyde,
A birniſt Brand hée braided out that tyd:
The Maſter man with so good will stroke hee,
Both Hat and Head in sunder made hée flee.

Another

Another fall vpon the face he gaue,
To deade on ground but mercie some him drane,
The third he hat with great yre in that steid,
Fey on the field, he hes him left for dead,
Wallace slew three, be that his yemen wight,
The other two deirlie to death had dight,
Syne spuilzeit they the harnesse of they wend,
Of siluer and gold they gat aneugh to spend.
Jewels they tóke the best was chosen thair,
Gude horse and geir. syne on there way can fair,
Then Wallace said at sum strength wald I be,
Quete Clyde that time was ane gud bryge of tre,
Thither they past in all their gudlie might,
The day was gone and cummin was the night.
They durst not weill neir still by Glasgow byde,
In the Lennox he tok è purpose to ryde.
And so he did, syne iudged their that night:
As they best might, quhill that the day was light,
To ane Distillarie he went and sojournit thair,
With trew Scotis that his neir freinds were,
The counsell met right gladly on the morne.
Bot feill tithings were brocht Persie beforne,
His men was slane, his treasure als was reft,
With feill Scots and them na Jewels left,
They deimit about of that derse doutfull cace,
The Sutheron said forsuith it is Wallace,
The Scherrefes Court was cummand to the toun:
And he was ane for Scot of maist renoun.
They gart seik Schir Rannald in that rage,
Bot he was still then at his harbarag.
Sum wise man said thair of na thing he kend,
The men were slane here at the tounes end,
Sir Rannald came be nyne houris of the day,
Befoir the Persie and his men brocht were they.

They

They followed him of sellonie that was wroght,
The allyse to him of this could say right noght,
They deimit about there of that fellon cace,
Before the Jugde thair he denyit Wallace,
And sa he might, he wist not where he was
From this counsell my purpose is to passe.

OF VVallace to speik in wilderneſſe so wyde,
The Lord God be his gouernour and gyde,
Still at that place four dayes he sojourned haill,
When tithings came to him from that counsell,
Then statute they in ilk steid of the west,
In thay bounds VVallace should haue no rest.
His deir Vncle ane great aith gart him sweir,
That he but leif no freindship should him beare.
And many other full wa was that day,
And Robert Boyd stall off the toun away,
And Cleland als before with him had bene,
They had far leuer se him with there eine,
Leuand on lyf as they knew him before,
Then of pure gold a Millioune and more,
Boyd weipit sair and said our Lord is gane,
Among his fais is set all him allane,
Then Cleland said fals fortoun changes fast,
Great God sen we with him had euer past,
Edward Littel to Annandaill is went,
And wait right noght of this new Iudgement:
Adam Wallace baid still in Richartoun,
Sa fell it thus with VVallace of renoun.
He with his power partit maruelouslie.
The fortoun of chance ouer turnis doubtlie.
Their pitteous mane as then could not be bet,
They wist na wit where that they suld him get.
He left the place quhair he in ludging lay,

To Earle Malcome he went vpon a Day:
The Lennox haill hée held into his hand,
To King Edward then had hée not made band.
The Land was strait, and maisterfull to win,
Gwd men of Armes that time was it within.
The Lord was traist, the men sicker and trew,
With waike power they durst him not persew.
Right glad hée was of VVallace compainie,
Welcomed him fair, with worship reuerently,
At his owne will desired if hée would,
To bide there still maister of his House-hould.
Of all his men hée should haill Chiftaine bée,
Wallace answered, It were enough for mée,
I can not bide, my minde is set in plaine,
Wrokin to bee, or else to die in paine.
Our West Countrey, their statute is so strang,
Into the North my purpose is to gang.
Steuen of Ireland into the Lennox was,
And wight Wallace hée ordainit him to passe,
And others als, that borne was of Argyle:
Wallace still there made residence a whyle,
Whill men it wist, and semblit swne him till,
Hé chargit none, but at their owne gwd will.
Thogh they were strãgers, yet cold he not them dre
But receiued them, all in his Warrs to leade.
Some part of them was then in Ireland borne,
That Makfadzeane had eryled out before.
King Edwards man hee was sworne of Ireland,
Of right low birth, suppose hée tooke in hand.
To Wallace there come one that hecht Fawdoun,
Of melancholy, and euill of complexion:
Heauy of stature and doure countenance,
Sorrowfull was aye, in dreid with out pleasance.
Wallace receiued what men would come him till.

The bodily aith they made him with good will.
Before the Earle all in one concord,
And him receiuit as their Captaine and Lord:
His speciall men that came with him from hame,
The one heght Graye, the other Keirlie by name,
In his seruice came first in all their main.
To Lowdoun Hill, where that Fenwick was slaine,
He them commandit aye nert him to persew,
For he them kend right hardy, wise and trew.
His leif hee tuke richt on a fair manner,
The good Erle then hee bad him gifts feir,
Wallace would none, but gaue of his feill syis,
To poore and Rich on a godly wyis.
Humble hee was, hardy, wise, and free,
And of Riches hee held no propertie.
Of honor and worship hee was a myrror kend.
As hee of Gold had aboundantly to spend.
Upon his foes hee wan it worthily.
Thus Wallace past and his good Chevalry.
Sixty hee had of lykly men at wage,
Throw the Lennox hee led them with Courage.
About Lekkie hee lodged them in a vaill,
A strength there was, quhilke they thoght to assaile,
In Cargunnoke there biggit was a Peill,
That stuffed was with men and victaill weill.
Within a Dyke, close, Chalmer, and an Hall,
Captaine thereof to name heght Thirlwall.
They led Wallace where that this biggit was,
Thought to assaizie further or he would passe.
Two spyes he send to visie all the Land:
Right laith hee was the thing to take in hand.
The quhik by force that should gang him againe,
Rather he had throw auenture be slaine.
Their men went forth when it was large midnight,

About the Houſe they ſpyed all at right:
The Watch-men heauy were, and fallen on ſléepe,
The Bridge was drawne, that the entry ſhould kéepe
The Labourours late rekleſly went in.
Theſe men returnit without noyes or din,
To their Maſter, and tould what they had ſéene,
Then graithed hé ſoone theſe men of Armes keene,
Sadly on foote vnto the Houſe they ſought,
And entreit in, for letting had they nought,
Wight men aſſayed, with all their beſie cure,
A lockit bar was drawne athort the Dure.
But they might not it breake out of the wall,
Wallace was grieued when hé ſuch tary ſaw.
Some part annoyed, wrathly to it hé went,
By force of Hands it raiſed out of the ſprent.
Thrée elles of breadth als of the wall pulled out,
Then marueiled all his men that were about:
How hé did more then twenty of them might,
Syne with his foote the Pate hé ſtrake vp right.
While brace and bands hé burſtit all at ones,
Fraiedly they roſe that were within thoſe wones,
The Watch-men had a fellon Staffe of Stéle,
At VVallace ſtroke, but hé kept him right wéle.
Rudely from him hé reft it in the throng,
Dang out his braines, ſyne in the Dyke him flong
The remanent by that were on their féete,
Thus Wallace lone can with the Captaine méete.
The Staffe hé had heauy and forged new,
With that Wallace vpon the Head him drew.
Whill bone and braine all in ſunder yeid.
His men entered that worthie were indeid.
In Hands hint and ſticked all the laue:
Wallace commanded, they ſhould no Weirmen ſa
Twenty and two they ſticked in that ſtead.

Women and Bairnes, when that the men were dead
Hæ cauſde bee tane, and kept in cloſe full weill,
That they there out might haue thereof no feill.
The dead bodies they put ſone out of ſight,
Tooke vp the Bridge or that the Day was light.
In that place bode foure Dayes or he would paſſe,
Wiſt none there out how that the manner was,
Spuilzeit that ſteid, and toohe them gaining geare,
Iewelles and Gold away with them they beare.
When hæ thought time they iſhed in the night,
To the nert Wood they went with all their might.
The Captaines Wife, Women and Childzeri thæ,
Paſt where they would for Wallace leit them fræ.
In that Forreſt hæ liked not to bide,
They bounded them ouer Forth for to ride:
The Moſſe was ſtrong, to ride it was no boote,
Wallace was wight, and lighted on his foote,
Few Horſe they had, little thereof they rought,
To ſaue their liues feill Strengths oft they ſought,
Steuen of Ireland was their guid that night,
Toward Kinkardin, ſyne reſted there at right.
In that Forreſt, quhilke was both long and wide,
Quhilke from the Moſſe grew to the Water ſide.
After the Sunne VVallace walked about,
Upon Teth ſide, where hæ ſaw many a rout,
Of wyld Beaſts, wauering in Wood and Plaine,
Sone at an ſhot an great Hart hes hæ ſtaine:
Slew fire off flint, and graithed thereat right,
Suddenly their freſh Veniſon they dight.
Suttaill they had both Bread and Wine ſo cleire,
With other Stuffe eneugh at their Dinneire.
This ſtaffe of ſtæle hæ gaue Keirlie to keepe,
Syne paſt they ouer the Water of Teth ſo dæpe.
Into Stratherne they entered ſuddenly,

In Couert paſt, or Sutheron ſhould them ſpy,
Whom that they found of Scotlands aduerſours,
Without reſpect was come their fatall hours.
Whom euer they met, was at the Engliſh fay,
They flew all downe, withoutten moꝛe delay.
They ſpaꝛit none that was of Engliſh blood,
To Death hee yeeld, though he were neuer ſo good,
This was the grace that Wallace to them gaue,
They ſaue none, Knight, Squyer, noꝛ yet Knaue.
But waiſtit all by woꝛthineſſe of Weir.
Of that party that might beir Bow oꝛ Speir.
Some paꝛt by ſlight, ſome paꝛt by foꝛce they flew,
But VVallace thought they waiſtit neuer a new.
Siluer they tooke, and als Golde as they fand.
Other good geir full lightly red from hand.
Cutted thꝛots, ſyne in peit-pots them keſt,
But out of ſight, foꝛ that they thought was beſt,
At the Blacke furde as they ſhould then paſſe ouer
A Squyer came, and with him beirnes foure,
To Downe ſhould ride, and weint tha' they had b
All Engliſhmen that hee beforꝛe had ſeene.
Tithings to ſpeir hee houit them among:
Wallace therewith a good ſwoꝛd out hee ſwong,
Upon his Heid hee ſtrake with ſo great yꝛe,
Thꝛow bone and bꝛaine in ſunder ſtroke the lyꝛe,
The other foure in Hands ſoone were hint,
Deꝛfly to Death ſtickit oꝛ they would ſtint.
The Hoꝛſe they tooke, and what they lykit beſt
Spulzeit them bare, ſyne in the Bog them keſt.
Of this matter no moꝛe tarie they made,
Bot fooꝛth their way paſſit without abaid.
Thir weirlike Scottis all with one conſent:
So North ouer Erne out thꝛow the Land they w
In Methwen Wood their ludging tooke that nig

Upon the morne when that the Day was light.
Wallace rose vp, and went to the Forrest syke.
Where that hee saw full wylde Beists abide.
Of wyld and tame walking aboundantly,
Then Wallace said, This Country likes mee,
Their men may doe with food that they should haue,
But want they meate, they reke not for the laue,
Of dainty faire Wallace tooke neuer keepe,
But as it come, welcome was meat and sleepe.
Some time he had great sufficiene within,
Now want, now haue: now lose, now win:
Now light, now sad: now blyth, and now in baile:
In hesse, now hurt, now sorrow, and now haile:
Now weilde and weill, now cold weather, now heit:
Now moist, now drouth, & wauering wind, now weit
So fairs with him for Scotland right full euin,
In fell debate, seuen yeeres and moneths seuin.
When he wan peace, and left Scotland in plaine,
Then Englishmen made new conquest againe.
In frustrat termis I will not tarie lang,
Wallace againe vnto his men can gang.
And said, Heere is a Land of great aboundance,
Thankit be God of his hie purueyance.
Seuen of you feiris, graith soone and goe with mee,
Right fore I long Saint-Iohnstone for to see.

How *Wallace* past to S. Iohnstoun and slew the Captaine: and wan Kincleuin. Chap. II.

Teuen of Ireland, as God of Heuin thee saue,
Maister and leider I make thee of the laue:
Vp well my men, let none out of thy sight,
While I gang, bidder thalt come with all my might.
Bide me seuin Dayes into this Forrest strong:

Yee may get fode suppose I dwell so long,
Some part ye haue and God will send you mair.
Thus turned hee and to the towne can fair.
The Mair keipit the port of the village,
Wallace knew well and sent him his message:
The Mair was brought, saw him an goodly man.
Right reuerently he hes resauit them then,
At him hee speirit all Scots if that ye bee,
Wallace said, Yea, and it is peace trow wee,
I graint hee said, that likes vs wonder well,
Trew men of peace mon aye some friendship keill.
What is your name I pray you tell mee it,
William Malcome sone hee said, sen yee wold wit.
In Etrick Forrest hes my winning beene,
There was I borne among the schawes sheene.
Now I desire this Northland for to see,
Where I might find better dwelling for mee.
The Mair said, Sir I speir at for none ill,
But fell tithings oft time is brought vs till.
Of one Wallace that borne was in the West,
Our Kings men hee holds at great vnrest:
Martyres them downe, great pitie is to see,
Out of the treives forsuith I trow hee bee:
Wallace said then, Wee heir speike of that man,
Tithings to you of him tell I nought can,
For him hee gart then an Innes graithit bee,
Where none should come but his owne men and h
The Stewart Keirlie brought them in fusion,
Good thing eneugh the best was in the towne.
Als Englishmen to drinking would him call,
And commonly hee delt not there withall,
In their presence hee spend it resonablie,
Yet for himselfe hee payit abundantlie.
On Scots men hee spendit mekill good,

Gone with his will vpon the Sutheron blud.
Sone hé consauit in his wit priuily,
Into that towne who was of moſt party.
Syr Iames Butteller an aged cruell knight,
Keipit Kincleuin, a Caſtell wonder wight.
His ſonne Sir Iohn that dwelt into that towne,
Vnder-Captaine to Syr Gerard Hcroun:
The Women als hé viſyit at the laſt,
And ſo one one his one began to caſt:
In the Southgait a felloun ferlie fair,
Wallace to Her made priuatlie repair:
So fell it thus, fro the towne or hee paſt,
At an accord they happinit at the laſt.
Wallace with her in ſecreit maid him glade.
Sutheron wiſt not that hé ſic pleaſance had.
Oft on the night he wold ſay to him ſell.
This is far war nor any paine of Hell.
That thus with wrong thir Deuils brokes our land
And I with force may not againſt them ſtand.
To take this towne my power is to ſmall,
Great perrill als of my life may befall.
Set it on fire it will vndoe my ſell.
Or loſe my men, there is no more to tell.
The zettis are cloſit, the Dykes are dæpe withall,
Though I would ſwome, forſuith they can noght all.
This matter heere therefore I will let ſlide,
For at this tyme I may no longer byde.
All men him told the Captaine was to paſſe,
Home to Kincleuin, whereof right glad hé was.
His leiſe hé toke at Heires of the towne,
To Methwin Wlod right gladly made them bowne.
His Horne hee hint and blythly bounit to blow,
His men heard, and there ſone can they drow.
Right blyth hé was for they were haill and feir.

Mony at him for tythings would not speir.
Hee them commandit for to make ready fast,
In good aray out of the Wood they past,
Toward Kincleuin they bounit them that tyde,
Syne in the baill that neir was them beside:
Fast vpon Tay his bushment can hee draw,
In a derne Wood hee stellit them on raw.
Set Scurriours out, the Country to espy,
But soone or noone there came fore-ryders by.
The watch turned, to see what was his will,
Hee them commandit in couert 'bould them still:
And we shaill foorth the House, will knowledge haue
And that may soone bee warning to the laue,
All force in war does nought but grieuance,
Wallace was few, but happie was his chance.
Made him reill syse his Aduersours to win:
By that the Court of Englishmen come in,
Fourscore and ten well graithed in the geir,
Harnelle on Horse, as lykly men of Weir.
Wallace saw well that number was no mo,
Hee thanked God, and syne the Field can to,
The English marueilit greitly what they should be:
But fra they saw, they made them for mellie,
In rest they rest sharp speirs in that tyde,
In ouer they thought out ouer the Scots to ride,
Wallace and his went ouer them againe,
At the first rush feill Sutheron were slaine,
Wallace stroke on with his good speir of steele:
Throw out the coist that shaft frushit like deele:
A burneist brand in hastie then hint hee out,
Throise vpon foote hee throng throw all the rout,
Sterne Horse they stickit, should men of Arms beir
Fey vnder foote was fulzeit men of weir.
Partellar lightit [illegible]

Mith men of armes quhilk were full worthie kend,
On ather syde feill freiks were fechtand fast.
The Captaine baid thoght he was lorde agast,
Pairt of the Scottis throw worthinesse they slew.
Wallace was wo, and toward him he drew,
His men then dred the Butteler bold and kæne,
On him he soght, with yre and proper tene,
Upon the head he stroke in matalent,
The burneist blade throughout his basnet went,
Baith baine and braine he brist throw his wæd,
Thus Wallace hand delyuered them that dreid.
Zit feill on fold was fechtand fellonlie,
Steuin of Ireland, and all the Chiualrie,
Into that stoure did worthelie and weill.
And Keirlie als with his gude staffe of steill.
The Englishmen sa their chiftane was slane,
They left the feild and fled in all their mane.
Thrée score were slaine, or they wold leif that feild.
The fleand folke they wist of na remeid,
Bot take the house they fled in all their might,
The Scottis followed that worthie wer and wicht,
Few men of fence was left that place to keipe:
Wemen and preists vpon the wall can weip,
For weill they weinit the Fleares was their Lord,
To take them in they made them ready ford
Leit doun the Bridge, kest vp the zettes wyde,
The frayit folk entred that durst not byde,
Gude Wallace euer followed them so fast,
Quhill in the house he entred at the last.
The zet he wore, whill commin was the rout,
Of English and Scottis he held na man thairout,
The Englishmen that winnit in that steid,
Withouten grace they brittinit them to deid,
The Captains wife, women and preists twa,

And

And young Children, forsuith they saued no ma.
Helde them in close, after this sudden cace,
Or Sutheron men should siedge them in that place.
Tooke vp the Bridge, and yates clossit fast,
The dead bodies out of sight they causd cast.
Within the House and outwith that were dead,
Fiue of his owne to burie he causd leade.
In that Castell seuen dayes still bode hée,
In euery night they soulzeit busilie.
To Shotr-wood shows led Wines & Victuall wight,
And House-holde geare, both Gold & Siluer bright.
Women and they whom to hée granted grace,
When hee thought time, they put out of the place,
When they had tane what likit them to haue,
Strake downe the yate, and set on fire the laue,
Out of the Windows the stancheours all they drew,
Full great Yron-worke into the water threw.
Buirdin Doores and lockes in their yre,
All worke of tree they burnt into the fire.
Spilt what they might, brak brig and bulwark down
To Short-wood shaws in haste they made them bou
Chused a strength, where they their lodging made,
In good effeir a while still there hée bade.
Yet in the towne of this no wit had they,
To Countrey-folke, when it was light of Day,
Great smoake saw rise, and to Kincleuin they sought
But walles & stone, more good there foūd they nogh
The Captaines Wife to Saint-Johns-towne she yei
And to Syr Gerard tould this fellon déede.
Als to her sonne what hapned was by cace.
Then déemit they all that it was wight Wallace.
Before time there hee spyit had the towne,
Then chargit they all they should bée ready bowne,
Harnest on Horse into their Armour cleire.

To ſeeke Wallace they went all foorth in feir.
A thouſand men well garniſht for the weir,
Toward the Wood right awfull in effeir.

Short-wood Shawes. Chap. III.

TO Short-wood ſhaw, and ſet it all about,
With fine ſtaillis, that ſtarwart were and ſtout,
The ſixth they made, a ſellon range to leid,
Where Wallace was, full worthie aye indeid.
The ſtrength they tooke, and bad them hold it ſtill,
On euery ſide, aſſaikie who ſo will,
Syr Iohn Buttellar into that ſtrength went,
With two hundreth, ſore moued in his intent.
His fathers death to benge him if hee mought,
To Wallace ſoone with men of Armes hee ſought:
A Clengh there was, whereof a ſtrength they made,
With thortour trees, and boldly there abade.
From the one ſide they might iſſue to the Plaine,
Syne throw the Wood to the ſtrength paſſe againe.
Twenty hee had that noble Archers were,
Againſt ſeuen ſcore of Engliſh Bow-men faire.
Three ſcore of Speares neir hand them bade full right
If Scots iſhit, to helpe them at their might.
On Wallace ſet a Bicker bould and keene,
A Bow hee bare, was big, and weill beſeene:
And Arrowes als, both long and ſharpe with awe,
No man there was that Wallace Bow could drawe.
Right ſtarke hee was, and in full ſouer geir:
Boldly hee ſhot among thoſe men of weir.
Ane angill heid vnto the Huiks hee drew,
Syne at one ſhot the formoſt ſoone hee ſlew,
Engliſh Archers, that hardy were and wight,
Againſt the Scots bickerit with all their might.
Their awfull ſhot was fellon for to bide:

Of Wallace men they woundit fiell that tyde,
Few of them was sicker of Archery,
Better they were and they got euen party,
In field to byde other with sword or speir,
VVallace persaued his men toke mekill deir.
Hée gart them change and stand not in that steid,
Hée kest alwayes to saif them from the deid:
Full great trauell vpon himselfe toke hee,
Of Sutheron Archears feill men gart he die.
Of Longcastell Schyit bowmen were in that place,
A sore Archear ay wayted on VVallace.
At one opin where hee vsit to repair,
At him hée drew ane sicker shot and sair:
Under the chin throw ane coller of steele,
On the left side and hurt his halse some deele:
Alloneist hée was but not greatly agast,
Wallace him saw and followed him full fast.
And in the turning with good will hes him tane,
Vpon the craige in sunder brake the bane:
Then feill of them no friendship with him fand,
Fyftene that Day he shot dead with his hand:
We that his Arrowes waistit were and gone,
The English Archears forsuith they wantit none:
Outwith they were their power to renew,
On euer ilke syde they could to them persew:
William Lorane come with his bousteous staill,
Out of Gowrie on Wallace to assaill:
Neuoy he was as it is knowne plaine,
To the Butteller before that they had slaine.
To venge his Eme hée come with all his might.
Thrée hundreth led of men in Armes bright.
To leed the range on foote he made him ford,
Wallace to God his confidence couth remord:
Syne comfort them with manly countenance:

Yee

Yée sée hee said good Schires their ordinance.
Heere is no choise but either doe or die,
Wée haue the right the happier may it bée.
That wée shall chaip by grace out of this Land,
The Lorane by that was ready at his hand,
By this it was after noone of the Day,
Fiell men of wit to counsell soone yéede they,
The Sutheron kest sharply on euery side,
Hée saw the Wood was neither long nor wide,
Lightly they said, Hée should hold so lang,
Fiue hundreth made on foote throw it to gang.
Sad men of Armes that eager were of will,
About the Scots with mony shout full shill,
With bow and speir, and swords stife of steill,
On either syde no frendship couth they feill,
Wallace in yre an buirlie brand can draw,
Where feill Sutheron were semblit on an raw.
To fend his men with his deir worthie Hand,
The folke were fey that he before him fand.
Throw the thickest of the great preise he past,
Vpon his enemies he went wonder fast.
Against his dint no weids might auaill,
Whom so he hat was deid withoutten faill,
Of the feirsest full braithly dang he downe.
Before the Scots that were of great renowne.
To holde ẏ strength they preissit with all their might,
Then Englishmen that worthie were and wight.
Syr Iohn Butteller reliuit in againe,
Sinderit the Scots and did them mekill paine,
The Lorane als that cruell was and kene,
Ane sore assay forsuith there might be séene.
Then at the strength they might no longer byde,
The rang so strang come vpon ather syd,
In the thickest wood they made their fell defence,
Against

Againſt their foes ſo full of violence.
Right feill Sutheron leaued their life in wed,
To a new ſtrength Wallace and his men fled.
On his aduerſairs they made full fell debate,
To help themſelues, none other ſuccour they wate.
The Sutheron als were ſundered then in twin:
But they againe together ſon can win.
Full ſubtilly their Ordinance they made,
The range againe they bouned but more abaid.
The Scots were hurt, and pairt of them were ſlaine:
Then Wallace ſaide, we labour all in vaine.
To ſlay commons it helps vs right nought,
But their Chiftaines that hes them hither brought,
Right wee worke ſo that one of them were ſlaine,
So ſore aſſay they could not get againe.
By this the hoſt approaching was full near,
Thus they them held full manly vpon ſteare.
When Wallace ſaw the Suthron were at hand,
Him thought no time longer for to ſtand.
Right manfully he graithed hes his geare,
Sadly he went againſt thoſe men of weare.
Throughout the ſtour full faſt feghting hee ſought,
With Gods grace to venge him if he mought.
Upon the Buttelar awfully ſtroke hee,
Safeguarde he got vnder a bowing tree.
The Branch in two hee ſtroke aboue his head,
Als to the ground hee felled him in that ſtead.
The whole power vpon him came ſo faſt,
That they by force reſcued him at the laſt.
Lorane was woe, and thither faſt can draw:
VVallace returned, ſo ſuddenly he him ſaw:
Out at a ſide full faſt to him he yeid:
Hee got no girth, for all his burniſht weed.
With yre him ſtrake on his gorget of Stele,

The trenchand blaid it pearsed euery deill,
Throughe plate and stufe micht not against it stand,
Perfite to death he left him on the land.
Him haue they lost, thocht Sutheron had it sworne,
For his craig-bane was all in sunder shorne.
The worthie Scottis did nobillie that day,
About Wallace quhill he was won away.
He tuke the strenght against thair fais will,
Aboundantly in bargane baid them still,
The scry sone rais the bald Lorane was deid,
Schir Gerard Heroun tranoynted to that steid,
And all the Dist assembled him about,
At the North side then VVallace ished out,
With his gude men and bownit them to ga,
Thankand great God that they were parted sa,
Seuin of his men that day to death was dight,
To Cargill wood they went that samin night,
In the field left of the Suthron sex scoir,
And Lorane als that murning was the moir,
The range in haist they raised soon againe,
But when they saw their trauell was in vaine,
When it was past full mekill mone they made,
To rype the Wood both vaill stonke and staid.
For Buttellers gold Wallace tooke care before,
But they fand nocht wold they seike euermore,
His Horse they gote but nocht else of his geir,
With Dulefull mone returnit thir men of weir.
To Saint-Iohnstoun with sorrow and greit cair.
Of Wallace foorth mee lykesto speike no mair,
The second night the Scotes couth them draw.
Right priuatly againe to Shortwood shaw.
Tooke vp their good quhilke was put out of sight,
Cleithing and stuffe both gold and siluer bright,
Upon their fete for Horse was tan them fro,

Or the Sunne rais to Methwen Wood can go:
The two dayes ouer their iudging still they maid,
On the thrid nicht they moued but moze abaid.

How Wallace was sould to the Englishmen, by his Lemman. CHAP. IIII.

TO Elchok Park full suddenly they went,
Therein that strength to byde was his intent
Then Wallace said, he would go to the toun,
Arrayit him weill into a Preists goun.
In Saint-Iohnstone disguised can he fair,
To this woman, the quhilk we spake of air.
Of his presence she right rejoyced was,
And aye in dreid how hee away should pas.
Hee sojorned there fra noon was of the day,
While neir the night or that hee went his way.
Hee trystit her when hee should come againe,
On the third Day, then was shee wonder faine,
Yet hee was seene with Enemies as hee yeid,
To Syr Gerard they tould of all his deid.
And to Buttellar that would haue wroken beene.
Then they cauld take that Woman fair and sheene
Accused Her sore of reset into that place,
Full oft shee swore that shee knew not Wallace,
Then Buttellar said, Wee wot well it was hee,
And but thou tell, in baill fyre thou shalt die.
If thou will helpe to bring yond Rebald downe,
Wee shall thee make a Lady of renowne.
They gaue to her both Gold and Siluer bright,
And said shee should bee wedded with a Knight.
Whom shee desyrit that was but marriage,
Thus temptit they her, throgh counsell & great wage
That she them tould what might he should be thee
Then they were glad, for they desirit no mare,

Of all Scotland bot VVallace at their will,
Thus ordaind they that pointment to fulfill,
Feill men of armis they graithed haistily,
To keip the yettis, wicht Wallace to espy.
At the set tryst, he entred in the Toun,
Witting nothing of all this fals tresoun.
To her Chalmer he went but mair abaid,
She welcomit him, and full great pleasance made:
Quhat that they wrocht I cannot graithly say,
Richt unperfect I am of Venus play,
Bot haistily he graithed him to gang:
Then she him tuke and speirit, if he thocht lang:
She askit him that night with her to bide:
Sone he said nay, for chance that may betide.
My men are left at mis-rule all for me,
I may not sleip this night, while I them se.
Then wiped thee, and said full oft alace,
That I was maid, wo worth the cursed cace,
Now haue I loist the best man liueing is:
O feidill mind, to do so foull a mis:
O waryit wit, wicked and variance,
That me hes wrocht in this mischewous chance,
Alace she said in world that I was wrocht,
If all this paine on my self micht be brocht.
I haue seruit to be brunt in an gleid.
Quhen Wallace saw she neir from wit couth weid,
In his armes he caucht her soberly:
Quho hes done ought, he said, deir hart: haue I?
No, I, quod she, hes falsly wrocht this train:
I haue you sold, richt now ye shalbe slaine.
She tould to him hir treason to ane end,
As I haue said, what neids more legend?
Quhat her hee speirit, if she forthocht it sair?
Yea, Sir, she said, and shall doe euermair.

My warryed weird in woꝛld I mon fulfill,
To mend this misse I would burne on ane Hill.
Hee comfoꝛt her, and bade her haue no dꝛæde:
I will, hee ſaid, haue ſome part of thy Wæd.
Her Gowne on him hee toke and Courches als,
Will God, I ſhall eſcape this traſoun falſe.
I thee foꝛgiue withoutten woꝛds mair,
Hæ kiſſed her, ſyne toke his leaue to fair.
His buirly Bꝛand helpit him oft in næd,
Right pꝛiuatly hid it vnder his Wæde.
To the South yate the gaineſt way hee dꝛew,
Where that hee found of Armed men enew,
To them hee tould, diſſimulate in countenance,
To the Chamber where hee was in perchance,
Speede faſt hæ ſaid, VVallace is lockit in,
Foꝛ him they ſought withoutten noyſe oꝛ din.
To that ſame houſe about they can him caſt,
Out of the Pat then Wallace got full faſt.
Right glad in heart when that hee was without,
Right faſt hee yæde, a ſture pace and ſtout,
Two men beheld, and ſaid, Wee will goe ſæ,
A ſtalwart quean foꝛſuith you fæmes to bæ,
They followit him thꝛow the South inche they fu
When Wallace ſaw with them there came no m
Againe her turnit and hes the foꝛmoſt ſlaine,
The other fled: then Wallace with great maine,
Vpon the head with his good ſwoꝛd hath him tane
Left them both dead, ſyne to the Strength is gane
His men hee got, right glad when they him ſaw,
To their defence in haſte hee cauſd them dꝛaw.
Deuoyded him ſone out of the Womans Weede:
Thus ſcaped hee out of this fellow dꝛeed.

THE FYFTH BOOKE.

How *Wallace* escaped out of Sainct-Iohnstoune, and past to Elchok Parke: and how hee slew Fawdoun.

CHAP. I.

The darke Regioun appeared wonder fast,
In Nouember, when October was past:
The Dayes fall throw right course worthit short,
o banisht men that is no great comfort.
lith their power seir place worths gang,
eauy they thinke when that the night is lang.
hus Wallace saw the Nights Messengeir,
œbus had lost his fierie brands cleir,
t of the wood they durst not turne that tyde,
r Aduersaries, that in their way would byde,
allace then tould enew were on his Hand,
e Englishmen were off the Towne command.
e Doore they brak wher they trowit Wallace was,
hen they him missit, they bownit hyne to passe:
this great noyse the Woman got away,
t to what steid I cannot graithly say.
e Sutheron sought right sadly for that steid,
ow the South incsh, & found there two men deid,
ey knew by that Wallace was in the Strength,
out the Parke they set on breadth and length.

With fyr hundreth well graitheit in their Armes,
All lyklie men to weirke them of their Harms.
An hundreth men chargit in Arms strong,
To keepe an Hound, that they had them among.
In Gelderland there was that Bratchet bred,
Sicker of sent, to follow them that fled,
Shee was so dutt in Eske and Liddisdaill,
While she had blood, no fleeing might auaill.
Then said they all, Wallace might not away,
Hee should bee theirs, for ought that hee doe may.
The Dist they left in diuers parts that tyde,
Syr Gerard Heroun in the staill can byde.
Syr Iohn Butteller the range hee toke him till.
With three hundred which were of hardy will,
Into the Wood vpon Wallace they yeid,
The worthy Scots that were in mekill dreid.
Soght to an place for to haue ished out,
And saw the staill enuyroned them about.
Againe they went with hiddeous strokes and str
Great noyse and din was raised them among,
There cruell Death right marueilous to ken,
Where fourtie matchit againe three hundred m
Wallace so well vpon him toke that tyde,
Throw the great preise an way hee made full wy
Helping the Scots with his deare worthy Hand
Feill fae men hee left fey vpon the Land.
Yet Wallace lost fiftéene in that steid,
And fourty men of Sutheron that were deid.
The Buttellars folke so frushit were in deid.
The hardy Scottis to the strengths throw they
Vpon Tay side they haskit them full fast,
In will they were the Water to haue past:
Better him thought in perrill for to bee,
Vpon the Land, then wilfully to see,

his men to drowne, where reskew might be none,
gaine in yre to the Field are they gone.
Buttellar by then had put his men in array,
On them hee set with hardy awfull assay.
On either side, with weapons stiffe of steill,
Wallace againe no friendship leit them feill.
But doe or die, they wist no more succour:
Thus fend they long into that stalwart stour,
he Scots Chiftaine was young and in an rage,
sit in Warre, and feghtis with courage.
e saw his men of Sutheron take sic wrang,
hem to reuenge all dreidlesse hé did gang,
or mony of them were bleiding wonder sair,
é couth not sée none helpe appeiring there.
nt if their Chiftaine were put out of thei rgate,
he brime Buttellar so bouldly made debate.
row the great preise right fast to him hé sought,
s awfull déd auenge it if hee mought.
der an Kirk with men about him set
allace might not an graith stroke on him get,
t shed hé them, an full rude step hé made,
e Scots went out, no longer there they bade,
uen of Ireland, that worthie was and wight,
helpe Wallace hee did full preise and might.
ith true Keirlie, doughty in many deid,
on the ground feill Sutheron they gart bleid:
ty was slaine of Englishmen in that place,
nine of Scots were tint into that race.
tellaris men were so destroyit that tide,
o the stour they would no longer byde.
get supplie hee went into the staill.
s lost hee there an hundreth of great auaill.
hey were best araying Buttellaris rout,
wirt parties then Wallace ished out.

Sirteene with him they graithed them to goe,
Of all his men hee had leaued no moe.
The Englishmen haue missit him in hy:
The Hound they toke, and followit hastily.
At the Gaskhall full faine they would haue beene.
But this Slouth-Hound, that cruell was and kæne
On VVallace fote hée followit wonder fast,
Whill in their sight approachit at the last.
Their Horse was wight, and sojournit right lang,
To the nirt Wood two mile they had to gang:
Of vpward eird they yeid with all their might,
Good hope they had, for it was neir the night.
Fawdoun hée tyrit and said, Hée might not gang,
VVallace was woe to leaue him in the thrang,
Hée bade him goe, and said, The strength was ne
But hée therefore would not the faster steir.
Wallace in yre on the craig can him ta.
With his good sword, and strake his heid in tw
Dreidlesse to ground hée dushit to the deid,
From him hée lap, and left him in that steid.
Some dœmes it to euill, and some to good,
But I say héere into these termes rude,
Better it was he did as thinkes mée,
First to the Hound it may great stopping bée,
Als Fawdoun was houlden of great suspition,
For hée was holden of bruckell complexion.
Right starke hée was, and had but little gone,
Thus Wallace wist, had hée bene left alone:
And hée were false to enemies hée would ga,
If hee were true, the Sutheron would him sla.
Might hee doe ought but tyne him as it was,
From this question now shortly will I passe.
Dœme as yée list, yée that can best, and may,
But I rehearse as mine Author doe say.

The ſtarres as then beganne for to appeir,
The Engliſhmen were comming wonder neir.
Fiue hundreth whole were in their Cheualry,
To the next ſtrength then Walalce can him hy:
Steuen of Irelan d vnwitting of Wallace,
And gud Keirlie, bode ſtill neir hand that place,
At the Mure ſide into a ſcroggie ſtaid,
By Eaſt Duplin, where they this tary made:
Fawdoun was left beſide them on the Land,
The power came, and ſuddenly him fand:
For their Sleuth-Hound the graith way to him yeid,
Of other tred as then ſhe tooke none heid.
The Sleuth ſtopped at Fawdoun ſtill ſhe ſtood,
No further would, fra time ſhe found the blood,
The Engliſhmen deemit, for other they could not tel,
But that the Scots had foughten among them ſell.
Right woe they were, for loſſit was their ſent,
Wallace two men among the Hoſte in went:
Diſſemblit well that no man ſhould them ken,
Right in effeir, as they were Engliſhmen,
Keirlie beheldе vnto the bould Heroun,
Vpon Fawdoun as hee was looking downe.
A ſubtile ſtroke vpward him tooke that tyde,
Vnder the Cloake the grounden ſword can glyde.
By the good Wailzie, both craige and haiſe bane,
In ſunder ſtrake, thus endit that Chieftaine.
To ground hee fell, feill folke about him throng,
Treaſoun they cryed, a Traytor vs among:
Keirlie with that fleid out at the Hoſte ſide,
His fellow Steuen thought it no time to bide.
The Fray was great, and faſt away they yeid,
Both toward Erne: thus ſcapit they that dreid,
Buttellar was woe, of wæping might not ſtint,
Thus rekleſly this good Knight haue they tint.

They deemit all that it was Wallace men,
Or elſe himſelfe thogh they ſhould not him ken.
Yee is right neir, wee ſhall him haue but faill,
The feble Wood may little him anaill,
Fourty there paſt againe to Sainct-Iohnſtoun,
With deid Corps to burying made them boun.
Pairtit their men and diuers wayes yeid,
An great power at Duplyne ſtill there bade.
To Danrich the Buttellar paſt but let,
At ſundrie partes the gate was vnbeſet,
To keepe the Wood while it was Day they thought,
As Wallace thus in the thicke Forreſt he ſought.
For his two men in minde hee had great paine,
Yee wiſt not well if they were tane or ſlaine,
Or chaped haill by ony ieopardie,
Threttene were left with him no mwe had hee.
In Gaskhall there their ludging haue they tane,
Fyre they gat ſoone but meate then had they nane,
Two ſheepe they tooke beſide them in an falde,
Ordaned their ſupper into that ſeemely halde.
Graithed in haſte, ſome meate to them was dight.
So hard they blow rude Horns vpon hight.
Two ſent hee foorth to ſee what it might bee,
They baid right long, but no tythings got hee,
But bouſteous noyes, ſo brimely blowing faſt,
So other two into the Wood foorth paſt.
None come againe, but bouſteouſlie can blaw,
Into great yre he ſent them foorth on raw.
When that alone Wallace was leuit there,
The awfull blaſt abounded mekill mair.
Then trowed hee well they had his ludging ſeene,
His ſword hee drew of noble mettall keene.
Syne foorth he went where that he heard the Horn
Without the Doore Fawdoun was him beforne,

is to his sight, his Head into his Hand,
ane roose hee made when that hee saw him stand,
at Wallace in the Heid hee swakkit there,
nd hee in haste soone hint him by the hair.
yne out againe at him he couth it cast,
into his heart he was greatly agast.
ight well hee trowed it was no spryte of man,
t was an Deuill that sic malice began.
Hee wist na anaile their longer to abide,
p through the Hall this wight Wallace can glyd,
o an close staire, the buirds raist in twine,
fyfteene foote long he lap foorth of that In.
p the water then suddenly can he fair,
gaine hee blenked what appearance was there
im thought hee saw Fawdoun that vgly syre:
pon the House and all the laife in fyre.
ane great ruise Tree hee had into his Hand,
VVallace as then no longer hee would stand.
f his good men full greit maruell had hee,
ow that they were tint throw his fantasie,
rusting right well all this was suith indeid.
uppose that it bee no point of the Creed,
owre they had with Lucifer that fell,
The tyme hat he parted from Heauen to Hell,
e sic mischiefe if his men might be lost,
rowned or slaine amongst the English Dist:
r what it was in likneste of Fawdoun,
uhilke broght his men to sik confusion,
r if the man ended in euill intent,
ome wicked spryte againe for him were sent.
I can nought speake of sic Diuinitie.
To Clarks I will let all sic matters bee,
But of VVallace on foorth I will you tell,
When hee was went out of this Danger fell.

Yet

Yet glade hé was that hé had ſcapit ſa,
But for his men greit murning can hé ma,
Flait be him ſelfe to the maker abuiſe,
Why hee ſufferit his ſoule ſic matters p̃uiſe.
Hé wiſt not well if it were GODS will.
Right or wrong his Fortune to fulfill.
Had it pleaſit GOD he trowit it might bee,
Hee ſhould be ſet in ſik perpleritie,
But greit courage in his mind euer draife,
On Engliſhmen thinking a mends to haue,
As hé was thus walking by him alone,
Vpon Erne ſyde, making a piteous mone,
Syr Iohn Buttellar to watch the Furds right,
Out fra his men of Wallace had an ſight.
The moſt was went and to the mountaines gone,
To him hé raid where that hee made his mone:
On lowd he ſpeirit, What art thou walks this gait:
Ane true man Sir, though my voyage be lait.
Erands I paſſe fra Down vnto my Lord,
Sir Iohn Pſewart the right who will record.
In Down is now new cummit fro the King,
Then Buttellar ſaid, This is an ſelcouth thing,
Thou leid hee ſaid, thou hes beene with Wallace,
I ſhall thee know or thou come fro this place.
To him hee ſtart, the Curſer wonder wight,
Drew out his ſword, ſyne made him for to fight.
About the knée good Wallace hes him tane,
Throw thie and braine in ſunder ſtrake the bane,
Derflie to ground the knight fell on the land,
Wallace the Horſe ſoone ſeaſed in his Hand,
An acwart ſtrake ſyne tooke him in that ſteid,
His craige in two, thus was the Buttellar deid.
An Engliſhman ſaw their Chiftane was ſlaine,
Ane ſpeir in reſt he keſt with all his mane.

On

On Wallace draue fra the Horſe him to beir,
Warlie hee wrought as worthie man of weir.
The ſpeir hee wan withoutten more abaid,
On Horſe hee lap, and throw an greit rout raid.
To Dalrich then hee knew the furd full well,
Before him come feill ſtuffit into ſteill.
Hee ſtrake the firſt but baid in the blaſo une,
While horſe and man all fleit the water downe,
An other ſoone downe fra the horſe hee bair,
Strampit to ground, and drownd withoutten mair.
The third he hit on the harneſſe of ſteele,
Throw out the coiſt the ſpeir it raiſe ilke deele,
The greit power after him then can ryde,
Hee ſaw no wiſedome there longer to abide.
His birneſt brand, braithlie in hand hee bair,
Whom hee hit right they followit him no mair.
To ſtuffe the chace feill freekes followit faſt,
But VVallace made the gayeſt ay againſt.
The Mure hee toke and throw their power rade,
The Horſe was good but yet hee had greit dreid,
For failzeing them or hee wan to an ſtrength,
The chaſe was greit ſtailit on breid and length.
Throw ſtrong danger they had him aye in ſight,
At the Black-furde there Wallace downe can light,
The Horſe ſtuffit, the way was deepe and lang,
Ane large long while wightly on fot can gang.
Or hee was horſed ryders about him keſt,
Hee ſaw full well long time hee might not laſt,
Nay men indeid vpon him can renew,
Without recouery twentie that night hee ſlew.
The fierſeſt aye rudely rebutit hee,
Keipit his Horſe and right wiſely can flee.
Whill that hee came the mirkeſt Mure amang,
His Horſe gaue ouer, and would no further gang.

Wallac

Wallace on foote toke him with good intent,
The Horse hée slew or that hée further went,
That Englishmen of him should haue no guide,
And left on foote, for well hée vnderstood.
For Sutheron men on him should haue no sight,
In high Padder he past with all his might.
Throughe that dark Mure thē from them hes he soght
But suddenly there come into his thought:
Great power did walke at Striuiling Bridge of trée:
Sighing hée said, No passage is for mée.
For fault of food, and I haue fasted lang,
On Weir-men now mée thinkes no time to gang.
At Cambuskinneth I shall the Water till,
Let GOD aboue doe with mée what hée will,
Into this Land no longer may I byde,
Vary hée made some part on Forthis side.
Toke of his Wed, and graithed him but mair,
His sword hée bound, that wonder sharply shair:
Among his geir, on his shoulders aloft,
Thus in hée went to great GOD praying oft.
Of his good grace his cause to take in Hand,
Ouer the Water hée swam, to the South Land.
Arayed him well, the season was right colde,
For yeres was into his Dayes olde.
Ouer-thort hée cuist, to the Torwood hee yéd,
A Widow dwelt, quhilke helped him in néd.
Hidder hée come or Day began to daw,
To an Widow and priuily can caw:
They speirit his name, but tell them would he nocht
Whill shee her selfe neir to his language sought.
From time she knew that it was wight Wallace,
Rejoyced shée was, and thanked GOD of grace:
Mourning hee said, As men now haue I none,
She speirit some, If was hee his alone:

Shée

Shée speirit soone where that his men should bée,
Fair Dame hée said, Goe get some meit to mée,
I haue fasted sen yisterday at morne,
I dreid full sore, that my men bee forlorne.
Greit part of them I saw to the Death brought,
Shée got him meit in all the haste shée mought.
A Woman hée called, and als with Her a Childe,
And bade them passe again thae wayes wylde:
To the Gaskhall, tithings for to speir,
If part was left of his men into feir?
And shée should finde an Horse soone in her gait,
Hée bade them sée if that place stood in stait:
Thereof to heir hée had full great desir,
Because hée thought it was all into fire.
They passed out, withoutten tary mair,
Him for to rest Wallace remained there,
Refreshit he was with Meit, and Drink, and Heite,
Quhilk caused him throw naturall course to sleip.
Where hée should sléepe at the Woman hée speirit,
The Widow had three sonnes that were leirit.
First two of them she sent to keip Wallace,
Hée gart the third goe soone to Dunipace:
And tell his Eme, that hee was hapned there:
The Persoun came to see of his weilfare,
VVallace to sléepe was laid in the Wood-side,
The two young men without him neir couth bide:
The Parsoun come neare hand, the manner saw,
They beckened him to what stead hee should draw.
The Rone was thicke that Walace sléeped in,
About he yeid and made but little din,
So at the last of him he had a sight,
Full priuatly where that his bede was dight.
He him beheld, syne said vnto him fell,
Heere is maruell, who likes it for to tell,

This is a Parſon of worthineſſe of Hand.
Trowes to ſtop the power of England.
Now falſe Fortune, the miſ-worker of all,
By euenture hath giuen him a fall
That hée is left without ſupply of ma,
A cruell Wife with Weapons might him ſla.
VVallace him heard, with that the ſléepe ouer paſt:
Fearcely hée roſe, and ſaid, to him als faſt,
Thou lieſt, falſe Preiſt, wert thou ane foe to mée,
I would not dread ſuch other ten as thée.
I haue had more ſince yeſterday at morne,
Then ſuch ſirtie were aſſemblit mée before,
His Eme him toke, and went forth with Wallace;
Hée tould to him all his moſt painefull cace:
This night hée ſaid, I was left mine alone,
In felt debate, with enemies many one:
GOD at his will hath ay my life to kéepe,
Ouer Forth I ſwamme, that awfull is and déepe.
What I haue had in Warre before this Day,
Priſon and paine [to this Night] is but play.
So beat I am with ſtrokes ſad and ſore,
The ſhrill water then burnt me mekill more,
After great blod through heat and cold was wrought,
That of my life almoſt nothing I rought.
I mone farre more the tynſell of my men,
Nor of my ſelfe, might I ſuffer ſuch ten.
The Parſon ſaid, Deare ſonne thou mayeſt ſée well
Longer to ſtriue it helpeth neuer a deale.
Thy men are loſt, and none will with thée riſe,
For GOD his ſake make as I ſhall deuiſe:
Take a Lordſhip whereon thou mayeſt liue,
King Edward will great Lands to thée giue.
Uncle, hée ſaid, Of ſuch words no more,
This is nothing but éking of my care.

I will

I like better to ſée the Sutheron die,
Then gold or land that they can gine to mée,
Truſt thou right well of weir I ſhall not ceaſe,
Untill the tyme I bring Scotland to peace.
Or die therefore the plaine to vnderſtand,
So come Keirlie and gwd Steuen of Ireland,
The Widowes ſonne to VVallace hée them broght,
Fra they him ſaw of no ſadneſſe they roght,
For perfit joye they weipit with their ene,
To ground they fell and thankit Heauens King,
Als hée was glad for reſkew of them two,
As their feires lining were left no mo.
They tould to him that Sir Gerard was deid.
How they had well eſcapit off that ſteid.
Throw the Ochell they had gone all that night,
To Airth Ferrie when that the Day was light.
How an true Scot throw kindneſſe of Wallace,
Broght them ſone ouer, ſyne kend them to that place
Als Keirlie wiſt if Wallace liuing were,
Neir Dunipace that hée ſhould find him there.
The Parſon gart gwd purueance for them dight,
Into the Tor-wood they lugdgit all that night.
Whill the Women that Wallace North had ſend,
Returnit againe and tould him to an end.
What Engliſhmen in the way thée ſaw deed,
Feill was fallen fey in mony ſundrie ſteid,
The Horſe thée ſaw that Wallace had bereft,
And the G skhall ſtanding as it was left.
Withoutten harme, nor ſteirit of an ſtone,
But of his men gwd tithings got thée none,
Therefore hée greuit greitlie in that tyde,
In the Forreſt hée would no longer abide.
The Widow him gaue pairt of ſiluer bright,
Two of her Sonnes that worthie were and wight.

The

The third scho left because he lacked age,
In weir as than micht not win vassalage,
The persoun then gat them gude Horse and geir
Bot woe hee was his mind was so in weir:
Thus tooke he leif without longer abaid,
To Dundaf mure the samin nicht he raid:
Sir Iohn the Graham, quhilk lord was of that land
Ane aged knight had made nane vther band:
Bot purchest peace in rest he migh byde still,
Tribute he payit full sair against his will,
Ane sonne he had baith wise, worthie, and wicht,
Alexander the feirce at Barwick maid him knicht,
Quhair shawin was of battell to haue bene,
Betuix the Scots, and the bald Persie kene,
This zonug sir Iohn right nobill was in weir,
On a braid sword his Father gart him sweir,
He should be trew to Wallace in all thing,
And he to him quhill life in them might ring.
Three nichts thair Wallace was out of dreid,
Restit him weill sa hes he mekill neid.
On the ferd day he wald no longer byde,
Sir Iohn the Graham bownit with him to ryde,
And he said nay, as then it shold not be,
Ane plaine pairt yet I will not take on me,
I haue tint men throw my ouer rekles deide,
Ane brint Child als mair sair the fyre shuld dreid,
Freinds sum pairt I haue in Cliddisdale,
I will go see what they may me auaill,
Sir Iohn answerit, I will your counsell do,
Quhen ye think time send priuatlie me to.
Then I shall cum with my power in haist,
He him betaucht vnto the halie Gaist.
Sanct Iohn to borgh they suld meit haill and sound
Out of Dundaf his and he four couth found,

In Bothwell Mur that night remained hee,
With one Crawford, that ludged him priuilie.
Upon the morne to the Gilbanke hee went,
Receiued he was of many with glad intent.
For his deare Eme young Auchinlek dwelt there,
Brother hee was to the Shyreffe of Air.
When olde Sir Rannald to his deed was dight,
Then Auchenlek wedded that Lady bright:
And Children got, as stories bears record,
Of Lesmahago, for hee held of that Lord.
But hee was slain, that pitty wes the mair,
With Persies men into the Town of Air.
His sonne dwelt still, then ninetéen yeers of age,
And brooked whole his Fathers heritage.
Tribute hee payed for all his lands braid,
To Lord Persie, as his borther had made.
I leaue VVallace with his deare vncle still,
Of Englishmen yet something speake I will.
A Messenger soon throw the Country yeid.
To Lord Persie, and told this fellon deid:
Kincleuen was burnt, broken, and casten down,
The Captain dead of it, and Saint-Iohns-town.
The Lorane als in Shoar-wood shawes sheene,
Into the land great sorrow hath beene seene
Through wicht Wallace, that all this deed hath done:
The Town hee spyed, and that forthotght ws soone:
Buttellaris slain, with doughtie men and deir.
In asper speach the Persie that can speir:
What word of him, I pray thee graithly tell:
My Lord, hee said, right thus the case befell:
Wee know for trueth hee was left him alone,
And as hee fled, hee slew full many one.
The Horse we found that him that gate couth beare.
Not of himselfe no other word we heare.

At Striuiling Bryge wee wot he paſſit nought,
To Death in Forth hée may for vs bée brought.
Lord Perſie ſaid, Now truely that is ſinne,
So good of Hand hé is this world within.
Had hé tane Peace, and béene our Kings man,
This whole Empire hé might haue conqueſt then,
Great harme it is, our Knights that are deid,
Wé muſt gar ſé for others in their ſteid,
I trow not yet that Wallace loſſit bé,
Our Clerks ſayes, Hé ſhall gar mony die,
The Meſſenger ſayes, All that forſuith hes béene:
Many hundreth that cruell was and kéne.
Syne hé began are loſſit without remeid,
The Perſie ſaid, Forſuth hee is not deid.
The Cruikes of Forth hee knowes wonder well:
Hee is on lyue, that ſhall our Nation feill.
When hee is ſtreſſit, then can hee ſwime at will,
Great ſtrength hee hes, both wit and grace thereti
A Meſſenger the Lord chargit to wend,
And his command in write hee with him ſend.
Sir Iohn Pſewart great Shirreffe then hee made,
Of Saint-Iohnſtoun, and all the Lands braid:
Into Kincleuin there dwelt none ſyne againe,
There was nought elſe but broken Walles in pl
Leaue I them thus, ruling the lands there,
And ſpeike I will of VVallace good weilfaire.
Hee ſend Keirlie vnto Rannald that night:
To Boyde and Blair, that worthy were and wig
And Adam als his Couſen, good Wallace,
To them declarit hee of his painfull cace.
Of his eſcape out of that Companie.
Right wonder glad were thir good Cheualrie,
Frae time they knew that Wallace liuing was,
Good Diligence they made to him to paſſe.

Maister Iohn Blair was one of that Message,
A worthie Clerke, both wise and als right sage:
Learnit hee was before in Pareis towne,
Among Masters in Science of good renowne.
Wallace and he at home in Schoole had beene,
Soone afterwards, as verity was seene:
Hee was the man that chiefly vndertooke.
That first compylde to dyte the Latine Booke,
Of Wallace Life, right famous of renowne.
And Thomas Gray Parson of Libertowne:
With him they were, and put in Historiall
Oft one or both mekill of his trauell.
And therefore heere of them I make mention,
Maister Iohn Blair to VVallace made him bowne,
To see his health, his comfort was the more,
As they full oft together were before.
Siluer and Gold they gaue him for to spend,
So did hee them freely when GOD it send.
Of good welfare as then hee wantit none,
Englishmen still hee was left him alone,
Where hee should bee was none of them couth say,
Drownit or slaine, or else escapit away
Therefore of him they tooke but little heid,
They knew him not, the lesse hee was in dreid.
All true Scots, great fauour to him gaue,
What Good they had, hee neevit not to craue,
The Peace lastit that Sir Rannald had tane,
Those three months it should not bee out gane.
Whole Christmas then Wallace remainit there
In LANERK oft to sport hee made repare.
When that hee went to Gilbanke from the Towns,
If hee found men was of that Nationn,
To Scotland they did neuer grieuance more,
Some trickit they, some throts in sunder shore.

Feill were found dead, but none wist who it was,
Whom he handled he let no further passe,
There Hesilrig dwelt, that cursed Knight to waill,
Shirriffe he was of all these Lands haill.
Of felloun outrage, despitefull in his deed,
Mony of him therefore had mekell dread,
Marvell hee thought who durst his people sla,
Without the Towne hee causde great number gas.
When Vallace saw that they were moe then hee,
Then did he nought but salust courteously.
Als his foure men bure them so quyetly:
No Sutheron could deeme them vnhonestly,
In LANERK, a Gentle-Woman there,
A Mayden mylde, as my Booke will declare:
Eighteene yeeres old, and little moze of age,
Als bozne shee was to part of Heritage.
Her Father was of Wozthip and renoun,
And Hew Braidfute he hecht, of Lammingtoun.
As feill were then into the Countrey calde,
Befoze time they Gentle men were of alde:
But this Good man, and als his Wife was dead,
The Maiden wist then of none other remead:
But still shee dwelt on Tribute in the Towne,
And purchast had King Edwards protectioun:
Seruants with Her, of friends at her will,
Thus liued shee without desire of ill.
A quyet House, as she might holde in weir,
Foz Hesilrig had done Her mekill deir.
Slaine her brother, quhilke eldest was and Heire,
All suffered she, and right lowly her bare.
Amiable, so benigne, ware, and wise,
Courteous and sweet, fulfilled of all Gentrice.
Well ruled of tongue, right haill of countenance,
Of Vertues shee was wozthie to advance,

Hum

Humbly her held, and purchast a good nam
Of euerie wight she keeped her from blame,
True righteous folke a great fauour her lent.
Upon a Day to the Kirke as she went,
Wallace her saw, as hee his eyes can cast,
The print of Loue him prunzeit at the last.
So Asperly through beauty of that Bright,
With great vnease in presence bide hee might,
Hee knew full well the Kinred of her blood,
And how shee was in honest vse and good.
Whiles would hee thinke to loue hee ouer the laue,
And other while hee thought on his dissaue.
How that his men were brought to confusion,
Through his last Loue, he had in Sainct-Iohnstoun.
Then would hee thinke to liue and let ouerslide,
But that Thought long in mind could not abid,
Hee tolde Keirlie of his new lust and baill,
Syne asked hee him of his true counsell:
Maister, hee said As farre as I can feele,
Of liklinesse it may bee wonder well,
Since so yee loue, take Her in Mariage,
Goodly she is and als of Heritage:
Suppose that yee in Louing feill a misse,
Great GOD forbid it should bee so with this.
To marrie thus I cannot yet attend.
I would of Warre first see a finall end,
I will no more alone to my Loue gang,
Take heed to mee, for dread I suffer wrong:
To proffer loue thus soone I would not prieue,
Might I leaue off, in Warre I thinke to liue.
What is this Loue? Nothing but foolishnesse:
It may reaue mee both wit and Stedfastnesse.
Then said hee thus, This will not graithly bee,
Amours and Warres attaine to reigne in mee.

Right suith is it, stood I in blisse of Loue,
Where Dæds were, I should the better proue.
But well I wot, where great earnest is in thought.
It letteth War, that in wise men is wrought.
Unlesse it bee, but onely till one Dæd,
Then hee that thinkes of Loue for to spéd,
Hée may doe well, hath hée Fortune and grace.
But this stands all into an other case.
A great Kingdome, with feill foes quer-sete,
Right hard it is any mends for to get:
Against them, and keepe the obseruance.
Whilke belongs to Loue, and all Her friuoll chance.
Crampis I haue, quhilk mee forthinketh sore,
I hope in GOD it shall bee so no more.
The trueth I know of this, and Her Linage:
I know nought her, therefore I losse a gage:
To Keirlie hée thus argued in this kind,
But great desire remainit in his mind.
For to behold that freely of fassoun,
A while hee left, and come not in the Towne.
On other thing hee made his Wit to vaike,
Proning if hee might of that labour slaike.
When Keirlie saw hee suffered paine for thir,
Deare Syr, hee said, Wee liue in sluggary,
Goe see your Loue, and yee shall get comfort.
At his counsell hee walkit for to sport.
Unto the Kirke, where shee wade residence:
Shee knew him well, but as for Eloquence,
Shee durst not well, in presence to him kyth.
Full sore shee dred that Sutheron should her myth.
For Hesilrige had a matter new begun,
And her desired in Marriage to his Sonne.
With her Mayden this Wallace shee besought,
To Dine with her; and priuily shee him brought.

Throw a Garden, she had gart worke of new:
So Englishmen nought of their meeting knew,
Then kissit he this Mayde, with gladnesse & pleasure,
Soone het besought right heartly atquaintance,
Shee answerit him, with humble words, and wise,
Were mine acquaintance worthie for to prise,
Yee shall it haue, as GOD mee saue in saule,
But Englishmen doe gar our power faile.
Throw violence of them, and their bairnage,
That hes well neir destroyit our Linage.
When Wallace heard Her complaine pitteously,
Grieuit in heart hee was right greitumly;
Both yre and Loue him set into a rage,
But nought for thy her sobrit in courage,
Of this matter hee tolde as I said aire,
To that Goodly how Loue constrainit him saie.
Shee answerit him reasonably againe,
And said, I shall to your seruice be bane:
With all pleasance in honest caulles haill,
And I trust nought yee would set to assaill.
For your worship, to doe mee Dishonour,
And I a Mayde, and stand in mony stour,
From Englishmen to saue my Woman heid,
And cost haue made, to keip mee from their feid.
With my good will I will no Lammen bee,
To no man borne: therefore I thinke should yee.
Desire mee nought, but into godlinesse,
Perchance yee thinke I were to low percace,
For to pretend to bee your righteous Wife,
Into your seruice I would vse all my life.
Heere I beseech for your Worship in Armes,
Yee charge mee not with no vngodly Harms.
But mee defende, for Worship of your Blood,
When Wallace well Her true tale vnderstood:

As in a part him thought it was reason,
Of her desir therfore to conclusion:
Hee thankit her, and said, If it might bee,
Throw GODS will that our Kingdome bee free,
I would you wed, withall hearty pleasance,
But at this time I may not take such chance.
And for this cause none other now I craue,
A man in Warre may not all pleasance hane.
Of their talke then can I tell you no more,
To my purpose what band that they made there.
Conclude they this, and to the Dinner went,
The sore grieuance remained in his intent.
Losse of his men, and lusty paine of Loue,
His leaue hee tooke, at that time, to remoue,

How *Wallace* past to Lochmabane, and howe they cutted his Horse tailes, and how hee shaue the blood-latter, Chap. II.

SYne to Gilbanke he past ere it was night,
Upon the morne with his foure men him dight,
To the Corheid without resting hee rade,
Where his Nevoy, Thom Haliday, him abade,
And Edward Little als his Cousen deare
Quhilke was so blyth when hee wist him so neare:
Thanking great GOD hee sent him safe againe,
For mony Dreamed hee was in Stratherne slaine,
Good cheare they made, all out those Dayes three,
Then VVallace said, That hee desyred to see,
Lochmabane towne, & Englishmen that were there,
On the fourth Day they bowned them to faire,
Sixteene hee was of goodly Cheualrie.
In the Knokwood hee leaued all but three:
Thomas Haliday went with them to the Towne.

Edwa

Edward Little and Keirlie made them bowne,
To an Distler Thomas Haliday led them right
And gaue command their Dinner should be dight.
To heare a Masse in good intent they yeid,
Of Englishmen they thought there was no dreid.
One Clifford came, was Emes sonne to the Lord,
And three with him the trueth for to record.
To their Innes soone, after Wallace was past:
Who ought these Horse? in great hathing hee askt,
The good-wife saide for to haue pleased him best,
Three Gentlemen are come out of the VVest:
Who Deuill them made so gayly for to ride?
In faith with mee a wed there must abide,
These lewd Scots haue learned little good,
Loe, all these Horse are shent for fault of blood,
Into great scorne, withoutten words more,
The tailes all of those three Horse they shore,
The good-wife cryed and pitteously can greet:
So VVallace came, and could the Captaine meet,
A Woman told him, they had his horse shent,
For proper yre hee grew in matalent.
Hee followed fast and said, Good friends abide,
Service to take for thy Craft in this tide.
Parshell thou art, without command of mee,
Reward againe mee thinkes I should pay thee:
Syne I of late new come out of the VVest,
In this Countrey a Barbour of the best:
To cut and shaue, and that one wonder good,
Now shalt thou feele how I vse to let blood,
With his good sword the Captaine hath hee tane,
Whill horse againe hee Parthalled neuer one,
Another soone vpon the head strake hee,
Whill chafts and cheekes vpon the gate can flee,
By that his men the other three had slaine,

Their

Their Horſe they tooke, and graithit them full bane,
Out of the towne, for Dinner had they none,
The wife hee prayit, that made ſo pitteous mone,
Then Engliſhmen frae that Chiftaine was deid,
To Wallace ſought from many ſundrie ſteid.
From the Caſtle come cruell men and keene.
When Wallace hes their ſodaine ſembly ſeene,
Toward ſome ſtrength hee bownit him to ride,
For then him thought it was no time to bide.
His Horſe bled faſt, that gart him dreiding haue,
Of his good men hee wonld haue had the laue,
To the Knockwood withoutten more they rade,
But into it no ſojourning hee made.
That wood as then was neither thicke nor ſtrong,
His men hee got, ſyne lightit hee to gang,
Toward an hight, and led their Horſe a while,
The Engliſhmen were then within a mile.
On freſh Horſe riding full haſtely,
Seuen ſcore as then were in that companie,
The Scots lap on, when they that power ſaw:
Toward the South them thought it beſt to draw,
Then Wallace ſaid, It was no wit in weir,
With our power to bide them bargane heere,
Yon are good men, therefore I reid that wee,
Innermore ſeeke, whill GOD ſend vs ſupplie,
Haliday ſaid, Wee ſhall doe your counſell,
But ſore I dreid that theſe hurt Horſe will faill,
The Engliſhmen in bricht Armour cleire,
By then to them approachit wonder neir.
Horſed Archers ſhot, and would not ſpare:
Of Wallace men they woundit too full ſair.
In yre hee grew, when that hee ſaw them bleed,
Himſelfe hee turnod, and on them ſoone hee yeede,
Fifteene with him, that worthie were in weir:

Of the formaſt right sharply downe they beir.
At that returne fyfteene in field was slaine,
The laue they fled, vnto their power againe,
Wallace followit with his gud Cheualrie.
Thomas haliday in weir was full buſie,
An buſhment saw that cruell was and kéene,
Two hundreth haill of well graithit Engliſhmen,
Unkell hé said our power is to smaw,
Fra this plaine feild I counſell you to draw,
To few wee are againſt yon fellon ſtaill,
Wallace returnit full ſoone at his counſell,
At the Cor-heid full faine they would haue béene,
But Engliſhmen hes well their purpoſe ſéene:
In plaine battell them followit hardily,
In danger thus they held them awfully.
Hew of Moreland Wallace followit faſt,
Hé had befoze made many Scots agaſt.
Holden hé was of weir the wozthieſt man,
In nozth England with them was liuing than,
In his Armour weile forgit of fine ſteele,
An noble Curſour buir him both faſt and well,
VVallace returnit beſyde an buirlie Aik,
And on him ſet an fellon ſicker ſtraik.
Both coller bone and ſhoulder blaid in two,
Throw the mid coaſt the gud ſwozd gart hee goe,
His ſpeir hé wan, and als his Curſour bright,
Syne left his owne for loſſit was his might,
For laike of blod hé might no further gang.
Wallace on Horſe the Sutheron men amang:
His men relieuit that doughty were in deid,
Him to reſkew out of that fellon dreid,
Cruell ſtraiks forſuith there might bee ſéene,
On either ſide till blod ran on the gréene:
Right perilous the ſemblie was to ſée,

Hardlie

Hardly and hote continued the maillie.
Shewing rescue of Scots and English als,
Some carued bone in sunder, and some the hals,
Sume hurt, some hint, some dung vnto the dead,
The hardy Scots so stirred in that stead.
With Haliday on foote, that boldly abade,
Among the Sutheron a full great rowme they made
Wallace on Horse, hint him a noble Speir,
Out throw them rade, as good Chiftaine in Weir.
Thrée slew hée there, ere that his speare was gane,
Thus his good Sword in hand then hath hée tane;
Dang on derfly, with strokes sad and sore,
Whom that hée hit, grieued the Scots no more.
Frae Sutheron men by naturall reason knew,
How with a stroke an man ay hée slew:
Then maruelled they hee was so mekill of maine,
For their best men in that kind had hée slaine.
That his great strength againe helpit him nought,
Nor none other in contrare Wallace sought.
Then said they all, Liue hée in strength vntane,
This whole Kingdome hée will win him allane.
They left the Field and to their power fled,
And told their Lord how euill the formost sped.
Quhilke Graystock heght, was new come in the land
Therefore hée trowit none durst against him stand.
Wonder hée thought when as hée saw that sight,
Why his good men for so few tooke the flight.
At that returne twenty in Field were tint.
And Moreland als, therefore hée would not stint:
But followit fast, with three hundreth but dread,
And swore hee should be vengit on that Dead.
The Scots wan Horse because their owne did faile,
In flying syne choosed the most auaile:
Out of the Field thus wight Wallace is gone,

Of his good men hee had not losit one:
Fiue woundit were, but lightly forth they rade,
Wallace a space behind them aye abade.
And Haliday prouit well in many place,
A Sister-sonne hee was to good Wallace.
Warlike they rade. and held their Horse on end,
For they trowit well the Suthron would offend.
With whole power at once vpon them set,
But Wallace cast their purpose for to let:
To breake their ray hee visit them full fast,
Then Englishmen so greatly were agast:
That none of them durst rush out of the staill,
All in array together held them haill:
The Sutheron saw how that abowndantly
Wallace abade neare hand their Cheualry:
By Morelands Horse they knew him wonder well:
Past to their Lord, and told him euerilk deale:
Loe, Syr, they said, forsuith this same is hee,
That with his Hands caused so mony die.
Hath his Horse grace vpon his fete to byde,
Hee doubts not throw fiue thousand for to tryde,
Wee reid you cease, and follow him no more,
For dread that wee repent it syne full sore:
Hee blamit them, and laid, Men may well see,
Towards yee are, that for so few would flee,
For their counsell yet leaue would hee them nought,
Into great yre hee on them sadly sought.
Hailing a place where they might bargane make,
Wallace was woe vpon him for to take.
And hee so few to bide them on a plaine,
At Quinsbery hee would haue beene full faine,
Vpon himselfe hee toke so great trauell,
To send his men, if that might him anaile.
A Sword in Hand, right manly him to weare.

Aye

Aye waiting fall if hé might get a ſpeir.
Now heir, now there before them to and fro,
His Horſe gaue ouer, and might no further goe,
Right at the ſkirt of Quinsbery befell,
But vpon grace as mine Authour will tell:
Sir Iohn the Grayhame that worthie was and wig
To the Corheid come on the other night.
Threttie with him of noble men at wage,
The firſt Daughter hé had in marriage
Of Haliday, was Nenoy to VVallace,
Lithings to ſpeir, Sir Iohn paſſit off that place:
With men to ſpeik where they ane trayſt had ſet,
Right neir the ſteid where Scots and Engliſh met.
And Kirkpatrik that cruell was and kéene,
In Eskdaill wood that halfe an yéere had béene
With Engliſhmen hé could not well accord,
Of Torchorwald hé Barroun was and Lord.
Of kin hé was to Wallace Mother deir,
On Crawforde ſyde that mekill had to ſteir.
Twentie hé had of worthie men and wight,
By then VVallace approathit to their ſight.
Sir Iohn the Graham when hé the counter ſaw,
On them hé rade and ſtod but little aw:
His gud father hé knew right wonder well,
Reſt downe his ſpeir and ſunzeit not a deil,
Kirkpatrik als with worthie men of weir:
Fyftie in front attains downe they beir,
Throw the thickeſt of thaé hundreth hé raid,
On Sutheron ſyde full great ſlaughter they made:
Them to reſkew that was in fellon throng,
Wallace on fote the greit power among.
God roumme hé got throw helpe of GODS grac
The Sutheron fled and left him in that place,
Horſes they wan to ſtutfe the chace gud ſpeid.

Walla

Wallace and his that doughty were in deid,
Grayſtock toke flight on ſterne Horſe and ſtout,
An hundreth held together in a rout,
Wallace on them full ſadly can perſew,
The fleing well of Engliſhmen hee knew.
That ayethe beſt would paſſe with their Chiftane,
Before him fand good Sir Iohn the Grahame,
Aye ſtryking downe whom euer hee might hy,
Then Wallace ſaid this is but waſte foly,
Commons to ſlay where Chiftanes goes away,
Your Horſe are freſh, therefore doe as I ſay,
Good men yee haue are yet in noble ſtate,
To yon greit rout for GODS loue hold your gate,
Binder them fone, wee ſhall come at your Hand,
When Sir Iohn had his taile well vnderſtand.
Of none other fra thence forth toke hee heid,
To the formoſt hee followed well with ſpeid.
Kirkpatrik als conſiderit their counſell,
They chargit their men ay follow on the ſtaill,
At his command full ſone with them they met,
Sad ſtraiks and ſore ſadly vpon them ſet.
His Vncle als hee knew right wonder well,
Reſt downe his ſpeir and ſonreit not a deill.
Kirkpatrik als with worthie men of weir,
Threttie on front at once downe they beir,
Throw the thickeſt Sir Iohn the Grahame rade,
On Southeron ſide full great ſlaughter they made.
Good roume he gat throw helpe of GODS grace,
The Suthron fled and left them in that place,
Horſes they wan to ſtuffe the chace good ſpeid,
Wallace and his that doughty were indeid.
Grayſtocke fled faſt on ſterne Horſe and on ſtout,
An hundreth helde together in a rout.
VVallace on them ſadly could perſew,

The

The fleeing well of Englishmen hee knew.
Wallace on Horse hee hint a noble Speir,
And followed fast, as good Chiftane in weir.
Thrée slew he there ere that his spear was gane,
Then his good Sword in his hand hath hee tane.
Dang on derflie with strokes sad and sore:
Whome that he hit greiued the Scotis no more.
When Southeron men by naturall reason knew,
How with a stroke euer a man he slew:
Upon the laue feghting full wonder fast,
And many grime they made full sore gast.
The Englishmen that busie were in weare:
Assailzed sore, them from the mosse to beare.
Right perillous the sembly was to see,
Hardy and heat continued the mellie,
Shewing rescue of Scots and English als,
Some carued bone in sunder, and some thes hals,
Syr Iohn the Graham to Graystocke fast he soug
His Pensane then it helped him right nought.
Upon the craig ane graith stroke gaue him right,
The burely blade was braid and burnisht bright.
In sunder carued the mailzies of fine stéle,
Through braine and bone it rushed euer ilk deale.
Dead with that dint to the ground down him dra
By that Wallace assembled on the laue.
Derflie to death feill freiks there he dight,
Rose neuer againe quhom euer he hit right.
Kilpatrick came, Tom Haliday, and their men.
There doughty déds were noble for to ken.
At the Knockheid the bold Graystock was slaine,
And many quhilk were of mekill maine.
To saue their liues part in the wood they past,
The Scottishmen they ran together fast.
When Wallace with Syr Iohn the Grayhame m
Kil

Right goodlie he with humblenesse him gret:
Bardone hee asked of the repro ofe before,
Into the chace, and said he suld no more,
Information make to him that was so goode,
Quhen that sir Iohn Wallace weill vnderstude,
Do away he said thereof as now na mair,
Ze did full right it was for our welfair,
Wyser in weir ye are all out then I,
Father in armes ye are to me for thy.
Kirke-patrike syne that was his Cousing deir.
Ye thankit him right on a gude maneir.
Eight score were flaine or they wald leaue that stead,
The fleeing folke they kuew of no remeid,
Nocht ane was lost of all their Chevalrie,
Sir Iohn the Grahame to them came happilie.
The day was done, approachand was the nicht.
At Wallace syne they asked counsell richt.
Ye answerit thus, I speik bot with your leiue,
Richt laith I were ony gude man to greiue.
Bot this I say in tearmes short for me.
I wald assaill gif ye think it may be,
Lochmabane house quhilk now is left allane,
For weill I wait that power in it is nane,
Carlauerok als yet Maxwell hes in his hand,
And we had thir they might be bath ane wand,
Agains Sutheron that now hes our countrie,
Say quhat ye will this is the best think me,
Sir Iohn the Grahame gaue first his good consent,
Syne all the laue richt with ane haill intent,
To Lochmabane richt haistelie they ryde.
Quhen they come thair not halfe ane myle besyde,
The nicht was mirk to counsell are they gane,
Of Moone or Starne appeirance was thair nane,
Then Wallace said we think this land at rest,

Thom haliday, thou knowest the Countrey best,
I heare no noyse of feill folkes heare about,
Therefore I trow wee are the lesse in doubt.
Haliday said, I will take on with mee.
And ride before, the Countrey for to see.
VVatson hee callit, with mee make thee bowne,
With them thou wast aye neighbour in this towne
I grant I was with them against my will,
And mine intent was aye to doe them ill
Unto the yate peartly they two forth rade,
The Porter came withoutten longer bade,
At Iohn Watson then tithings could hee speit:
Open hee bade, the Captaine commeth neir.
The Pate but more unwisely up hee drew,
Thom Haliday sone by the craige him threw.
And with a knife hee stickit him in that steid,
In a darke hole downe dreidlesse cast him deid.
Iohn VVatson hes hint the keyes in his hand,
The Porter then with Wallace was comand.
They entred in, before them found no moe,
Except Women, and simple seruants two:
In the kitchin long scudlers had they beene,
Soone they were slaine, When the Lady had seene
Shee cryit for Grace, for him that dyide on tree.
Then Wallace said, Madame, your noyse let bee.
To Women yet wee doe but little ill,
And young Children wee like not for to spill.
I would haue Meate: Haliday, what sayest thou:
For fasting folke to Dine good time were now.
Great purbyance was ordained them before,
Both Bread, and Ale, good Wine, and other store
To Meat they bownit, for they had fastit long,
Good men of Armes into the closse cauld gang.
Part fleeing folke on foote they from them glade,

On the Knockheid, where greit melie was made:
Aye as they come Iohn Watson let them in:
And done to Death withoutten noyse or din.
No man left there, that was of England borne,
The Castle well they visied on the morne,
For Iohnstone sent a man of good Degree,
Second Daughter forsuith wedded had hee:
Of Halidayes deere Nevoy to Wallace,
Greit Captaine then they made him of that place.
They left him there into a good array,
They ishit forth upon the other Day.
Women had leaue in England for to fare,
Good Wallace, and Syr Iohn the Grahame could fare
To the Corheid, and lodged there that night,
Upon the morne, the Sunne was at the hight.
After Dinner they would no longer bide,
Their purpose tooke in Crawford mure to ride.
Sir Iohn the Graham, with Wallace that was wight
Thom Haliday againe returned right,
To the Corhall, and there remained but Dreid,
No Sutheron wist principall who did this deede,
Kirkpatrik past into Eskdale Woods wide,
Insafety there hee thought hee should abide,
Good Wallace and Syr Iohn the Grahame in feir,
With them fourty men of Armes cleir,
Throw Crawford mure as they then tooke their way
On Englishmen their mind remainit aye.

How Wallace wan the Castle of Crawfurd, and slew the Captaine thereof. Chap. III.

From Crawfurd-Iohn, the water bottom they ryde
Neare hand the night they lodged upon Clyde:
Their purpose tooke into a quyet Vaill,

Then Wallace said, I would wée might assaile.
Crawfurd Castell, with some good jeopardie,
Sir Iohn the Grahame, how say yée best may bée?
This good Knight said, If the men were without,
To take the House there is but little doubt:
A Squyer then ruled that Lordship whole,
Of Cumber-land borne, his Name was Mortindale
Then Wallace said, My selfe will passe in feir,
And one with mée of Harberie for to speir.
Follow on Drigh if that wée mister ought,
Edward Little with his Master forth sought.
To an Ostellary, and with a Woman met:
Shée tolde to them that Sutheron there were set.
If yée bée Scots, I counsell you passe by,
For if they may, yée will get euill Herbery.
At Drinke they are, so haue they beene right long,
Great word there is of Wallace them among.
They trow that hée hes found his men againe,
At Lochmabane feill Englishmen are slaine,
The House is tint, that garres them be full woe,
I hope to GOD that they shall soone tyne moe.
Wallace speirit of Scotland if that shée bée?
Shée said, Yea, and thinkes yet to sée.
Sorrow on them, throw helpe of GODS grace,
Hée askit her, Who was into that Place?
No man of Fence, was left that House within,
Twenty are heere, making great noyse and din.
Alace shée said, If that I might once sée,
The worthy Scots in it most Master bée,
With this Woman hée would no longer stand,
A bekin hée made, Syr Iohn came at his hand.
VVallace went in, and said, Benedicite,
The Captaine speired, What bellamie may thou be
That comes so grim, some tidings to vs tell:

Thou art a Scot, the Deuill thy Nation quell:
Wallace braid out a sword, withoutten more,
Into the Brest the bryme Captaine hee bore,
Throw out the Coste sticked him to the dead,
An other hee hit acward vpon the head,
Whom euer hee strake, hee bristit bone and lyre,
Feill of them deid, fell statlings in the fyre:
Hasty payment hee made them on the floore,
And Edward Little keeped well the Doore
Sir Iohn the Grahame full faine would haue been in
Edward him bade at the Castell begin:
For of these folke wee haue but little dreid,
Sir Iohn the Grahame fast to the Castell yeid,
VVallace rudely such routs on them gaue,
That twenty men derfly to death hee draue,
Fifteene hee strake, and fyfteene hes hee slaine,
Edward slew fiue quhilke was of mekill maine.
To the Castell Wallace had great desire,
By that Syr Iohn had set the House on fire,
None was therein that great Defence could mae,
But Women sore fast weeping into wae:
Without the Place a bold Bulwarke was made,
Wallace yeid ouer withoutten longer bade.
The Women soone hee saued from the deid.
Weake folke hee put and Bairns from that steid.
Of Purueyance hee found little or none,
Before that tyme their Victuall was all gone:
Yet in that place they lodged all that night,
From Ostlaris brought such good as they might,
Vpon the morne Houses they spulzed fast,
All things they dought out of that place they cast.
Creene work they brunt, that was within thae wones,
And Walls brake down that stalwart was of stones.
Spilt what they might syne would no longer byde,

Unto Dundaffe the same night they did ride.
And lodged there with all mirth and pleaseance,
Thanking great GOD that sẽd them such good chãc

THE SIXTH BOOKE.

Of the Spousage of *Wallace*, and how *Hessilrig* sle *Wallace* wife in the Towne of LANERK, and how *Wallace* slew *Hessilrige* for the same cause, and put the Englishmen out of LANERK.

CHAP. I.

Then passit were ẏ Octaues of Febru
And part of March by right digest
Appeirit then the last moneth of V
The sign of sommer, whis sweit se
Bey Wallac fra Dũdaf made him
His leiue he tuk & to Kilbank can
The rumour rose throw Scotland vp and downe,
With Englishmen that VVallace liuing were.

Into April when cleithit is but wæne,
The abill ground throw working of Nature,
And Woods hes won their worthie weeds greene.
When Nympheus in building of her hour,
With oyle and balme fulfillit of swæte odour,
Caneittis in trace as they were wont to gang,
Walking their cours in euery casuall hour,
To glaid the Hunters with their merie song.

In this same tyme to him approachit new,
His lustie paine the whilke I spake of air,
By loues cace hee thought for to persew,
In LANERK Towne and hid der can hee fa

At reſidence an while remainit there.
In her preſence, as I haue ſaid before:
Though Engliſhmen greiuit at his repare.
Yet hee delytit the thing that ſet him ſore.

The fire of Loue him rewlit at ſic wiſe,
He likit well with that goodly to bee,
Whiles hee would thinke of Danger for to ryſe,
And vther whiles out of her preſence flee.
To ceis of weir it were the beſt for mee:
Thus win I nought but ſadneſſe in like ſyde,
Shall neuer man this Cowartneſſe in mee ſie,
To weir I will, for chance that may betyde.

What is this Loue? it is but greit miſchance,
That moe would bring fra Armes verrily:
I will not change my worſhip for pleaſance,
In weir I thinke my time to occupy,
Yet Her to Loue, I will not let for thy,
Fair I ſhall deſyre my worſhip to reſerue,
From this Day forth, then euermore did I,
Feare of Weir whither I liue or ſterue.

What ſhall I ſay, Wallace was plainly ſet
To loue her beſt in all the world ſo wide.
Thinking hee ſhould of his Deſyre to get,
And ſo befell by concord on ane tyde.
That ſhee was made at his command to byde:
And this began the ſtinting of this ſtrife,
The bard began with graith witneſſe beſyde.
Sine Author layes, ſhee was his wedded Wife.

Now liue in Peace, now liue in good Concord,
Now liue in Play, now liue in haill Pleaſance;
For thee by chance hes both her Loue and Lord.
Hee thankes Loue, that did him ſo Aduance,
So euinly helde by fauour the Ballance:
Then hee at will may lap her in his Armes,

Shee thanked GOD of her high happie chance,
For in his time he was the floure of Armis.

Fortune him shew her doubill figured face,
Feill syse or then he had beene set aboue,
In prisoun now, deliuered now throw grace,
Now at vneise, now at vnrest, and ruse,
Now well at will, wiling his pleasant loue,
And thought himselfe out of Aduersitie,
Desiring aye his manheid for to proue,
In Courages set vpon the staiges hie.

The verie trueth I cannot graithly tell,
Into this life how long that they had beene,
Throw naturall course of generation fell:
Ane Childe was cheuit thir two Louers betweene,
Quhilk goodly was, a Maiden bright and sheene:
So farther forth became time to her age,
This lyse lait man get her in marrige.

The othet Maide weded an Squyer wight,
Quhilk was weill knowne comin of Baliol's blood,
And their heires by Lyne succeeded right:
To Lammingtoun and vther lands good.
Of this matter the right who vnderstood,
Hereof as now I will no more proceede,
Of my sentence shortly to conclude,
Of vther thing my purpois is to reede.

Right goodly men came of this Lady ying,
Further of them as now I speike no mair,
But Wallace forth into his weir can ring,
He might not ceise great courage so him weir.
Sutheron to slay for dreid he would not spair:
And they oft syse feill caules to him wrought,
Fra that time forth quhilk moued him so fair.
That neuer in world out of his mind was broght.

Now leaue thy mirth, now leaue thy haill pleasure
Now leaue thy blisse, now leaue thy Childith age:
Now leaue thy youth, now follow thine hard chance
Now leaue thy lust, now leaue thy marriage,
Now leaue thy Loue, or thou shall tyne an gage,
Quhilk neuer in eird shall be redeemed againe,
Felloun fortoun and all her feirs outrage,
Goe liue in weir, goe liue in cruell paine.

Fye on Fortoun, fye on thy friuoll quheill,
Fy on thy trust, for heere it hes no lest:
That sa transfigured VVallace out of his weill,
When hee trusted for to haue liued best,
Of pleasance heere to him is but a jest:
Throw thy feirs cours that hes none hap to hoe,
Him thou ouerthre w out of his lyking rest.
Fra greit pleasance, in weir, trauell and woe.

What is Fortoun, who drawes the dait sa fast,
Wee wot there is both well and wicked chance,
But this false world with mony double cast,
In it is nought but derie variance.
It is nothing to Heauenly gouernance:
Then pray wee all to the maker aboue,
Quhilk hes in Hand of Iustice the ballance,
That hee vs granted of his deir lasting loue.

Heereof as nowe farther I speake no mair,
But to my purpose shortly will I fair.

TWelue hundreth yeere therto nyntie and seuen,
Fra Christ was born the righteous King of Heauen
William Wallace into good lyking goes:
In LANERK Lowne among his mortall foes,
The Englishmen that euer falle hes beene,
With Hesilrige that cruell was and keene,
And Robert Thorne an fellsum subtile knight,
Hes found the way by what meine best hee might,

Yow that they make contrare to VVallace:
Ye Argument as hee come vpon face.
On fra the Kirke that was without the towne,
VVhill their power might bee in Armes bowne:
Sir Iohn the Grahame that worthy was and trew.
To LANERK town good VVallace could persew.
Of his welfare as hee full oft hes sæne,
Of men hee had in companie fyfteene.
And Wallace nyne they were no feires moe,
Vpon the morne vnto the Wasse they goe,
They and their men graithed in goodly greene,
For the season sik vse full long hes beene.
VVhen sadly they had said their Deuotioun,
One argued them as they went throw the towne.
The starkest man that Hesilrige then knew,
And als hee had of lighly words anew.
Hee sallust them as it were but in scorne,
Dew gard good day bon senzour, and good morne.
VVhom scornes thou (quod Wallace) who teirit thee?
VVhy Sir (quod hee) come yee not ouer the sea.
Pardoun mee then, for I weende yee had beene,
An Ambassade to bring an vncouth Queene.
Wallace answerit, sit pardoun as wee haue,
In vs to giue, thy part thou shalt not craue.
Sen yee are Scots yet salust shall yee bee,
Good euin daucht Lord Ballanch Banzenochadie.
Wa Sutheron men to them assemblit neir,
VVallace was loath as then to make ane steir.
One made a tit, and scrip at his long sword,
Hold still thine Hand (quod hee) and speike thy word,
VVith thy long sword thou makes mekill boast,
Thereof (quod hee) thy Dame made litle coast,
VVhat cause hes thou to weir that goodly greene?
My most cause is, but for to make thee beene,

What should a Scot doe with so faire a knife?
Hee said, The Priest that jangled thy wife,
That Woman long hes called him so faire.
Whill that his Childe worthit to bee thine Heire.
Mee thinke (quod hee) thou driuest mee to scorne,
Thy Dame was jaiped ere euer thou was borne.
The power then assembled on him about,
Two hundreth men that stalwart were and stout.
The Scotish saw their power was command,
Sir Rober Thorne and Hessilrig at hand.
Greit multitude with Weapons burnisht béene,
The worthie Scots that cruell was and keene.
Among the Sutheron such Dints gaue that tyde,
Whill blood on breid bristit from wounds wide.
Wallace in stour was cruelly feghtand.
Of a Southeron hee smote off the right Hand,
And when that Carle of feghting might no more,
With left Hand in yre helde a Buckeler.
Then from the stumpe the blood sprong out full fast,
In Wallace face aboundanty can it cast,
Into great parte it marred him of his sight.
Syr Iohn the Grahame a stroke hes tane him right,
With his good sword, vpon the Sutheron syre.
Derfly to death droue him into that yre.
The perrill was right awfull, hard and strong,
The stoure indured marueilous and long,
The Englishmen yet gathered wonder fast,
The worthy Scots the gate left at the last,
When they had slaine and wounded many one,
To Wallace Innes the gainest way are gone.
They passed soone, defendit them right weill,
Hée and Sir Iohn, with swords of tempred steele:
Behind their men, whill they the yate had tane,
The Woman then quhilk was full will of wane,
The

The perrell saw with felloun noyse and din,
Set vp the Zet and leit them enter in:
Throw to an strength they passed off that steide,
Fyfty Sutheron vpon the gait lay deid.
This fair Woman with businesse and might,
The Englishmen did tary with an flight,
Whill that Wallace into the wood was past,
Then Cartlane Craigs they persewed full fast:
When Sutheron saw that chaiped was VVallace,
Againe they turned, the Woman tooke on cace,
Put her to deith I cannot tell you how,
Of sic matter I may not tary now.
Where greit Dule is but redeeming againe,
Renewing of it is, but eiking of paine.
An true Woman had serued her full lang,
Out off the Loome the gainest way can gang,
To VVallace told how all the deid was done,
The painefull woe soght to his Heart full soone,
Were not for shame hee had shot to the ground,
For bitter baill that in his breist was bound:
Sir Iohn the Grahame both wise, gentle, and free,
Great murning made that pitie was to see:
And als the laue that were assembled there,
For pur sorrow with heart weeped full fair.
When Wallace felt their courage was so small,
Hee fenzeit him for to comfort them all.
Ceise men hee said, This is an buteles bane,
For we cannot cheuis her life againe,
Uneis an word hee might bring out for teene,
The bailfull teirs brist braithly fro his eene.
Sighing hee said, Shall neuer man mee see,
Rest into ease whill this deid wroken bee,
The saiklesse slaughter of her both blyth and bright,
That I avow to the maker of might.

Of all that Nation I shall neuer forbeir,
Young nor olde that able is to weir.
Priests nor Women I thinke not for to slae,
In my default but if they causing mae:
Sir Iohn hée said, Let all this mourning bée,
And for her sake there shall ten thousand die.
Where men may weepe their courage is the lesse,
It slaiks the yre of wrong they should redresse:
Of their complaints as now I speik no more,
Of Auchinlek in Kilbank dwelling there.
When hée heard tell of Wallace veration,
To Cartland wood with ten men made him bowne:
VVallace hée fand some part within the Night,
To LANERK Towne in the haste they them dight,
The watche as then of them had little dreid,
Partit their men, syne Diuers wayes yeid:
Sir Iohn the Grahame and his good companie,
To Sir Robert Thorne full fast they hy:
Wallace, and his to Hesilrig some they past,
In an high House where hee was sleeping fast,
Struke at the Dore with his foote hardely,
Whill bar and braies in the flure he gart ly:
The shirrefe cryed, Who makes this greit deray,
Wallace hée said, quhilk thou hes sought th is Day,
The Womans death will GOD thou shalt deir by,
Hesilrig thought it was no time to ly:
Out of the House full faine hée would haue béene,
The night was mirke, yet VVallace hes him séene.
Feirdly him strake as he come in greit yre,
Upon the Head dirkit throw bone and lyre.
The sheiring sword glaid to his shoulder bone,
Out ouer the stair among them hée is gone,
Good Auchinlek trowit not that hee was deid,
Thrise with a knife hée stroke him in that steid,

The

The scry about rose iudly in that streete,
Feill of the laue were fulzeit vnder feete.
Young Hessilrig and wight Wallace is met,
A sicker straike Wallace hes on him set:
Derfly to Death ouer the staire dang him downe,
Mony that night he slew in LANERK towne.
Some greissies lap, and some stickit within,
Effeirit they were with hideons noyse and din.
Syr Iohn the Grahame had set the House in fyre,
Where Robert Thorne was brunt vp bone and lyre
Twelfscore they slew that were of England borne,
Women they leuit and Priests on the morne.
To passe their way of blisse and godly bair,
And swore that they againe should come no more.
When Scots heard thir fyne tithings of new,
Out of all parts to VVallace fast they drew.
Plenisht the towne whilke was their Heritage,
Thus Wallace straue against that greit barnage,
Aye hée began with striffe and stalward Hand,
To cheueis againe, some rowms in Scotland.
The worthie Scots that semblit to him there,
Cheisit him for Chiefe their Captaine and leider.
Aymer VVallange ane felloun tyran Knight,
In Bothwell dwelt King Edwards man full right,
Murray was out though hee was righteous Lord,
Of all that land, as true men will record.
Into Arrane hee was dwelling that tyd,
And vther men in this land durst not byde,
But this false Knight in Bothwell winning was.
A man hee gart soone to King Edward passe,
And tolde him haill of Wallace ordinance,
How hée had put his people to mischance.
And plainly was rissen againe to King,
Greiuit thereat right greitly was the King.

Throw

Throw all England he gart his doars cry,
Power to get and said he wald plainly,
In Scotland pas that realme to statute new,
Feill men of weir to him right fast they drew,
The Quene felt weill how that his purpose was,
To him she went on knees syne can she as,
He wald desist and not in Scotland gang,
Ze suld haue dreid to worke a fellonn wrang,
Cristnit they are, yon is their heritage,
To reaue there Croun it is ane great outrage,
For hir counsell at hame he wald not byde,
His Lords him feit in Scotland for to ryde,
The Scottis man that dwelt with King Edward,
When hee hard tell that Wallace tuike sic pairt,
Hee stoll from them as priuilie as hee may,
In Scotland syne he come vpon ane day,
Seikand Wallace he made him reddie boun,
This Scot was borne in Kyle at Richardtoun,
All England coast he knew it wonder weill,
Fra Hull about to Bristow euery deill,
Fra Carlyle throw Sandwich that Royall steid,
Fra Dover ouer vnto Saint Bayis heid,
In Picardy and Flanders baith had bene,
All Normandy and France hes he sene,
Ane Pursuant to King Edward in weir,
Bot he could neuer gar him his armes beir,
Of greit stature and sumpairt gray was he,
The Englishmen callit him bot Grymisbie.
To VVallace come and into Kyle him fand,
He tauld him haill the tythings of England,
Thy turnit his name fra that tyme they him knew,
And called him Iop, of ingyne he was trew,
In all his tyme gude seruice in him fand,
Gaue him to bear the armes of Scotland,

Wallace

Wallace againe in Cliddisdale soone he rade,
And his power sembled withouttin dade.
Hé gart command quho wald his Peace take,
A free remit he should gar to him make.
For all kin deid that they had done before,
The Persies Peace, and Syr Rannaldes was woyne.
Feill to him drew, that boldly durst abide,
Of VVallace kin of many diuerse side.
Syr Rannald then sent him his power haill,
Himself durst not be knowne into Battaill
Against Sutherone: for he had made a band
Long time before, to hold of them his land.
Adam Wallace past out of Richardtowne,
And Robert Boyde, with good men of renowne,
Of Cunninghame and Kyle come men of haile,
To LANERK sought on Horse a thousand haill.
Sir Iohn the Grahame, and his good Chevalry.
Syr Iohn of Tinto, with men that bee might hy.
Good Auchinlick, that Wallace Uncle was,
Many true Scots with their Chiftaine could passe,
Three thousand whole of likely men of weir,
And feill on foote, quhilk wanted Horse and Geir;
The time by this was comming vpon hand.
The awfull hoste with Edward of England.

The Bartell of Bigger.

TO Bigger come with sirty thousand men,
In Warre Weids that cruell was to ken:
They plantit their feill Tents and Pallouns,
Where Clarions blew, with many mighty sounes,
Plenisht that place with good Wictaill and Wine,
In Cairts brought their purueance full fine.
This awfull king gart two Heraulds be brought:

Gan

Gaue him command in all the haste hée mought,
To charge Wallace, that he should come him till.
Without promise and put him in his will:
Because I wot hée is a Gentle-man,
Come in my grace, and I shall saue him then.
As for his life, I will vpon mee take,
And after this, if hee will seruice make:
Hee shall haue wage, that may him well suffice,
That Rebald weens for hee hath done suppryse,
To my people, oft vpon Aduenture,
Against mee that hee may long endure.
To this proffer gain standing if hee bee,
Heere I a vow, hee shall bee Hanged hie.
The young Squyer was brother to sir Hew,
Hee thought hee would goe Disaguisde to persew,
Wallace to see, that tooke so high a part.
Borne Sisters Sonne hee was to King Edward,
A Coat of Armes hee tooke on him but bade,
With the Heraulde full prewily foorth rade.
To 1 into Hill, withouten residence,
Where VVallace lay, with his folke at defence,
A likly Hoste, as of so few, they found:
To him they sought, and would no longer stand
If yee bee hee that ruleth all this thing,
Credence wee haue brought fra our worthie King,
Then VVallace causde three Knights vnto him call,
Syne read the VVrit in presence of them all,
To them hee said, Answere yee not shall craue,
By VVord or VVrite, quhilke likes you best to haue.
In VVrit they said, it were the liklyest,
Then VVallace thus began to Dite in haste.
Thou Reuer King, thou chargest me throw cace,
That I should come, and put mee in thy Grace,
If I gain-stand, thou heghtest to hang mee,

I vow to GOD, and euer I may take thee,
Thou shalt be hanged, for an Example to giue
To King of Reif, als long as I may liue.
Thou proffers mee of thy wages to haue.
I thee defye, Power, and all the laue.
That helps thee heere, of thy false Nation,
VVill GOD thou shalt bee put from this Region
Or die therefore, contrare though thou had swom
Thou shalt vs see before nyne houres to morne.
Battell to giue, maugre of all thy Kin.
For falsely thou seekest our Realme within.
This Writ hee gaue to the Yarauld but more.
A good reward hee gart deliuer them there.
But Iop knew well the Squyer, young sir Hew,
And told VVallace, for hee was verey true.
Hee them commanded, that they should him take,
Himselfe began sore accusing to make,
Squyer, hee said, syne thou hes feinzeit Armes,
On thee so shall fall some part of these Yarmes,
Exemple to giue to thy false Nation,
Upon the Hill hee gart syne set them downe,
Stroke off his Head, ere hee would further goe,
To the Yerauld said syne withoutten hoe,
Because thou art false to Armes, and manswome,
Throw thy cheeke thy tongue shall be out-thorne:
When that was done, then to the third said hee,
Armes to judge thou shalt neuer graithly see,
Hee gart a Smith, with his Turkesse right there,
Pull out his eyes syne gaue them leaue to fare,
To your false King thy Fellow shall thee leid,
With this answere, turse hm his Neuoyes heid,
Thus sore I dreid the King, and all his host,
His dombe Fellow led him vnto the Hoste.
When King Edward his Yeraulds thus hes sene

In proper yre hee grew neir wood for teene.
That hee wist nought, in what wise him to wreake,
For sorrow almost one word hee could not speak.
A long while hee stood, writhing in a rage,
On lowde hee said, This is a fell outrage.
This deed to Scots full sore it shall be bought,
So despitefull in world was neuer wrought,
From this Region I thinke not for to gang,
Till time that I shall see this Rebell hang,
I let his thus inspyte and sorrow dwell,
Of the good Scots shortly I will you tell.

FOrth from his men then VVallace raiked right,
To him callit Sir Iohn Tinto the knight,
And let him wot, to vesie hee would goe,
The English Hoste, and bade him tell no moe.
Whatsoeuer they speirit, till that hee came again.
Wallace disaguisit, thus bownit hee ouer plaine.
Betwixt Culter and Bigger as hee past,
Hee was ware where a Worke-man came fast,
Driuing a Mare, and Pitchers for to sell,
Good friend hee said, in trueth will thou mee tell,
With this Chauffry where passest thou truely:
To any place, who liketh for to buy,
It is my Craft, and I would sell them faine,
I will them buy, so GOD mee helpe from paine.
What price: let heare, I will them haue ilke one,
But halfe a Mark, for such price haue I tane.
Twenty shillings, Wallace said, thou shalt haue.
I will haue Mare, Pitchers and all the leaue,
Thy Gowne and Hose, in haste put thou off fine,
And make a change, for I shall giue thee mine,
And thine olde Weede, because it is threed-bare,
The man weind well hee had scornit him there.

Thou tary nought, it is suith that I say:
The man cuist off his fœble Wœde of Gray:
And Wallace his, syne payit Siluer in Hand:
Passe on, he said, thou art a bad Merchand:
The Gowne and Hose in Clay that claggit was,
The Hoode heklit, and syne made him to passe.
The Whip hœ tooke, and foorth the Mare can call,
Attour the Bray, the vpmost Pot gart fall:
Bracke on the ground: the man leugh at his fair,
But thou beware, thou tynes of thy Chauffaire.
The Sunne by they was passit out of sight,
The Day was gone, and comming was the Night.
Among the Sutheron full busily hœ past,
On either side his eyes he can cast:
How Lords lay, and had their lodging made,
The Pauillion where that the Leopards bade.
Spying full fast, where his anaile might bee:
Hœ could well winke, and loke vp with one eye.
Some scornit him, some Glayd carle called him tha
Agrieuit they were of their Heraulds misfare:
Some askit of him, How hœ sold of the best.
For soure pennies he said, whill they may last.
Some bracke a part, some pirkit at his eye,
Wallace fled out priuately, and let them bee:
Vnto the Hoste againe hœ passit right.
His Men by then had tane Tinto the Knight.
Sir Iohn the Grahame gart bind him wonder fa
For he wist well hee was with Wallace last.
Some bade burne him: some hang him in a Coord
They swore that hœ deceiuit had their Lord.
Wallace by this was enterit them among,
To him hœ yeid and would not tary long:
Syne hee gart lowse him of those bands so new,
And said hœ was both sober, wise, and true.

To Supper ſone bownit, but moꝛe abad:
Hæ told to them what Market hee had made:
And how that hæ the Sutheron ſaw full well,
Syꝛ Iohn the Grahame deſpleaſit was ſome deale:
And ſaid to him, Nought Chiftane like it was,
Throw wilfulneſſe in ſuch perrill to paſſe.
Wallace anſwerit, Ere wæ win Scotland fræ.
Both yæ and I in perrill moꝛe muſt bee:
And many other the quhilke full woꝛthie is,
Now of one thing wæ doe ſome part in miſſe.
A little ſtæpe I would faine that wæ had,
With yon men ſyne looke how wee may vs glad.
The woꝛthie Scots take gœd reſt whill neir Day,
Then roſe they vp t'array ſone oꝛdaind they.
The Hill is left, and to a Plaine are gone,
Wallace himſelfe the Wangard hath firſt tane
With him was Boyde and Auchinlek but dꝛeid,
With a thouſand of woꝛthie men in Wæd.
As mony ſyne in the Middle-warde put hæ,
Syꝛ Iohn the Grahame hæ gart their Leader bee.
With him young Adam, the Loꝛd of Richartowne,
Quhilk doughty was, and als of greit renowne,
The third thouſand in the Rere warde hæ dight.
To VValter gaue of Newbigging the Knight.
With him Tinto that doughty was in dæde,
And Dauid, Sonne to Syꝛ VValter to leede,
Behind them neir the Foote-men gart hæ bee,
And bade them byde, whill they their time might ſæ
Wæ want Weapons, and Harneſſe in this tyde,
The firſt Counter yæ may not them abide.
Wallace cauſde ſoone the Chiftane to him call,
His charge hæ gaue, foꝛ chance that may befall.
To take no hæde to geir noꝛ yet pillage,
Foꝛ they will flie as wood men in a rage.

Win first the men, the Gods syne ye may haue,
And take no tent of couetise to craue.
Through couetise men losse both god and life:
I yow command forbeare such in our strife.
Loke yée saue none, Lord, Captaine, nor yet Knight
For Worship worke, and for your Elders right.
GOD blesse vs all, and that in our voyage,
Put thir false folke out of our Heritage:
Then they inclinit all with a goodly will,
His plaine command they hecht it to fulfill.
On the great Hoste the parties can forth draw,
Comming to them out of the South they saw:
Three hundreth men into their Armour cleir,
The gainest way to them approached neir.
Wallace said soone, These are none Englishmen,
For by this Hoste the gates full well they ken:
Thom Haliday those men hée guidit right,
From Annandale hé had led them that night.
His two good sonnes, Iohnstone and Rutherfurd
Wallace was blyth when that hee heard that word.
So was the laue of that good Cheualry,
Iardane came there into their company.
And Kirke-Patricke, before in Eskdale was:
A Wing they were, in VVallace Hoste to passe.
The English Watch that night had beene on steir
Drew to their horse right as the Day can peire,
Wallace knew well (for hé before had séene)
The Kings Pauilion, where it had busked béene,
Then with rich Horse the Scots vpon them rade:
At the first Counter so great abasing made,
That all the Hoste astonisht at that sight,
Full many one deirly to Death they dight.
Feill of them as then were out of their Array,
The more awfull and hastie was the fray.

T

The noyce was hudge, throughe strokes that they dang,
The rumour rose so rudely them among:
That all the Hoste was then in point to flee.
The wise Lordes, frae they the perrill see,
The fellon fray als raised was about,
And how their King stood in so mekill doubt:
To his pauillion full many thousand sought,
Him to rescue by any way they mought,
The Earle of Kent that night walking had beene,
With fiue thousand of men in Armour keene.
About the King full suddenly they gang,
And trust him well the assailzie was right strong.
All Wallace folke in vse of Weir was good,
Into the stour soone lighted where they stood,
Whomsoeuer they hit, no Harnesse might them stint,
Frae they on foote assembled with swords dint,
Of manhéd they in hearts full cruell was,
They thought to win, or neuer hyne to passe.
Feill Englishmen before the King they slew,
Syr Iohn the Grahame came with his power new,
Among the Hoste, with the Middle-ward hee rad,
Great Harty-dome on Suthron men they made,
The Rere-ward then set on so hardily,
With Newbigging, and all the Cheualry,
Pauillion Rops they cutted all in sunder,
Borne to the ground, and many smoored vnder.
The foote-men came, whilke I spake of aire,
On frayit folke with strokes sad and sore,
Though they before wanted both Horse and geir,
Enough they got, what they would waill to weir.
The Scots power then all together were,
The Kings Pauilloun brimly downe they bare,
The Earle of Kent with a good Axe in hand,
Into the stour full stoutly hée could stand:

Before

Before the King making full greit debate,
Who best did then, hee had the highest state.
The fellon stour so stalwart was and strong,
Thereto continude marueilous and long.
Wallace himselfe full sadly could persew,
And at a stroke the chiefe Captaine hee slew,
The Sutheron folke fled fast, and durst not byde,
Horsit their King, and off the Field can ryde.
Against his will, hee was full loath to flee,
Into that time hee was full loath to die,
Of his best men three thousand there were deid:
Ere hee could find to flee, and leaue that steid.
Twenty thousand fled with him in a staille:
The Scots got Horse, and followit the Battell,
Throw Culter hope before they wan the night:
Feill Sutheron folke were mared in that night.
Slaine by the gate as their King fled away:
Bot fair and bright and right cleire was the Day:
The Sunne risen, shining ouer Hill and Dale,
Then Wallace cast what was his best auaile.
The fleeing folke, that off the Field first past,
Vnto their King againe resembled fast.
Frae either side so mony assembled there:
Then Wallace would let follow them no more,
Before hee rade, gart his folke turne againe,
Of Englishmen seuen thousand there was slaine.
Then Wallace Hoste againe to Bigger rade,
Where Englishmen greit purueance had made,
The Iewatrie as they were hither led,
Pauillions and all they left when as they fled,
The Scots got golde, good geir, and other Wage:
Reliefit they were that partit that Village.
To meat they went, with greit mirth and pleasan
They spared not King Edwards purueance.

With solace syne a little sleepe they to,
A priuate watch hee gart among them goe.
Two Cookes there fell, their liues then for to saue,
With dead Coarses, that lay vnput in Graue.
When they saw well the Scotsmen were at rest,
Out of the field to steele they thought it best,
Full low they crape, till they were out of sight,
After the Hoste, syne ran in all their might,
When that the Scots had sleepit but a while,
Then rose they vp, for Wallace dreadit guile.
Hee said to them the Sutheron may persew,
Againe to vs, for they are folke anew.
Where Englishmen prouision make in weir,
It is full hard to doe them mekill deir.
On this plaine Field wee will not them abid,
To some good place my purpose is to ryde.
The purueyance that left was in that steid,
To Roppis Bogge hee gart seruants it leid.
With ordinance, that Sutheron brought in there.
Hee with his Hoste to Dauid Shaw can fair,
Where they remained a great part of the Day,
Of Englishmen yet some thing will I say.
As King Edward throught Culter hops sought,
When hee perceiued the Scots followit nought.
In Iohnes graue hee gart his Hoste byde still:
Feill fleeing folkes assemblit soone him till.
When they were met, the King neir worthit mad,
For his deare Kin, that hee there lossit had.
His two Emes into the Fielde were flaine.
His second sonne that mekill was of maine:
His Brother Hew was killed there full colde,
The Earle of Kent that cruell was and bolde.
With great worship tooke dead before the King,
For him hee mournit, so long as hee might ring.
At this

At this sembly as they in sorrow stand,
The two Cookes come soone at his hand.
And told to him how they escaped were,
The Scots all as swine lyes drinken there,
Of your wight wine yee gart vs hither leid,
Full well yée may bee vengit of their deid.
Vpon their lyues, is suith that wée you tell,
Returne againe, yée shall finde them your sell:
Yée blamit them, and said, No wit it was,
That yée againe for sic a taile should passe.
Their Chiftaine is right marueilous in weir,
From sic perill hee can well them forbeir.
For to sæke more, as now I will not ride,
Our meite is lossit, therefore wee may not byde,
The hardy Duke of Longcastell and Lord,
Soueraigne hee laid, to our counsell concord,
If this bee trew, wee may the more auaile,
Wee may them win, and make but light trauaile.
Were yon folke deid who now against vs stand,
Then neede wee nought for meit to leaue the Land,
The King answered, I will not ryde againe,
As at this time my purpose is in plaine,
The Duke said, Sir if yée determined bee,
To moue you more effeirs not to mée,
Command your Power againe with mee to wend,
And I of this shall see the finall end,
Ten thousand haill hee chargit for to ryde,
Yære is the strength, all night I shall you byde,
Wée may get meit of bestiall in this land,
Good drinke as now wee may not bring in hand,
Of VVestmureland the Lord had met them there,
On with the Duke hé graithed him to fare,
At the first straike with them hee had not beene,
With him hé led a thousand well beseene.

And

And Patricke Lord was with a thousand bowne,
Of King Edward hee keepit Calice towne.
Thir twelfe thousand into the towne can fare,
The two Captains soone met them at Bigger,
With the haill stuffe of Roxbrugh and Barwick,
Sir Rauffe Gray saw that they were Sutheron like,
Out of the South approached to their sight,
Hee knew full well with him it was nought right.
Aymer VVallange with his power came als,
King Edwards man, a tyrant Knight and false,
When they were met, they fand not else there,
But deid Coarces and they were spulzeit bare.
Then marueilit they where the Scots should bee,
Of them about appearance they could not see,
But spyes them tolde, that came with sir Aymer,
In Dauid shaw they saw them make repaire,
Then feill Sutheron soone passed to that place,
The Watch was ware and told it to Wallace,
Hee warnit the Hoste out of the towne to ryde,
In Ropis Bog hee purposed to byde,
A lytill shaw vpon the one syde was,
That men on foote out of the Bog might passe.
The horse they left into that little hold,
On foot they thought the Hoste that they shold hold,
The Englisth hoste had well their passage seene.
And followed fast with cruell men and keene:
They trowed that Bog might make them little baill,
Growen ouer with Ripse, and all the sward was haill
On them to ryde they ordained with greit yre,
Of the formost a thousand in the myre,
Of horse with men are plunged in the deepe,
The Scots of their comming tooke good keepe.
Vpon them set with strokes sad and sore.
Pæde none away of all that entered there,

Light

Lightmen on fote vpon them deirly dang,
Feill vnder Horse was smorit in that thrang.
Strampit in Mosse, and with rude Horse ouergone,
The worthie Scots the Dryland then haue tane.
Vpon the leaue fighting full wonder fast,
And mony growne they made full sore agast.
The Englishmen that busie were in weir,
Assaylzeit sore, them from the Mosse to beir,
On either side but then it was no bote.
The strength they helde right awfully on fote.
To Men and Horse gaue mony grieuous wound,
Feill to Death they stickit in that stound.
The Pikard Lord assailzeit sharply there,
Vpon the Grahame, with strokis sad and sore.
Syr Iohn the Grahame, with a stiffe sword of stéle
His bright byrneis hé peircit euery déle.
Throw all the stuffe, and stickit him in that stéde:
Thus of his Dint, the bolde Pikard was deid.
The Englisch Hoste toke plaine purpose to flée,
In their turning the Scots gart mony die.
Wallace would faine at the VVallange haue béne,
Of VVestmoreland the Lord was them betwéene,
Wallace on him hé set an awfull Dint.
Throw Basnet & stuffe, that no stéel might outstint.
Deirly to death he left him in that place,
So that false knight escapit throw this cace:
Good Robert Boyde hath with a Captaine met.
Of Berwike then a sad stroke on him set.
Duerthort the craige, and caruit the Pesane,
Throw all his weide in sunder strake the bane.
Feill Horse-men fled fast, and durst not abyde,
Rebuted euill, vnto their King they ride.
The Duke him told of all his journey haill,
His heart for ire boldnit in bitter baill.

Highth

Highly hee thought hee should neuer London see,
On Wallace deede, whill hee reuengit bee:
Or lose his men againe, as hee did aire:
Thus South hee sought, with greit sorrow and care.
Then at the Kirke a little tary made,
Syne throw the Land ouer Sulway fast they rade.
The Scots Hoste a night remainit still,
Upon the morne they spulzeit with good will.
The deid Corps caried to Braidwood with care.
At a Counsell three Dayes they sojourned there,
At the Forrest Kirke a meeting ordainit hee,
They chosed VVallace Scots Warden to bee,
Trusting hee should their painfull sorrow cease,
Hee receiuit all that would come in his peace:
Syr VVilliam came, that Lord of Dowglas was,
Forsooke Edward, at Wallace peace can aske,
In that Thirlage hee would no longer bee,
Tribute before to England payit hee.
In contrare Scots with them hee neuer rade,
Far better cheare VVallace therefore him made,
Thus treited hee and cheirrist wonder faire,
True Scotishmen, that fewty made him there.
And gaue full greitly feill Goods that hee wan:
Hee warned it nought to no good Scotishman.
Who would rebell, and goe contrare the right,
Hee punisht sore were hee Squyer or Knight.
Thus marueilleusly good Wallace tooke in hand,
Likly hee was, right faire, and well farrand.
Manly and stout and therewith liberall:
Pleasant and wise in all good generall.
To slay forsuth Sutheron hee sparit nought.
To Scotishmen full great profite hee wrought.
Into the South forsuith then passit hee,
As him best thought hee ruled that Countrie.

Shirreffe

Thirtesse hé made that cruell was and kéne:
And Captaines of true wise Scots men,
From Gamylis-path the land obeyit him haill,
To Vr Water both strength Foxrest and daill,
Against him in Galloway House was none,
Except VVigtoun biggit of lyme and stone,
That Captain heard the reull of Wallace,
Away by sey hé stole out of that place.
Leauit all waste, and could to England wend,
But Wallace sone a képer to it send,
A good Squyer and to name hé was cald,
Adam Gordoun as the Storie mé talde.

A Ne strength there was at the Water of Cree,
Within a Roch right stalwart wrought of tre,
Aue gate before no man might to it win,
But the consent of them that dwelt therin.
On the backe syde a roch and water was,
An strait entrie forsuith there was to passe.
To belle it, Wallace himselfe sone went,
Frae hé it saw hee kest in his intent:
To win the hald hee hes chosen ane gate,
That they within should make little debate:
His power haile hes gart byde out of sight,
But thrée with him, whill tyme that it was night,
Then toke two when that the night was dim,
Steuen of Ireland and Keirlie that could clim:
Vp sone they went against that roch so strong,
Thus entred they the Sutheron men among.
The watch before toke no tent to that syde,
Thir thrée in fier sone to the Porter glyde,
Good Wallace then stroke the Porter himselfe,
Deid ouer the rocke in to the Dyke hé fell.
Let downe the Brig and blew the Horne on hight.

The bushment brak and come in all their might,
At their owne will sone entred in that place,
To englishmen they did full littill grace,
Bertie they slew in that place was na ma,
But ane ald Preist and simpill wemen twa,
Greit purveyance was in that roch to spend,
Wallace baid still whill it was at ane end.
Brak doun the strength both brig and Bulwark all,
Cut ouer the roch they gart the timber fall,
Under the gait, and wald no longer byde,
In Carrik syn they bownit them to ride,
Haistit them not bot soberlie can fair,
To Turueburie that Captaine was of Air,
With Lord Persie to take his counsell haill,
Wallace pur posed that place for to assaill,
Ane woman tould when the Captaine was gane
Bude men of fence into that steid was nane.
They fillet the dyke with eird and timber haill,
Syne fyred the house no succour might auaill,
Ane Preist there was and gentill wemen theirin,
Quhilk in their maner made hideouse noyce and din,
Bertie they cryit for him that dyed on tree,
Wallace gart slake the fyre and let them be,
To make defence no ma was lenit thair,
Bot them comanded out of the land to fair,
Spulzeit the place and spilt all that they mocht,
Upon the morne to Cummok sone they socht,
To Lanerke syne and set a tyme of air,
Misdoers feill he gart be punisht thair,
To gude true men he gaue a nobill wage,
His brother Sonnes put to their heritage,
To the blacke Craige of Cummok past againe,
His houshold set with men of mekill maine,
Thre moneths there he dweit into good rest,

The ſubtle Sutheron found well it was the beſt,
Trewes to take, for to eſchew ane chance:
To further this they ſent for knight Wallance.
Bothwell yet that Treatour kept ſtill,
And Air all whole was at Lord Perſie will.
Throw greit ſuppile of the Captaine of Air.
The Biſhop Beik in Glaſgow hee dwelt there.
Earle of Stanefurde was Chancellar of England,
With ſir Aymer this Tratour toke on hand:
To procur Peace by any manner of care,
An ſaife conduct they purchaſt of Wallace.
In Ruglane kirke the tryſt there haue they ſet,
And promiſe made to meete Wallace but let.
The Day of this approached wonder faſt,
The greit Chancellar and Aymer thither paſt.
Syne Wallace come and his men well beſeene,
With him fyfty arrayit all in greene,
Ilke one of them a Bow and Arrow beir,
And long ſwords the quhilke full ſharply their.
Within the kirke ſo ſone they entred had,
Unto his prayer hee paſt but more abaid,
Syne vp hee roſe, and to his tryſt hee went,
And his good men full cruell of intent.
In yre hee grew that Tratour when hee ſaw,
The Engliſhmen of his face ſtood greit aw:
Wit reulit him that hee did none outrage,
The Earle beheld faſt to his hie courage.
Forthought ſome part that hee come to that place,
Greitly abaiſit for the vult of his face.
Syr Aymer ſaid, This ſpeech yee muſt begin,
Hee will not bow to no Prince of your kin.
Allouerit yee are, I truſt yee may ſpeik weill,
For all England hee will not breik a deill,
His ſaif conduct where hee makes a band,

The Chanceller then proffered him his hand,
Wallace stood still, and could no hands take,
Friendship to them no likelihesse would make.
Syr Aymer said, Wallace yee understand,
This is a Lord and Chanceller of England:
To salute him yee may by proper skill.
With short aduise hee made answere him till,
Such salusting I vse to Englishmen,
So shall they haue where euer I may them kene,
At my power, that make I GOD a vow,
Out of conduct if that I had him now,
But for my life and all this land so braid,
I will not breake the promise that is made,
I had rather at mine owne will haue thee
Without conduit, that I might wroken bee,
Of thy false deeds thou doest in this Regioun,
Then of pure Gold a King with his great Ransome.
But for my band I will as now let bee,
Chanceller say foorth what yee desire of mee,
The Chanceller said, The most part of this thing,
To procure peace I am sent from the King,
With the great Seale, and voyce of his Parliament,
That I bind heere, our Bargane shall consent.
Wallace answered [illegible] little [illegible] hee haue,
Syne of our [illegible] the law,
Quite-clame our [illegible] and wee shall not deny,
The Chanceller [illegible] charge haue I,
Wee will giue Gold, [illegible] purpose should fall
Then VVallace said, [illegible] is that trauaill,
Wee aske no Gold by fauour of your Kin,
In warre of you wee take what wee may wine,
Baissit hee was to make answere againe,
Wallace said, Syr, wee jangle all in vaine.

My counsell giues, I will no fable make:
As for an finall Peace to take.
Nought for my selfe, that I binde to your Seale,
I cannot trow that euer you will bee leile.
But poore folke that greatly haue beene suppresed,
I will take Peace, whill further yee bee aduised.
Then bound they thus, There should bee no debate
Castles and townes should stand in their ilk's state:
From that Day, foorth, whill ane yeere was at end,
Sealed this Peace, and toke their leaue to wend.
VVallace from them passed into the VVest;
Made plane repare where that him liked best.
Yet sore hee dred that they should him deceiue,
The Indenture to Syr Rannald hee gaue,
His deare Uncle, where it might keeped bee,
In Cummocke syne to his Dwelling went hee.

The ende of the sixth Booke.

THE SEVENTH BOOKE.

How Wallace burnt the Barnes of Aire, and put Bishop Blecke out of Glasgow, and slew Lord Pearsie.

CHAP. I.

IN Februare befell the samine cace,
That Englishmen toke trewes with Wallace.
This passed ouer, till March away was sought,
The Englishmen cuist all the wayes they mought.
Tith subtill and wicked conclusion,
he worthie Scots to put to confusion.
nto Apryle the King of England come,
n Cumberland of Pumfret from his Home,
nto Carlyle to ane counsell hee yeid,
Thereof the Scots might haue full mekill dreid,
Bony Captaine that was of England borne,
ither they past, sembled their King beforne,
o Scots man to Counsell was there calde,
ut Syr Aymer, that Traytor was of olde.
him they speicit, How they should take in Hand,
e Righteous blood to stroy out of Scotland?

Sir Aymer said, Their Chiftaine can well doe,
Right wise in Warre, and hes greit power too,
And now this Trewes gaue them such haroiment,
And to your Faith they will not all consent.
But would yee doe right as I can your lere.
The Peace to them it should be solde full deir.
Then dæmit hee the false Sutheron among,
How they best might the Scots Barons hang.
Foure greit Barnes at that time stood in Aire,
Wrought for the King, when his bigging was there
Biggit about, that no man enter might.
But one at ones, nor haue of other sight.
A Justice made, whilke was of mekill maine,
There ordainit they these Lords should bee slaine,
The Lord Persie of this matter they laide,
With sad aduise againe to them hee said,
These men with mee haue keped trueth so long,
Deceitefully I may not see them hang:
I am their foe, and warne will I them nought,
So I bee quyte, I reke nought what yee wrought.
From thence I will and toward Glasgow draw,
With out Bithop, to heare of his new Law,
Then chooſed they a Justice fierce and fell,
Quhilke Arnulfe heght, as mine Authour will tell,
Of South-Hampton hee heght both Heire and Lord,
Hee vnder tooke to pine them with a Cord,
An other Air in Glasgow ordaint they,
For Cliddisdaill men to stand the selfe same Day.
Syne chargit them in all wayes earnestly,
By no kin meane Wallace should scape them by,
For well they wist, and these men were ouerthrow
They might at will brooke Scotland as their owne.
This Band they close wnder their Seales full fast,
Syne sought ouer mure againe King Edward past.

The new Justice receiued was in Air,
The Lord Persie can vnto Glasgow faire.
This Aire was set in Iune the eightéene Day,
And plainly cryit no free men were away;
The Scots marueilit, and Peace tane in the Land,
Why Englishmen such mastrie tooke in hand,
Syr Rannald set a Day before this Aire.
At Monktoun Kirke his friends to mæte him there,
William Wallace vnto the tryst couth passe,
For hée as then Warden of Scotland was,
Thus Maister Iohn, a worthie Clerke was there,
Hée chargit his Kin to byde from that Aire;
Right well hee wist, frae Persie left that Land.
Greit perrill was to Scots appearand.
Wallace from them into the Kirke hée yéede,
Later noster hee said, and als a Creede.
Syne to the Grece leanit him soberly,
Upon a sléepe hee fell full sudainly.
Cleland followit, and saw him fall on sléepe:
Hée made no noyse, but wisely couth him keepe:
In that slumber comming hée thought hée saw,
A stalwart man that toward him couth draw,
Soone by the Hand hée hint him hastely,
I am hée said, in voyage chargit with thée,
Sword him gaue, of burely birnisht stéele,
Good son he said, this sword thou shalt brook well:
Of Topastoun hee thought the Plummate was,
Both hilt and all glittyring as the Glas.
Feare sonne, hée said, wée tarry héere too long,
Thou shalt [illegible] sée where wrought is mekill wrong.
Then hee him led to a mountaine on hight.
The world hee thought hee might sée at one sight,
He left him there, and syne from him hee went,
Thereof Wallace studied in his intent,

To sée him there hee had full great desire,
Therewith hée saw begin a fellon fire:
Quhilk brait hly burnt abroad out throw the Land,
Scotland all ouer, from Rosse to Sulway sand.
Then soone to him descendit there a Quéene,
Illuminate, light shining full bright and shéene.
In her presence appeared so mekill light,
That all the fire shée put out of his sight.
Gaue him a Wand, of colour red, and gréene,
With a Saphyr saynit his face and éene:
Welcome shée said, I choose thée to my Loue,
Thou art granted, by the Great GOD aboue:
To helpe people that suffer mekill wrong,
With thée as now I may not tary long:
Thou shalt returne to thine owne Hoste againe,
Thy Dearest Kin are héere in mekill paine.
This right Region thou must redéeme it all,
Thy last Reward on Earth shall bée but small,
Let not therefore, take redresse of this misse,
To thy Reward thou shalt haue Heauens blisse,
Of her right Hand shée betaught him a Booke:
Humbly thus her leaue then shée tooke,
Unto the Clouds ascendit out of sight,
Wallace tooke vp the Booke in all his might:
In thrée partes the Booke weill written was,
The first Letters were grosse Letters of Brasse,
The second Golde, the third fine Siluer shéene,
Wallace marueilit what this Writing should me
To read the Booke hee busied him so fast.
His sprite againe to wakening minde is past,
And vp hée rose, syne suddainly forth went,
This Clerke hee found, and told him his intent,
Of his Vision, as I haue said before,
Compleitly forth, what néedes words more?

Deare sonne hée said, My wit vnable is,
To ratifie such for dred I say amisse.
Yet I shall Déeme, though my cunning bée small,
GOD grant that no charge after my words fall.
That stalward Man gaue thée that sword in Hand.
Fergus it was first Winner of Scotland,
That Mountaine is where hee thee had on hight,
Knowledge to haue of wrong that thou must right,
That fire shall bée feill tydings ere yée part,
Quhilk will be told in mony sundrie Airt.
I cannot wot what Quéene that, that will bée,
But if it bée Fortune, a Lady whiles right frée,
The pretty Wand I trow by mine intent,
Betokens Rule and cruell Chastisment:
The red colour who graithly vnderstood,
Betokens all to greit Battell and Blood.
The gréene, Courage, that thou art now among:
In trouble and warre thou shalt continue long.
The Saphyr stone shée blessit thee withall,
Is happy chance, will GOD shall to thée fall,
The thréefolde Booke is but this broken Land,
Thou must redéeme, by worthinesse of Hand.
The Brasse Letters betoken but to this,
The greit oppresse of Warre and mekill misse,
The quhilk thou shall bring to the right againe,
But thou therefore must suffer mekill paine,
The Gold betokens Honour and Worthinesse,
Vtter in Armes, Manhood, and Noblenesse:
The Siluer showes cleane life and Heauens blisse,
To thy Reward that Mirth thou shalt not misse.
Dread not therefore bée out of all Despaire,
Further as now hereof I can no more.
He thankit him, and thus his leaue hes taue:
Corsbie syne with his Uncle rade home.

With mirths thus all night solourned there,
Upon the morne they graithit them to the Air,
And foorth they rade till they came to Kincace,
With dreidfull heart thus speirit good VVallace,
At Syr Rannalde for their Charter of Peace?
Nevoy, hee said, These words are no lies:
It is leaued at Corsbie in the Kist.
Where thou it laid, there of none other wist,
VVallace answerit, Had wee it heere to shaw,
And they bee false, wee shall not enter aw,
Deire sonne hee said, I pray thee passe againe,
Though thou would send thy trauell were in vaine;
But thou or I can none it bring this tyde,
Great grace it was made him againe to ride,
Wallace returnit, tooke none with him but thrée,
None of them knew of this Indentour but hée:
Unhap him led, forbide him could hee nought,
Of false Dereit this good Knight had no thought,
Syr Rannald rade but resting to the towne,
Wotting nothing of all this false treasoun.
That wickit Signe so rulit that Planet,
Saturne as then was in his highest state.
About Inno in his Melancholy,
Iupiter and Mars aye cruell of enuy.
Saturne as then aduancit his nature,
Of tyrannie he power had and cure:
Rebells reuls in mony free Natioun,
Troublous Wether makes mony Ships to drown
His Dreiching was with Pluto in the Sey,
As of the Land full of iniquitie.
Hee wakens Warre full of Pestilence,
Filling of Walles with cruell violence.
Poyson is rife amongst these other things,
Sudden slaughter of Emperours and Kings,
Wh

When Sampſon pullit to the grounde the Pilleris
Saturne was then into his higheſt Spheare:
At Thebes als of his power they tell,
When Phionax ſanke throw the Earth to Hell,
Of the Trojans hee had full mekill cure.
When Achilles at Troy ſlew good Hecture.
Burdeous ſhent, and mony Cities moe:
His power yet it hes no hap to hoe,
In broade Britaine ſeill vengeance hes bene ſeene,
Of this, and more, yet wot well what I meene,
But to this Houſe that ſtalwart was and ſtrong,
Syr Rannald come, and might not tary long,
A Balke was knit, all full of Ropes keene,
Such a Toll-buith ſenſyne was neuer ſeene,
Strong men were ſet the entry for to hold,
None might win in, but one as they were cald.
Syr Rannald firſt to make feiwty for his Land,
The Knight went in, and would no longer ſtand:
A running corde they ſlippit ouer his head,
Hard to the Balke, and hanged him to Dead,
Syr Brice the Blaire next after in hee paſt,
Unto the death they haſted him full faſt.
Bot hee had entred his heid was in the ſnare,
Knit to the Balke, hanged to Death right ther,
The third entred greit pity was for thy,
A gentle Knight, Syr Neill Montgomerie,
And other feill of landed men about.
Mony went in, but no Scots come out.
Of Wallace parte they put to that derfe deid,
Mony Crawfurdes, ſo ended that in ſteid,
Of Carricke men Kennedies ſlew they als,
And kind Campbles, that neuer had bene falſe.
Theſe rebelled againſt their righteous Crowne,
Sutheron for thy put them to confuſion.

Barklayes,

Barkleyes, Boydes, and Stewards, of gwd kin,
No Scot escapit that time enterit in.
Upon the Balke they hanged mony pair,
Beside them dead in a nwke cuist them there.
Since the first tune that any warre was wrought,
To such a Death so mony yeid there nought.
Upon one Day, thrdw cursit Saxons sæd,
Vengeance of this out thrdw the kinred yæde,
Grantit it was from the Great GOD of Heauen,
So ordainit that Law should be their steuen,
To the false Saxons, for their false Judgement,
Their wickednesse ouer all the wordd is went,
Yee Noble Men, that are of Scottish kind,
Their pitteous Death yee keepe it in your mind,
And vs reuenge when wee are set in throng,
Dolour it is heereon to tary long.
Thus eighteene score verily to Death they dight,
Of Barrons bold, and mony worthie knight.
When they had slaine the worthiest was there.
For weake people no longer they would speire,
Into the garth cuist them out of that steide.
As they were borne, spulzeit bare and deid,
Gwd Robert Boyde into the Tauerne yeid,
With twenty men, that Doughty were indeed,
Of Wallace Houte, full cruell in intent:
Yee gouernit them when VVallace was absent.
Keirlie returnit with his Maister againe,
Cleland and Boyde, that mekill was of mane:
Steuen of Ireland went forth into the streete,
A true Wowtan full fone with him could meete.
Hee speirit at her, What happened in the Aire,
Sorrow shee said, is nothing els there.
Feirtly shee saw, Alace, where is VVallace?
From vs againe hee pallit at Kincace.

Goe warne his folke and charge them off the towne,
To keepe himselfe I shall bee ready bowne,
With her as then no more tary hee made,
To his Fellowes hee went withoutten bade,
And to them tolde of all this greit missare,
To Laglane wood they bownit withoutten more:
By this Wallace was comming wonder fast,
For his friends hee was full sore agast,
Unto the Barne sadly hee could persew,
To enter in, for hee no perrill knew:
This true Woman vpon him lowde can call,
O feirs Wallace, feill tempest is befall.
Our men is slaine greit pittie is to see,
As bestiall Hounds hangit ouer a tree.
Our true Barrouns by two and two past in,
Wallace weepit for greit losse of his kin,
That with ~~his vneis~~ vpon his Horse he bade, unease
More for to speir to this Woman hee rade,
Deir Nice hee said, If thou the trueth can tell,
Is mine Eme deid, or how the cace befell,
Out of yon Barne forsuith I saw him borne,
Naikit laid low, and colde Earth him beforne.
His frosty mouth I kissit in that steid,
Right now manlike, now beir and brought to deid.
And with a cloath I couered his Lichame,
For in his life hee did neuer Woman shame.
His Sister sonne thou art worthie and wight.
Reuenge his Death for GODS sake at thy might,
Als I shall helpe, as I am Woman trew,
Deir Wight he said, Greit GOD if that thou knew,
Good Robert Boyde where euer thou can him see,
William Crawfurde als if hee liuing bee,
Adam VVallace would helpe me in this strife,
I pray to GOD to send them all on life,

For

For Gods sake bide them soone come to mee,
The Justice innes thou spy for charity,
And in what feir that they their ludging make,
Soone after that wee shall our purpose take,
Into Laglane whilke hes their succour beene,
Adew market and welcome woods greene,
Heereof as then to her hee spake no more,
His bridill turned, and from her can hee fare:
Sic murning made for his deir worthie Kin,
Hee thought for baill his breist neir brist in twine,
As hee thus rade in greit Anger and teene,
Of Englishmen there followed him fifteene,
Wight wailled men that towart him couth draw,
With an Master to teich him in the Law,
Wallace returned in griefe and maltalent,
With his sword drawn among them soone hee went,
The middle of one hee manked soone in two,
The vther there vpon the Heid can to:
The third hee stroke and throw the cost him claue,
The fourt to ground right derfly downe hee draue:
The fift hee hit in greit yre in that steid,
Witthout reskew dreidlesse hee left them deid.
Then his three men had flaine the other fyue,
From them the laue escaped with their lyue:
Fled to their Lord, and told him of this cace,
To Laglane wood then rids wight VVallace,
The Sutheron said, what one hee hit right,
Without mercie dreidlesse to Death was dight,
Meruell they had sic strength in one should bee,
One of their men at ilke straik hee gart die
Then deemed they it should bee Wallace wight,
To their language then answered an olde Knight,
Forsuith hee said, bee hee escaped this Aire.
All your new deid is eiking of your care.

The

The Justice said, When there sic rumours rose,
Yée would be feirit and there come mony foes:
That for one man mee thinke yée like to flée,
And wote not yet in déed if it bee hée,
And tho it were, I compt him but full light,
Who bydes heere, ilk Gentle-man shall bee Knight.
I thinke to deill their lands haill the morne,
To you about that are of England borne,
The Sutheron drew to their ludging but more,
Foure thousand haill that night was into Air.
In greit Barns biggit without the towne,
The Justice lay with mony bold Barroun.
Then hée gart cry about these waines wide,
No Scots Beirne among them there should abide,
To the Castle hée would not passe for eis,
But sojourned there with things ẏ might him please,
Greit purueyance by sey was to them brought.
With Wine and Aile the best that could bee bought
No watch was set because they had no doubt,
Of Scots men that liuing was without,
Laboured in minde they had beene all that Day,
Of Aile and Wine enough chosen had they,
As bestlike folke tooke of them selfe no keepe,
In their vains some slaide the slouthfull sleepe.
Throw foule gluttenie in swair swapped like Swine,
Their Chiftaine was greit Bacchus god of Wine,
This wise Woman long time among them was,
Feill men she warned and gart to Laglane passe,
Her selfe formost when they with Wallace met,
Some comfort then into his heart was set,
When hée them saw hee thanked DOD of might,
Tithings hee asked the Woman told him right,
Sleeping as Swyne are all yon false meinzie,
No Scots man is in yon companie,

Then

Then Wallace said, If they all Drunken bee,
I call it best with fire them for to see,
Of men then three hundreth to him sought,
The woman told three trew Burgesse that broght,
Out of the towne with noble Aile and Breid,
And other stuffe als mekill as they might leid,
They eit and Drinke the Scots men that mought,
The Nobles then Iop hes to Wallace brought,
Sadly hee said, Deir friends now yee see,
Our Kin are slaine, therefore is greit pitie:
Throw foull murther the greit Despite is more,
Now some remeid I would wee set therefore,
Suppose that I was made Wardane to bee,
Part are away sic charge is put to mee.
And yee are heere cummin of als good Blood,
And righteous borne, by Auenture and als good.
Als forward fair, als likly in Persoun,
Als reyer was I then for conclusioun.
Let vs choose fiue of this good companie,
Syne Cauills cast who shall our Master bee.
Wallace said, Boyde and Crawforde of renowne,
And Adam als then Lord of Richartoun.
His Father then was vesyit with siknesse,
GOD had him tane into his lasting Grace.
The fyft Auchinleke in weir an Noble Man,
Cauels to cast about the fyue began:
It would on him forought they would deuise,
Continually, whill they had tasten thrise.
Then Wallace rose, and out a sword can draw,
Hee sayd, I vow to the maker of aw:
And to Marie his Mother Virgine cleir,
My Uncles death now shall bee sold full deir.
With mony ma of our deir worthie Kin,
First or I eate or Drinke I shall begin.

For sleuth or sleepe shall neuer remaine with mee,
Of this tempest whill I auengit bee:
Then all inclinit right humble of one Accord,
And him resauit as their Chiftaine and Lord:
Wallace ane Lord hee may bee clepit weill,
Though Rurall folke thereof haue little feill,
They deeme no Lord, but lands be their pairt,
Had hee the world, and bee wretchit in heart,
Hee is no Lord, but to the worthinesse:
It cannot bee but freedome Lordlinesse.
At the Roddes they make full many on,
Quhilke worthie are that lands they haue none,
This discussing wee leife Heraulds to end,
Unto my matter breiflie I will wend,
Wallace commandit ane Burges for to get,
Fyne calke enough that his deir Nece might set,
At ilke Yate where Sutheron were on raw,
And twenty hee gart soone Widdeies to thraw.
Ilk man vpon his Arme a paire hee threw,
Unto the towne full fast they can persew,
The Woman past before him subtilly,
Calkit ilke Yate they neidit not goe by.
Then festnit they the Doores with Widdeies fast,
To stapill and Hesp with mony sicker cast.
Wallace gart Boyde neir Hand the Castell goe,
With fifty men ane jeopardy to moe.
If ony escap the fyre when that they saw,
All fast the yate hee ordainit them to draw,
The laife with him about the Barnes peid,
This true Woman him seruit weill in deede,
With Lint and Fyre that hastie kendill would,
In enerilke nuike they festnit blassis bould,
Wallace commandit to all his men about,
To Sutheron men that they should let brake out,

What

What euer hée bee reskewes of their kin,
Fra the reid fire himselfe shall passe theirin,
The lemand low sœne lanced vpon hight,
Forsuith hée, said, this is aue pleasant sight.
To our hearts it shall bée some redresse,
Were thir away their power were the lesse.
Vnto the Justice himselfe on lowde can caw,
Let vs to brough our men from your false Law:
That liuing are, and chaipit from your Air,
Deill not their land, the vnlaw is ouer sore.
Thou had no right, it shall on thée bée sœne,
The rumour rose with carefull cry and kœne:
The bailfyre brynt right brymlie vpon loft,
To sleeping men their wanning was vnsoft,
The sight without was awfull for to see,
In all the world no greiter paine might bée,
Then they within suffered for to dwell,
That euer was wrought, or Purgatrie but Hell;
A paine of Hell weill neir it may bee calde,
Made folke folke in fyre hampered manyfolde:
Feill Biggings brynt that worthie were and wight,
Got none away Knaue, Captaine, nor Knight.
When brands fell of rufe trees them among,
Some rudly rose in bitter paines strong.
Some naked brint with belchis all away.
Some neuer rose, but smored where they lay,
Some rushit fast to Aire if they might win,
Blindit with fire their deids were full dyme,
The reik filled with filth of cacioun,
Among the fyre right foull of infectioun,
The people beirit lyke wood Beists in that tyde,
Within the wall ramping on either side,
Rumisht with rueth, and mony a greillie grone,
Some grymlie grat, whil their life Dayes were gone.

Some

Some Doores sought, the entrie for to get,
But Scots men so wisely them beset,
If any brake by Aduentore off that steid,
With Swords soone brymed they were to deid,
Or else againe by force driuen in the fire.
There scaped none. but burnt bone and lyre,
The stinke skailed of dead bodies so wide,
The Scots abhorrit neir Hand them for to byde,
Yeid to the wind, and let them euen alone,
Whill the reide fire had that false blood ouergone.
A Frier, Drumlaw was Prior then of Aire.
Seuen score with him that night tooke Harberie there
Intill his Innes, for hee might not them let,
Whill neir midnight a watch on them hee set.
Himselfe woke well whill hee the fire saw rise,
Some mends hee thought to take of that supprise,
His Brethren seuen soone to Harnesse they yeid,
His selfe Chiftaine, the remanent to leid,
The best they waile of Armour and good geire,
Syne Weapons tooke right awfully in effeire,
These eight Friers, in three parts they goe,
With swords drawne, in euery House yeid they two;
Soone entred in where Sutheron sleeping were,
Upon them set, with strokes sade and sore.
Feill freiks there the Friers dang to deid,
Some nakit fled, and got out of that steid.
The Water sought, abasit out of sleepe,
Into the Frier Well, that was both long and deepe,
Feill of them fell, that broke out of that place:
Drowned to ground, and deid withoutten grace,
Slaine and drowned was all that Harbered there,
Men calles it yet, The Friers Blessing of Aire,
Few folke of baile was leaued vpon cace,
In the Castle, Lord Persie from that place.

Before the Aire from thine to Glasgow drew,
Of Wine and stuffe, it was to puruey new.
Yet they within saw the fire burning stout:
With short Aduise ished, and made no doubt.
The Bushment then, as Warriours wise and wight,
Let the scalone, and to the House past right.
Boyde wan the Port, entred with all his men,
Keepers mit were left but nyne or ten.
The formost soone himselfe ceassit in Hand,
Made quyte of him, syne slew all that hee fand,
Of Purveyance in the Castle was none,
Short time before from it Pearsie was gone,
The Earle of Arnulfe had receiued the Hold,
Quhilk in the Towne was burnt to powder cold.
Boyde gart remaine of his twenty men still,
Himselfe past forth to wit of VVallace will.
Keeping the towne, whill nought was leaued there,
But the wood fire, and bigging burnt full baire.
Of likely men that were borne of England,
By Sword and Fire that night dyde fiue thousand.
When Wallace men were weill together met,
Good friends, hee said, yee know that there was set
Such Law as this now into Glasgow Towne,
The Bishop Biecke, and Pearsie of renown.
Therefore I will in haste yee thither fair,
Of our good Kin some part is lessit there,
Hee gart soone the Burgesses to him call,
And gaue command in generall to them all,
In keeping they should take the House of Aire,
And hold it whole whill tyme that wee heare more
To byde our King Castles I would wee had,
Cast wee downe all wee may bee deemit too bad
They gart Meat come, for hee had fastit long,
Little hee tooke, syne bowned him to gang.

Horse they chose that Sutheron had brought there,
Anew at will, and off the Towne can faire.
Right wonder fast they rode this good Chevalry,
Three hundreth whole was in that Company.
To Glasgow Brig, that biggit was of tree,
Soone passed ouer, ere Sutheron might them see,
Lord Pearsie wight, that busie was in weir
Sembled his men, right awfull in effeir.
Then deemed they all that it was wight Wallace,
He had before escaped throw mony race.
The Bishop Biecke and Pearsie that was wight,
A thousand led of men in Armes bright.
VVallace saw well what number sembled there.
He made his men in two parts for to fare,
Graithit them weill without the Townes end.
Hee called Auchinlecke, for hee the passage kend.
Uncle, hee said, bee busie in the weir,
Whether will yee the Bishops taile vp beir.
Or passe before, and take his Benisioun,
He answered him with right short promisioun,
Unbishopped yet forsooth I trow wee be,
Your selfe shall first his Blessing take for mee,
For sickerly yee serued it best to night,
To beare his taile wee shall with all our might.
Wallace answered, Since yee must sundry gang,
Perrill it is if yee bide from vs long.
For yon are men will nought bee soone agast,
Feare tyne wee meete, for GODS sake hye you fast
Our sundring I would no Sutheron saw,
Behind them come in throw the North-east raw,
Good men of Ware are in Northumberland,
They parted thus, tooke other by the hand,
Auchinlecke said, Wee shall doe as wee may,
He would like euill to byde ought long away.

Ane bousteous staill betwixt vs soone mon bee,
But to the right Almighty God haue eye.
Adam Wallace, and Auchinlecke was bowne,
Seuen score with them on the backside of the Toune
Right fast they yeid quhill they were out of sight.
The other part arrayed them full right.
VVallace and Boyde the plaine streete vp can goe:
Sutheron marueiled because they saw no moe.
Their Ensenzie cryed on the Pearsies side.
With Bishop Beik, that boldly couth abide.
A sore sombly was at their meeting seene:
As fire from flint it faired them betweene.
The hardy Scots right awfully them abade.
Broght feill to ground throw weed ẏ was wel made,
Pierced Plates with poincts stiffe of Steele,
By force of hand gart many cruell kneele,
The strong stour rose as smoake about them fast,
Or mist throw Sunne vp to the Clowds past,
To help himself ilk one had mekill need.
The worthie Scots stood in a fellon dreede.
Yet forward fast they preassed for to bee,
And they on them, great wonder was to see.
The Pearsies men in warre were vsed well:
Right fiercely faught, and sonzet not a deale.
Adam Wallace and Auchinlecke come in,
A part of Sutheron right cruelly they twin.
Returned to them as Noble men of Warre: wear
The Scots got rowme, and many downe they bea
The new Counter assailzeit them so fast,
Throw Englishmen made floppis at the last.
Then Wallace selfe into the felloun throng,
With his good sword, that heauy was and long:
At Pearsies face with a good will he bare:
Both bone and braine the crushed steele throw sha

Th

Thrée hundreth men, when Lord Pearsie was dead,
Out of the gate the Bishop Beik they lead.
For then them thought it was no time to bide.
By the Frier Kirke, to a wood there beside.
In the Forrest forsuth they tarried nought:
On freth horse to Bothwell sone they sought.
Wallace followed with worthy men and wight,
Forfoughten they were, and trauelled all the night.
Yet feill they slew into that chase that day:
The Bishop selfe and good Hen got away.
Aymer Wallange rescued them in that place
That knight full oft did great harme to VVallace.
Wallace began that night at ten hours in Aire,
On day by nine in Glasgow sembled there:
By one after none at Bothwell yet he was:
Reproued VVallange ere he wald further passe.
Syne turned againe, as witnesses weill the Booke,
To Dundaf rade, and there resting he toke.
Told good Syr Iohn of there tidings in Aire.
Great mone he made he was not with them there,
Wallace sojourned in Dundaf at his will,
Fiue dayes out, quhill tidings come him till,
Out of the hight, where good men were forlorne.
For Buchane rose, Atholl, Menteith, and Lorne,
Upon Argyle, a fellom warre they make:
For Edwards sake this they can vndertake.
The knight Campbell in Argyle then was still,
With his good men against King Edwards will.
And keped frée Lochow his heritage:
But Mackfadzeane did him great outrage.
This Makfadzeane to Englishmen had sworne,
Edward gaue to him both Argyle and Lorne.
False Iohn of Lorne to that gift can accord,
In England then hée was new made a Lord,

Thus falsely hee gaue ouer his Heritage,
And tooke at London of Edward a great Wage:
Duncane of Lorne yet for the Land straue,
Whill Makfadzeane ouer-set him with the laue.
Put him on force to good Campbell the knight,
Whilk into Warre was wise, worthie, and wight.
This Makfadzeane was entred in Scotland,
And marueilously that Tyrant tooke on hand,
With his power, the whilk I spoke of aire,
These three Lordships all sembled to him there,
Fiuetene thousand of cursed folke indeed,
Of all gathring in Hoste hee had to leede
And mony of them was out of Ireland brought,
Bairnes nor Wiues that people sparit nought.
Wastit the Land, as farre as they might goe: gae
Those Beastly folke couth nought but burne and sla
Into Lochow hee entrit suddenly:
The good knight Campbell saw good defence for th
To Craghumyre with three hundreth hee yeid,
That strength they helde for all their cruell feid.
Syne brake the brige, that they might ouer past,
But throw a Foord, where narrow passage was,
Abandounly Campbell against them bade,
Fast vpon Awfe, that was both Deepe and braide,
Makfadzeane was vpon the other side,
And there on force behouit him to byde.
For at the Foord hee durst not enter out,
For good Campbell might set him then in doubt.
Makfadzeane sought, and a small passage fand,
Had hee leasure hee might passe off the land:
Betwirt a Roth and a great Water side.
But foure in Front, there might none goe nor ryde,
Into Lochow was bestiall greit plenty.
Where that hee thought with all his Hoste to bee,

An

And other stuffe, that they had with them brought,
But all his Hoste auailit him right nought.
Duncane of Lorne hes sæne this sudden cace,
From good Campbell hæ went to seeke VVallace,
Some helpe to get of their torment and tane,
Together before in Dundie they had beene.
Learning at Schoole into their tender Age,
Hæ thought to staike Makfadzeans hie Courage:
Gilmichell then, with Duncane forth him dight,
A guide hæ was, a Foot-man wonder wight.
Soone gote they wot where VVallace lodgit was,
With their complaint to his presence they passe.
Earle Malcome als the Lennox held at peace,
With his good men to VVallace can hæ preisse,
To him there came good Richart of Lundy,
Into Dundaffe hæ would no longer lie,
Syr Iohn the Grahame, als bownit him to ride.
Makfadzeans warre so grieuit him that tide.

How VVallace slew Makfadzeane.

THen Wallace thought his great power to sæ,
In what array hee ruled that Countrie:
The Ruikbie then kæped with great wrang,
Striuiling Castle, that stalwart was and strong:
When Wallace come by South it in a Vail,
To Earle Malcome hee said hee would it sail:
In Diuers parts hæ gart disseuer his men,
Of their power the Sutheron should not ken.
Earle Malcome bad, the Bushment out of sight,
Wallace with him tooke good Syr Iohn the Knight.
And an hundreth of wise Warre men about,
Throw Striuiling rade, if ony would ithe out.
Toward the Bridge the gainest way they passe,

When Ruikbie saw where that their power was,
Hæ toke seuen scoze of Archers that was their,
Upon Wallace they followed wonder soze,
That fell bicker did them mekill deir,
Wallace in Hand griped a noble Speir.
Againe returned, and hes the formost slaine.
Syz Iohn the Grahame, that mekill was of maine,
Among them rade with a good speir in Hand,
The first hee slew that hee before him fand,
Upon another his Speir in sunder yeide,
A Sword hee drew, quhilke helped him in neede:
English Archers vpon them can reneip,
That his good Horse with Arrows soone they sleip,
On foote hæ was, when Wallace hes it sæne,
Hæ lighted soone, with men of Armes full keene,
Among the rout, feghting full wonder fast,
Then Englishmen returned at the last:
At the Castle they would haue beene full faine,
But Earle Malcome with men of mekill maine,
Betwirt the Sutheron and the Pates yeid:
Many they slew that doughty were in deed.
In the greit preasse Wallace and Ruikbie met,
Saith his good Sword a stroke vpon him set,
Deesly to deid the old Ruikbie hee draue,
His two sonnes escaped among the laue:
In the Castle, by Auenture they yeid,
With thirtie men, no moe scaped that dreid.
The Lennox men with their good Lord that was,
From the Castle they said, they would not passe:
For weill they wist it might not holden bee,
For no long time, for thy this ordained hee.
Earle Malcome toke the House to keepe that tide.
Wallace would not from his first purpose bide,
Instance hee made to this good Lord and wise,

From

from them to passe hee would on no kin wise,
Whill that hee had Striuiling, the Castle strong: Stvan
True men him tolde, they might not hold it long, lang
Then Wallace thought most on Mackfadzeane,
Of Scotishmen hee had slaine mony one. ane
Wallace avowed, that hee should wroken bee,
On that Rebald, or else therefore to die,
Of tyranny King Edward thought him good,
Low borne hee was, and als of simple blood,
Thus VVallace was sore greiued in his intent:
To this journey right earnestly hee went
At Striuiling Bridge assembled to him right,
Two thousand men, that worthie were and wight,
Toward Argyle hee bowned for to ride,
Duncane of Lorne was their true sicker guide.
Of olde Ruikbie, the quhilk I spake of ere,
Two sonnes on liue in Striuiling liued there,
When those brether conceiued all at right.
This House to holde that they no longer might.
For cause why, they wanted men and meat,
With Earle Malcome they made them for to treat:
Grace of their liues, and they that with them was,
Gaue ouer the House, syne couth in England passe.
On the third Day that Wallace from them rade,
With King Edward full mony yeeres they bade,
In Bruces warres againe come in Scotland,
Striuiling to keepe the one of them tooke in Hand.
Mention of Bruce is oft in Wallace Booke, -buike
To send his Right full mekill paine hee tooke. -tuke
Wherefore should I heere any tary mee, -mae
To VVallace forth now shortly will I goe: gae
Duncane of Lorne Gilmichill from him send,
A Spy to bee for hir the countrie kend:
By our party was past by Straithfillane,

The

The small Foote-folke began to irk ilk ane,
And Horse also on forte behoued to faill:
Then Wallace thought that companie to waill:
Good men hee said, This is not mæte for vs,
In broken array if wee come to them thus:
Wee take may skaith, and harme our foes small,
To them in like wee may not semble all.
Tarry wee long in plaine fielde while wee get,
Upon them soone so weill wee may not set,
Part wee must leaue, vs following to bee.
With mee shall passe our power into three,
Fyue hundreth first to himselfe hes hee tane.
Of West-land-men, were worthie knowne ilke ane.
To Syr Iohn the Grahame as many ordained hee:
And fiue hundreth to Richart of Lundie,
In that part was Wallace of Richartowne,
In all good Dæd hee was aye ready bowne.
Fiue hundreth left and might not with them goe.
Suppose that they to byde were wonder woe.
Thus Wallace Hoste begouth to take the bight,
Quer a Mountaine syne passed out of sight.
In Glendochert their Spy met them againe,
With Lord Campbell then was our folke right faine
At their meeting great blythnesse might bee seene,
Three hundreth led, that cruell were and keene.
Hee comfort them, and bade them haue no Dreid,
Yon Beastly folke, they want Weapons and Weed
Soone will they flee, shortly and wee persew,
To Loch Douchane full suddenly they drew.
Then Wallace said, Ane lise wee shall all to,
For heere is none will from his Fellow goe.
Upon the Hosse a Scurriour soone found hee:
The Spy they send, the Countrie for to see.
To scour the Land Makfadzeane had him send,

Out

Out of Craigmore that Day hee thought to wend.
Gilmichill fast followed vpon him there,
With ane good sword that weill and sharply share,
Made quyte of him that tithings told hee none, nane
The out spy thus was losed from Makfadzeane.
Then VVallace Hoste vpon their foote they light.
Their Horse they left, thogh they were neuer so wight
For Mosse and Craige they might no longer dree,
Then Wallace said, Who gangs best let see,
Throw the Mosse deliueredly they yeid,
Syne tooke the Hyld, whereof they had most dreid.
Endlong the Shore aye three in front they past,
Whill all within were sembled at the last.
Lord Campbell said, Wee haue chosed this Hald,
I trow to God their making shall bee cald.
Heere is no gate to flee yon people can,
But Rochs high and Waters deepe and wan,
Auchteene hundreth of doughty men indeed,
On the great Hoste but more proceese they yeed,
Feghting in front, and mekill maistrie made,
The frayit folke buskit withoutten bade.
Rudely to ray they rushed them againe,
Great part of them were men of mekill maine:
Good VVallace men so stoutly can them steir,
The battell on backe fyue Aiker braid they beir.
Into the stour feill tyrants gart they kneill.
VVallace in hand had ane good sword of steele.
Whom euer hee hit brymly to ground them bair,
Roumed him about an large rude and more.
Sir Iohn the Grahame in Deede was weill worthy,
Good Campbell als, and Richart of Lundie.
Adam Wallace, and Robert Boyde in feir,
Among their foes where Deeds was sold deir.
The felloun stoure was awfull for to see.

Makfadzeane

Makfadzeane then so greit debate made hee.
With Ireland men hardy and courageous,
The stalwart strife right hard and perrillous,
Aboundance of blood from wounds wyd and wan,
Sticked to deid on ground lay mony man,
Two hours large into the stour they stand.
The feircest they enough of feghting fand,
That Iop himselfe well wist not who should win,
But Wallace men would not in sunder twin,
To helpe them selfe they were of hardy will.
Of Ireland blood full fellonlie they spill,
With fell feghting made slops throw the throng,
On the false part our wight weir men so dang.
That they to byde might haue no longer might,
The Ireland folke then made them for the flight,
In craiges clame and some in water fet.
Two thousand there Drowned withoutten let,
Bot̄e Scots men bade still into the feild,
Kest weapons them fra, and on their knees kneild,
With pitteous voyce they cryed on Wallace,
For GOD̄S sake to take them in his grace,
Greued hee was but meth of them hee had,
Resauit them fair with countenance full sad,
Of our owne blood wee should haue greit pitie,
Looke yee slay nane of Scots will yeilden bee,
Of outland men let none scape with their life,
Makfadzeane fled for all his fellen strife,
Unto ane Caue within ane clift of stone,
Under Craigmore with fyftie hes hee gone,
Duncan of Lorne, his leiue at Wallace ask,
On Makfadzeane with worthie men hee past:
Hee granted him to put them all to deid,
They left none syne but brought Wallace his heid,
Upon ane Speir throw the field it bair.

Who

The Lord Campbell syne hint it by the Hair:
Heich on Craigmoir hée made it for to stand,
Still on the stone for honour of Ireland.
The lyflait men that were of Scotland borne,
Soone at his faith hee gart them all bee sworne,
Restored them that would come to his leis,
Hee let none slay that would come to his peis,
After this deede in Lorne syne couth hée fare,
Reulit the land, had béene in mekill care.
In Ardchatane a counsell hee gart cry,
Where mony men come to his Senzourie,
All Lorne he gaue to Duncane that was wight,
And bade him holde in Scotland with the right,
And thou shalt bruik this land in Heritage,
Thy Brother soone in London hes greit wage.
Yet will hée come, hée shall the lands haue,
I would tyne none that veritie might saue,
Mony true Scots to Wallace couth persew,
At Ardchatane fra feill strengths they drew.
An good Knight came, and with him men sixtie,
Hée had béene oft in mony jeopardie,
With Englishmen, and sonzeit not a deill,
Aye fra their faith he fendit him full well.
Kéepit him frée, though King Edward had sworne,
Syr John Ramsay that righteous was borne.
Of Ochterhous and vther Lands Lord,
And Shirresse als as my Booke will record,
Of noble Blood, and olde Ancesterie,
Continuit well with worthie Cheualrie:
Into Stronchane long time hee had béene,
At greit Debate among his enemies keene,
Right wightly wan his liuing into weir.
To him and his Sutheron did mekill deir,
Well hée eschewit and sufferit greit Distresse,

His Sonne was called the flour of courtlynesse:
As witnesses weill into this short trety,
After the Bruce who reids that Historie.
Hee ruled weill both into Weir and Peice,
Alexander Ramsay to name hee heght but leis:
When it was weir to Armes hee him cast,
Under the Crowne hee was one of the best,
In time of Peace to courtlynesse hee yeeve,
But to gentrice hee tooke none other heid:
What Gentle men had not with Ramsay beene,
Of Courtlynesse they compted not a preene:
Freedome and treuth hee had as men would as,
Sen hee began no better Squyer was,
Roxburgh hald hee wan right manfully,
Syne held it long whill traitours treasonablie,
Caulled his Death I dar not tell you how,
Of sic things I will goe by as now,
I haue had blame to say the suthfastnesse,
Therefore I will but lightly rin that rais,
But it be thing that plainly slander is.
For sic I trow they should not deserue no miss,
Of Alexander as now I speake not more,
His Father come, as I you tolde before:
Wallace of him right full great comfort hes,
For hee wall couth doe harming to his fais.
In weir hee was right mekill for to pryse,
Besy and true, both sober, wight and wise,
An good Prelat als to Ardchattane sought,
Of his Lordship as then hee brooked nought.
This worthie Clarke cummin of hie linage,
Of Sinkler blood nought fourtie yeere of Age,
Chosen hee was by the Popes consent.
Of Dunkeld Lord was made with good intent.
But Englishmen that Scotland gripped haill,

Of

Of benefice they leit him bruke but small.
When hee saw weill therefore hæ might not mute,
To saue his life thræ yeres hæ dwelt in Bure.
Leiſit as hæ might and kæped aye good part,
Under faifty of Iames then Lord Stewart.
Whill good Wallace whilke Scotland wan with pane,
Reſtorit this Lord to his lining againe.
And many mo whilke long had bæne ouerthrowne,
Wallace then put righteouſly to their owne.
The ſmall hoſte the quhilk I ſpake of aire,
Into the hight that VVallace leaued there.
Came to the field where Makfadzeane had bæne,
Toke that was left both weid and weapons ſhæne,
Throw Lorne ſyne paſt as goodly as they can,
Of their number they had not loſſit one man,
On the fyft Day wan to Ardchatane,
Where Wallace bade with good men mony ane,
Hæ welcomit them vpon ane goodly wiſe,
And ſaid, they were right mekill for to pryſe.
All true Scots hee honoured into weir.
Gaue that hæ wan him ſelfe keipit nó geir.

How *Wallace* wan Saint-Iohnſtoun. Chap. III.

VVHen Wallace wold no longer ſojourne there,
From Ardchatane out throw the land they fare
Toward Dunkeld with good men of renown,
His moſt thought then was to Saint-Iohnſtown.
Hee called Ramſay, that good knight great of vaill,
Sadly aduyſit beſought him of counſell,
Of Saint-Iohnſtowne, now haue I remenberance
There haue I bene and loſſit men throw chance,
But aye for one wee gart ten of them die,
And yet mee thinke that is no mends for mee.

I would

I would assay from this Land or wee gang,
And let them wit they occupy heire wrong.
Then Ramsay said, that towne they may not keip,
The walles are laich, suppose the ditch bee deip.
Yee haue anew that shall them cummer so,
Fill vp the Dyke that wee may plainly goe:
In plaine battell a thousand ouer at ans,
From this power they shall not hold yon wanes.
Wallace was glad that hee sic comfort made,
Forth talking thus, vnto Dunkeld they rade.
Three Dayes there they iudged with pleasance,
Whill time they had foreseene their ordinance,
Ramsay gart big strong Bastailzeis of tree,
By good wrights, the best of that Countrie
When they were wrought betaught them men to leid,
The Water downe whill they come neir that steid,
Sir Iohn Ramsay right goodly was their guide,
Ruled them well at his will for to byde,
The great Ost then about the village past,
With eird and stone they filled Dykes fast.
Flaikes they laid on tymmeris long and wight,
A rowme passage to the walles they dight.
Feill Bastalzeis right starklie vp they rose,
With men of Armes sone to assaultzie goes,
Syr Iohn the Grahame & Ramsay that was wight,
The Curate brig allegit in all their might.
And Wallace selfe at midstyd of the townis,
Good men of Armes that was to bargane bownis,
The Sutheron men made great Defence that tyde,
With Artailzie that fellon was to byde.
With Lablaster ganzie and stones fast,
And Hand gunes right brimly out they cast,
Funzeit with speirs as men of Armes keene,
The Noble Scots that worthie ay hes beene,

At Hand-strokes frae they together met,
With Sutheron blood their Weapons syn they wet.
Yet Englishmen that worthy were in Weir,
Into the stour right boldly can them beir.
But all for nought auailed them their deed,
The Scots throw force vpon them in they yeed:
A thousand men ouer Walles yeed hastely:
Into the Towne rose hiddeous noyse and cry.
Ramsay and Grahame the Curate yete hes win,
And entered in, where great strife did begin.
A true Squyer, quhilk Ruthuen hecht to name.
Came to the assault with good Syr John the Graham
Thirty with him, of men that proued weill,
Amongst their foes, with Weapons stiffe as steill,
When that the Scots assembled on either side,
So Sutheron was that might their Dints abid,
Twothousand sone were fulzeit vnder fete,
Of Sutheron blood they sticked in the streit.
Syr John Pstewart saw weill the Towne was tint,
Tooke him to flight and would no longer stint.
In a light Barge, and with him men sirty,
The Water downe, sought succour to Dundie.
Wallace bode still, whill the fourth Day at morne,
And left none there that was of England borne,
Riches they got, both Gold and other good:
Cleansit the Towne againe with Scots blood:
Ruthuen hee left, their Captaine for to bee,
In Heritage gaue him the Office of Fee,
Of all Stratherne and Shyreffe of the towne,
Syne in the North good Wallace made him bowne;
In Aberdene hee gart a Counsell cry,
That Scottishmen should assemble hastely.
To Cowper hee rade, to vesie that Abbay,
The English Abbot was fled from thine away.

Bishop Senkler without longer abade,
Met them at Glammis, syne foorth with them he ra
Into Brechin they lodgit all that night,
Soone on the morne Wallace gart graith at right.
Displaide abroad the Banner of Scotland,
In good Array, with noble men at hand.
Causde plainly cry, that sauit should bee none,
Of Sutheron blood, where they might bee ouergon
In plaine battell throw out the Mernes they ride,
The Englishmen, that durst them not abide,
Before the Hoste full feirtly they flee,
To Dunnotter, a Strength within the Sea,
No further they might win out of the Land,
They assembled there whill they were four thousa
To the Kirke they ran, and thoght girth to haue ta
The laue remained vpon the Roch of stone,
The Bishop then began treaty to mae
Their liues to get, out of the Land to gae,
But they were rade, and Durst not weill assay,
Wallace in fire causde set all haskely,
Burnt vp the Kirke, and all that was therein,
Attour the Roch the laue ran with greit Din.
Some hunge on Craigs, right Dolefully to die,
Some lap, some fell, some flattered in the Sea:
No Sutheron on life was leaued in that Hold,
And they within were burnt to powder cold.
When this was done, they fell on knees downe,
At the Bishop asked Absolution.
Then Wallace leugh, and said, I forgiue you all,
Are yee Ware-men that repents for so small?
They rewed vs not within the Towne of Aire.
Our true Barrons when that they hanged there.
To Aberdene then safely can they passe,
Where Englishmen right busie fitting was,

In hundreth Shippes that Ruther bure and Aire,
To turse their Gods, in Hauen were biding there.
But Wallace Hoste come on them suddenly:
There scaped none of all that great Nauy.
But feill seruants in them was leaued none,
At an ebbe Sea the Scots is on them gone.
Tobe out the Geare, syne set the Shippes on fire:
The men on lans they brunt both bone and lyre.
Feid none away, but Preists, Wiues and Bairnes:
Bade they debate they scaped not but harmes,
Into Buchane Wallace made him to ride,
Where Lord Bewmont was ordaind to abide.
Tho he was made, but of short time before,
He brooked it not, for all his bosteous shore.
When hee wist weill that VVallace comming was,
He left the Land and couth to Slanis passe:
And syne be Shippe fled in England againe.
Wallace rade throughe the North-land into plaine.
Cromartie feill Englishmen they slew,
The worthy Scots vnto him couth persue.
Returned againe, and come to Aberdene,
With his blyth Hoste, vpon the Lammes euen.
Stablisht the Land as hee thought best to bee,
Syne with an Hoste hee passed to Dundie.

How VVallace laid a siedge to Dundie: and gaue battell to Kirkinghame, Thesaurer to King Edward, and to the Earle of VVarrane, at Striuiling Bridge. Chap. IV.

Part set a Seidge about the Castell strong.
I leaue him there, and further will I gang.
Aymer VVallange hasted him full fast
To England with his whole House-holde past,

Bothwell hée left, was Murrayes Heritage,
And tooke him then to goe to Edwards wage.
Thus his owne Land hee left for euermor.
Of VVallace déed great tidings told hee there,
Als Englishmen sore mourned in their mood,
That lossit heere both life lands and good.
Edward as then couth not in Scotland faire:
But Kirkinghame, that was his Thesaurer:
With him a Lord, that Earle was of Warrane,
Hée chargit them, with number mony one,
Right weill beseene in Scotland for to ride,
At Striuiling still, hée ordained them to bide.
Whill hee might come, with Ordinance of England
Scotland againe hee thought to take on Hand.
This Hoste past forth, and had but little Dreid,
The Earle Patricke receiued them at Tweid.
Malice hée had at good Wallace before,
Long time by-past and that increased more,
But throw ane cace, it hapnit of his wife,
Dumbar from him shée held into a strife.
Throw the supply of Wallace into plaine,
But hée by meanes got his Castle againe.
Long time ere then: and yet hée couth not ceis,
Against Wallace hee proued mony pries,
With Englishmen supplyde them at his might,
Contrare Scotland they wrought full great vnright.
Their musture then was awfull for to sée,
Of feghting men thousands were sirty.
To Striuiling Bridge past ere they likit to bide,
To Earle Malcome a Siedge they laid that tide:
And thought to kéepe the Command of their King,
But good VVallace wrought for an other thing.
Dundie hée left, and made a good Chiftaine,
With two thousand, to kéepe that Houle of Ston

Of North-land men and Dwellers at Dundie:
That samin night to Saint-Johnstowne went hee.
Upon the morne to Shirreffe-mure he rade,
And there a while in good Array hee bade.
Syr John the Grahame, said, Wee haue vnder-tane
With lesse power, such thing that weill is gone,
Then Wallace said, Where such thing comes of need,
We should thank GOD, that makes vs for to speed,
But neere the Bridge my purpose is to bee,
And worke for them some subtill jeopardie,
Ramsay answerit, The Bridge wee may keepe weill,
Of way about the Sutheron hes little feill.
Wallace send Lop the Battell for to set,
To Tuesday nert to feght withoutten let.
On Saturnday vnto the Bridge they rade,
Of good plaine Boords was well and joyntly made.
Part Watches wait that none should to them passe,
A Wright hee tooke, the subtilest that was,
And ordainit him to saw the Boords in two,
By the mid-trest, that none might ouer it goe,
In Cornell bands nailed it full soone,
Syne filled it with Clay, as nothing had beene done,
The other end hee ordainit for to bee,
How it should stand vpon rollers of tree.
When one were out, that the leaue downe should fal
Himselfe vnder hee ordainit there with all.
Bound on the Trest, in a Cradle to sit.
To lowse the Pine, when Wallace leit him wit,
But with an Horne, when it was time to bee,
In all the Hoste no man should blow but hee,
The Day approachit of the great Battell,
The Englishmen for power would not faile.
The fire they were against one of Wallace,
Fifty thousand made them to Battell place.

The remanent bade at the Castle still,
Both Fielde and Houſe they thought to keepe at will
The worthie Scots vpon the other ſide,
The plaine Field tooke, on foote made them to byde,
Hew Kirkinghame the Vanguard then led hee,
With twenty thouſand of liklie men to ſee.
Thirty thouſand the Earle of VVarrane had:
But hee did then as the Wiſe-man him bad:
All the firſt Hoſte before him ouer was ſend
Some Scots man, that weill the matter kend:
Bade Wallace blow, and ſaid, they were anew,
Hee haſted not, but ſadly couth perſew,
Whill VVarranes Hoſte thicke on the Bridge he ſa
From Iop the Horne hee hint, and couth it blow,
So Aſperly, and warnd good Iohn VVright:
The Roller out hee ſtrake then with great ſlight,
The laue yeid downe, when that the Pinnes out g
An hiddeous cry among the people roſe
Both Horſe and Men into the water fell,
The hardy Scots, that would no longer Dwell:
Set on the laue, with ſtrokes ſad and ſore,
Of them there ouer as then ſouered they were,
At the fore-breiſt they proued hardilie,
Wallace and Grahame, Boyde, Ramſay and Lund
All in the ſtour, feghting face for face,
The Southeron oft backe rered in that place.
At the firſt ſtroke fiue Aiker braod and more.
VVallace on foote a greit ſharpe Speir hes bore,
Among the thickeſt of the preaſſe hee goes,
On Kirkinghame a ſtroke hee choſen hes,
In the birneis that poliſht was full bright,
The prunzeing head the plates pierced right;
Throw the body ſticked him but reſcue.
Perſy to Death that Chiftaine was adew.

Both Man and Horſe at that ſtroke he bare Downe,
The Engliſh Hoſte that were in battell bowne.
Comfort they tint when their Chiftaine was ſlaine,
And mony one to flée began in plaine.
Yet worthie Men bade ſtill into that ſtéd,
Whill ten thouſand were brought vnto the deid,
Then fled the laue and might no longer bide,
Succour they ſought in mony Diuers ſide,
Some Eaſt, ſome Weſt, and ſome fled to the North:
Seuen thouſand whole at once ſlottred in Forth.
Plunged in Dépe, Drowned without mercie,
Some left on liue of all that whole menzie.
Of VVallace Hoſte no man was ſlaine of baile,
But Andrew Murray, into that ſtrong battell.
The South part then that ſaw their men were tint,
As fiercely fled, as fire doeth from the Flint.
The place hes left, Striuiling Caſtle and Towne,
Toward Dumbar in great haſte made them bowne,
When VVallace Hoſte had wun the Field by might
Took vp the Brige, and lowſed good Iohn VVright.
On the fléers ſyne followed wonder faſt,
Erle Malcolme als out of the Caſtle paſt.
With Lennox men to ſtuffe the chaſe good ſpéd,
Bye by the way they gart feill Sutheron bléd,
In the Torwood they gart full mony die,
The Erle of VVarrane then can full fiercely flée,
With Corſ-Patrike that graithly can him guide,
Unchanging Horſe, out throw the land they ride.
Straight to Dumbar, but few with them they led,
Many were ſlaine, ouerloathfully that fled:
The Scottiſh Horſe had run full wonder long.
Some gaue ouer, and might no further gang.
VVallace and Grahame euer together bade,
At Haddingtowne full great ſlaughter they made.

Of Englishmen, when there horse tyred had.
When Ramsay came, good Wallace was full glad,
With hun was Boyde and Richard of Lundie:
Thrée hundreth whole was of good Cheualrie,
And Adam Wallace als of Richardtowne,
With Erle Malcolme they sound at Haddingtowne,
The Scottishmen on slaughter taried was,
Whill to Dumbar the two Chiftains couth passe.
Full spitefull were for their contrary cace,
Wallace followit, whill they got in that place.
Of their best men, and Kirkinghame of renowne,
Thirty thousand was deid but redemptioun.
Beside Beltowne Wallace returned againe,
To follow more then was it but in vaine.

IN Haddingtoun lodging hee made all night
Upon the morne to Striuiling passed right.
On the assumption day befell this cace,
Aye loued be the Lord of his good Grace.
Conuoyer oft hée was to good Wallace,
And helped him in many sundry place.
Wallace in haste soone after this Battell,
A great oath tooke of all the Barrons whole.
That with good will would come to his presence.
Hée heght them als to bide at their defence,
Syr Iohn Menteith, was then of Arrane Lord,
To Wallace came, and made a plaine concord.
With Witnesse there with his oath he him band,
Lawty to kéepe to VVallace and Scotland.
Who would not with frée will to right apply,
VVallace by force punisht them rigorously.
Part put to death part put in Prison strong.
Great word of him throw both these Realmes rang
Dundie they got soone by a short treatie:

But for their lines, they fled away by Sea.
Englisch Captains that houses had in hand,
Left Castels frée, and stole out of the Land.
Within ten dayes after this time was gone,
English Captains in Scotland then was none,
Except Berwicke and Roxburgh Castels wight,
Yet Wallace thought to bring them to the right.

THat time there was a worthie true Barron,
To name hée hecht Christell of Setoun.
In Ledburgh Wood, for castle hée had bene,
Against Southeron full weill hée couth contene,
Edward couth not from Scottis faith him get,
Though they gaue a million of gold weill met.
Herbottell fled from Iedburgh Castle wight,
Towards England: there Setoun met him right.
With fourty men Christell in bargane bade,
Against seuen score, and meikill mastry made,
Slew that Captaine and mony cruell man:
Full great Riches in that journey hée wan.
House-hold and Gold, as they should passe away:
The quhilk before, they keeped many a day.
Iedburgh he tooke, and Ruthuen leaued he,
At Wallace will there Captaine for to be.
Bold Setoun syne to Loutheane made repare:
In this story yee may heare of him more,
And into Bruce, who liketh for to reide,
Hee was with him in mony cruell Dreid:
Good Wallace then full sadly can deuise,
To rule the Land, with worthie Men and wise.
Captaine hee made and Shyrreffes that were good,
Part of his kin, and of true other blood,
His deir Cousen in EDINBVRGH ordained hee,
With true Crawfurd, that aye was full worthie.

Keeper

keeper of it with noble men at Wage,
In Manwell then hee had good Heritage.
Scotland was free, that long in Baile had bene
VVallace it wan, from our false Enemies keene,
Great Gouernour of Scotland hee couth ring,
Waiting a time to get his Righteous King,
From Englishmen that held him in bandowne,
Long wrongfully from his owne righteous Crowne.

THE EIGHTH BOOKE.

How *Wallace* put Corſ-Patricke out of Scotland. Chap. I.

THe Monethes thus Scotland stoode in good rest,
A Counsell tryde them thought it was the best.
In Sainct-Iohnston, where it should holden bee,
Assembled Clerke, Barron, and Burgesse free.
But Corſ-Patricke would not come at their call,
Bade in Dumbar, and made scorne of them all,
They spake of him still Lords of that Parliament.
Then Wallace said, Will ye hereto consent,
Forgiue him free all things that is by-past.
So hee will come, and grant hee hes trespast,
From this time forth keepe layty to our Crowne,
They granted thereto, Clerke, Burgesse, and Barron.

With

With haill consent their writing to him send,
Right lowlie thus they them to him commend,
Besought him faire as ane then of the Land.
To come and take some Gouernance in hand,
Lightly hee leugh, in scorne as it had beene,
And said, hee had sic Message seldom seene;
That Wallace now as Gouernour shall reigne.
Heere is great falt of ane good Prince or King.
That King of Kyle I cannot vnderstand,
Of him I held neuer a sure of Land,
That Bauchler trowes for Fortoun shows her quheill
There with to lask, it shall not long bee weill,
But to you Lords, and yee will vnderstand,
I make you wise I ought to make no band,
Als free I am in this Region to reigne,
Lord of mine owne, as euer was Prince or King,
In England als great part of land I haue,
Hanrent thereof will no man of mee crane,
What will yee more? I warne you I am free,
For your Commonds, yee get no more of mee.
To Saint-Iohnstowne this Writ hee send againe,
Before the Lords was manifest in plaine:
When Walace heard the Erle sic answere maks,
Ane great heit throw courage then hee taks:
For hee wist weill there could bee but one King,
Of this Region attainis for to reigne:
An King of Kyle for that hee called Wallace,
Lords hee said, This is an vncouth race.
Bee hee suffered wee are war nor wee was,
Thus rose hee vp and made him for to passe,
GOD hes vs tholed to doe so for the laue,
On Life or Death, in Faith wee shall him haue,
Or gar him grant whom hee held for his Lord,
Or els ware shame in story to record,

I vow

I vow to GOD with ease hee shall not bee.
Into this Realme but one of vs shall die.
Lesse then hee come and know his righteous King,
In this Regioun weill both wee shall not ring,
His lightly scorne hee shall repent full sore,
But power faill or I shall end therefore.
Sen in this eird is ordainit mee no rest.
Now GOD bee Judge the right hee knowes best,
At that counsell hee longer taryit nought,
With his two hūdreth fra Sainct-Johnston he soght,
To the counsell made instance or hee yeid,
They should contein and of him haue no Dreid
I am but one, and for good cause I goe,
Towart Kingorn the ganest way they to.
Upon the morne ouer Foorth South they past,
On his voyage hee haistit wonder fast.
Robert Lawder at Mussilburgh met Wallace,
From Englishmen hee keipit weill his place:
Couth none him twit knight, Squyer, nor yet Lord,
With King Edward for to bee at concord,
On Earle Patrik to passe hee was full glaid,
Some said before the Bas hee would haue had,
Good men come als with Cristell of getoun,
Then Wallace was foure hundreth of renowne.
Ane Squyer Lyle that weill the countrie knew,
With twenty men to Wallace couth persew.
Beside Lyntoun and to them told hee then,
That Erle Patrik with mony likly men,
At Cokburns path hee had his gathering made,
And to Dumbar would come withoutten baid.
The Lawder said, It were the best thinkes mee,
Faster to passe in Dumbar or hee bee,
VVallace answerit, Wee may at laiser ryde,
With yon power hee thinkes bargane to byde.

And

And of one thing yee shall weill understand,
An hardyer Lord is not within our Land.
Might hee bee made true steidfast to our King,
By wit and force hee can doe mekill thing:
But wilfully hee likes to tyne himsell,
Thus raid they forth and would no longer Dwell,
By Eist Dumbar where men them told on race,
How Earle Patrik was warnsd of Wallace.
Neir Innerweik cheist ane feild at will.
With nyne hundreth of lyklie men but faile.
Foure hundreth was with Wallace in the right,
And they anone approached to their sight.
Greit fait was there of good treaty betweene,
To make concord and that full soone was seene,
Without reheirse of Actioun in that tyde,
On either part together fast they ryd.
The stour was strong and wonder perillous,
Continued long with deeds Cheualrous,
Mony there dett of cruell Scots blood,
Of this treaty the matter is not good:
Therefore I cease to tell the Destruction,
Pittie it was and all of an Nation.
But Earle Patrik the field left at the last:
Right few with him to Cokburns-path there past,
Aggreuit sore that his men thus was tynt,
Wallace returned and would no longer stint.
Toward Dumbar where suithfast men him told,
No purueance was left into that Hold,
Nor men of Fence, all had beene with their Lord.
When Wallace hard the sicker true record,
Dumbar hee tooke all haill at his bandoun,
Gaue it to keepe to Creistell of Seroun.
Who stuffed it with men and good Vittaill,
Vpon the morne VVallace that would not faill,

With

With thrée hundreth to Cokburnes path hée sought,
Ere Patrike ished, for byde him would hee nought,
Soone to the Parke VVallace ane range hes set.
To Bonkill Wood Corſ-Patrike fled but let,
And out of it to Norame paſſed hée,
Then Wallace ſaw it might no better bee.
To Caldſtreme rade, and iudged him on Tweid,
Erle Patrike then in all haſte can him ſpeid,
And paſſed by or Wallace power roſe,
Without reſting to Ettrik Forreſt goes.
Wallace followed but hée would not aſſaill,
Ane range to make, as then it might not vaill,
Quer few hee had the ſtrength was thicke and ſtrong
Twelue Myle of breid, and thereto twiſe as long.
Into Cokholme Erle Patrik bad at reſt,
For more power Wallace paſt in the Weſt:
Erle Patrik then him graithed haſtely,
In England paſt to get him there ſupplie,
Out thorow the land right earneſtly couth paſſe,
To Anthonie Beik that Lord of Durame was,
VVallace put him out of Glaſgow before,
And ſlew Perſie their malice was the more,
And Biſhop Beeke gart ſoone great power ryſe,
Northumberland vpon ane awfull wyſe.
They ordained Bruce in Scotland for to paſſe
To win his owne, but euill Deceiued hee was:
They gart him trow that Wallace was rebell,
And thought to take the Kingrike to him ſell,
For falſe they were, and euer yet hes béene,
Lawty and Trueth was euer in VVallace ſeene,
To ſend the right was all hée tooke in hand.
And thought to bring Bruce free to his Land,
Of this matter as now I tary nought,
With ſtrong power on Sutheron together ſought,

From

From Oyis water assembled haill to Tweid,
The Land Hoste was thirtie thousand indeid,
Of Themis mouth send ships by the sey,
To kepe Dumbar that none should them supplie,
Erle Patrike past with twenty thousand but let,
Before Dumbar ane stalwart seige hee set.
The Bishop Beik and Robert Bruce bade still,
With ten thousand in Norame at their will,
VVallace by this that fast was labourand,
In Louthiane come with good fyue men thousand,
Right weill beseene into their Armour bright,
Thought to reskew the Setoun bold and wight,
Under Zester that first night ludged hee,
Hay come to him with an good Chevalry,
In Doun Forrest all that time hee had beene,
Hee had the comming of the Sutheron seene,
Fyfty hee had of wise men into weir.
They told VVallace of Patrikes great affeir,
Hay said, Forsuith and yee might him ouerset,
Power againe right sone hee might not get.
My counsell is, that yee giue him battell,
Hee thanked them of comfort and counsell.
And said, Friend Hay, in this cause that I wend,
So that wee win, I reke not for to end,
Right suith it is that once wee must die,
Into the right who should in terrour bee?
Erle Patrike there an Messenger gart passe,
Told Anthonie that VVallace comming was.
Of this Tithings the Bishop was full glade,
An mends of him full faine hee would haue had.
But more prolong throw Lammer-mure they rade.
Nere the Spot-mure in bushment still he bade,
Where Erle Patrik then ordained for to bee,
VVallace of Beik vnwairned then was hee,

Yet

Yet hee before was not hastie indeid,
Lut then hee put both him and his in Dreid,
Upon swift Horse stowrtrous rade betwæne,
The comming them of Erle Patricke hes seene,
The House hee left, and to the Moore is gone,
A plaine Field with his Horse hes hee tane,
Good Seton then ishit with few menzie,
Part of his men into Dumbar left hee,
To Wallace rade was on the righteous side,
In good Array to Spotmure they ryde,
Some Scots dreid the Earle so mony was,
Twenty thousand against so few to passe:
But Iop perceived hee bade Wallace should byde,
Mine not your men but to some strength yee ryde.
And I shall passe to get you power more,
These are ouer good thus lightly for to waire,
Then Wallace said in trueth I shall not flee,
For foure of his aye one while I may bee,
Wee are ouer neir sic purpose for to take,
A Dangerous chase they might upon vs make,
Heere is twenty with this power this Day,
Would him allay suppose I were away,
Mony they are for GODS sake bee wee strong,
Yon Sutheron folke in stour will not bide long.

Howe Cotspatricke brought in Scotland Bishop Beeke, and Robert the Bruce, and howe VVallace gaue them battell, and put them out of Scotland. Chap. II.

THe braine Battell braithly on either side,
Greit reird there rose ouer all wher that they rid,
The sore sembly when they together met,
Feill strokes there they sadly on other set.

Pruinzein

Quintzeing to peirs throw plates preastit fast,
Mony off Horse downe to the ground they cast,
Saddels they teime of Horse but Matters there,
Of the South side fiue thousand Downe they bare:
Good Wallace Hoste the formost cummerit so,
That the laue was in will away to goe:
Erle Patrike bade so cruell of intent,
All his whole Hoste of him tooke hardiment,
Against Wallace in mony stoute was bee.
Wallace knew weill that his men would not flee,
For no power that liuing was on liue,
Whill they on heill might bee aye one for fiue.
In that great strikke mony were handlit haite,
The feill Dints, the cruell hard Debate.
The feirs striking made mony greuous wound,
Upon the eird the blood made to abound.
All Wallace Hoste into a compasse bade.
Where they turnit, full great slaughter they made,
Wallace and Grahame, with Ramsay full worthie,
The bold Seton and Richard of Lundie,
And Adam Wallace als of Richartowne,
With Hay and Lyle with good men of renowne:
Boyde, Barklay, Baird, and Lawder that was wight,
Full Englishmen derfly to Death they dight.
But Erle Patrike full fiercely fought againe,
Throw his owne hand mony bee put to paine.
Our men on him throng forward into throe,
Bade throw the Hoste feill stoppes to and froe.
The Englishmen began plainly to flee,
Then Bithop Beeke full suddenly they see,
And Robert Bruce, contrare his native men,
Wallace was woe, frae time hee could him ken.
Of Bruces Deeds hee was aggrieuit more.
Then all the laue that Day that semblew there,

The great bushment at once then brake on breid,
Ten thousand whole that doughty were indeed,
The fleeers then with Earle Patrik releiued,
They fought againe, where many were mischieued,
When Wallace saw the bushment broken was,
Out of the Field on Horse hee thought to passe.
But hee saw weill his Hoste sound in their wæd,
Hee thought to stay the formost ere hee yeed,
The new-come Hoste about him sembled there,
On either side with strokes sade and sore.
The worthy Scots so fiercely fought againe,
Of Anthonies men full many haue they slaine.
But that Tyrant so bled was in Weir,
On VVallace Hoste hee did full mekill deir.
And the bolde Bruce, so cruelly wrought hee,
Through strength of hand feill Scots gart hee die,
To resist Bruce, Wallace hee prealled fast,
But Englishmen so thicke betwirt them past,
And Earle Patrik, in all the haste hee mought.
Throughout the floure to Wallace sone hee sought,
On the Pesinet a felloun stroke him gaue,
Carued the Plate with his sharpe grounden glaue,
Throw all the stuffe, and wounded him some deill.
But VVallace thoght he should be venged weill,
Followed on him, and a stroke ettled fast,
But one Mairland rekleslie betwæne them past.
Upon the head good VVallace hes him tane,
Throw head and braine in sunder strake the bone,
Dead to the ground at that stroke hee him draue,
Thus Wallace was dissevered from the laue.
Of his good men, among them him alone,
About him sought feill enemies many one,
Sticked his Horse, to ground behoued to light,
To send himselfe, as wisely as hee might,

The worthie Scots that might no longer byde,
With heauy harts out of the Field they ryde:
With them in feare they weind Wallace had beene,
On foots hee was among his enemies keene:
God rowme hee made about him into breid,
With his good Sword, that helpit him in need.
Was none so strong that got of him a strake,
After againe made never the Scots waike,
Erle Patricke then, that had great craft in Weir,
With Spears ordainit good Wallace downe to beir:
Anew they tooke were whole into the Field,
To him they yeed, thought hee should haue no beild,
On either side fast prunzeing at his geir,
Hee hewit off heads, and wisely couth him weir.
The worthie Scots of this then little wist,
Bought to good Graham, whē they their Chiftan mist,
Lawder and Lyle, and Hay that was so wight,
And bold Ramsay, whilke was a worthie Knight.
Lundie and Boyd, and Crestell of Setoun,
With fiue hundreth, that were in bargan bowne,
Him to rescue full rudely in they rade,
About Wallace a large rowme they made,
The Bishop Beicke was braithly borne to eird,
At that rescue there was a felloun reird.
Ere hee got vp feill Sutheron they slew,
Out of the prealle Wallace they can rescue,
Some Horsed him vpon a Courser wight,
Toward a strength they rade in all their might.
Right wisely fled, rescuing many man.
The Erle Patrik to stuffe the chase began,
On the fleers there little harme they wrought,
Good Wallace folke away together sought.
Those fiue hundreth the quhilk I spake of aire,
So awfully abandonit them and sore.

The great bushment at once then brake on breid,
Ten thousand whole that doughty were indeed,
The flæers then with Earle Patrik releiued,
They fought againe, where many were mischieued,
When Wallace saw the bushment broken was,
Out of the Field an Horse hæ thought to passe.
But hæ saw weill his Hoste sound in their wæd,
Hæ thought to stay the formost ere hæ yeed.
The new-come Hoste about him sembled there,
On either side with strokes sade and sore.
The worthy Scots so fiercely fought againe,
Of Anthonies men full many haue they slaine.
But that Tyrant so vsed was in Weir,
On VVallace Hoste hæ did full mekill deir.
And the bolde Bruce, so cruelly wrought hee,
Through strength of hand feill Scots gart hee die,
To resist Bruce, Wallace hæ preassed fast,
But Englishmen so thicke betwirt them past,
And Earle Patrik, in all the haste hæ mought.
Throughout the stoure to Wallace sone hæ sought,
On the Pesinet a felloun stroke him gaue,
Carued the Plate with his sharpe grounden glaue,
Throw all the stuffe, and wounded him some deill.
But VVallace thoght he should be venged weill,
Followed on him, and a stroke ettled fast,
But one Maitland rekkelesse betwæne them past.
Upon the head good VVallace hes him tane,
Throw head and brane in sunder strake the bone,
Dead to the ground at that stroke hæ him draue,
Thus Wallace was disseuered from the laue.
Of his good men, among them him alone,
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With them in feare they weind Wallace had beene,
On foes hee was among his enemies keene:
God rowme hee made about him into breid,
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To him they yeed, thought hee should haue no beild,
On either side fast prunzeing at his geir,
Hee helpit off heads, and wisely couth him weir.
The worthie Scots of this then little wist,
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With fiue hundreth, that were in bargan bowne,
Him to rescue full rudely in they rade,
About Wallace a large rowme they made,
The Bishop Beicke was braithly borne to eird,
At that rescue there was a felloun reird.
Ere hee got vp feill Sutheron they slew,
Out of the preasse Wallace they can rescue,
Sone horsed him vpon a Courser wight,
Toward a strength they rade in all their might.
Right wisely fled, rescuing many man.
The Erle Patrik to stuffe the chase began,
On the fleers there little harme they wrought,
Good Wallace folke away together sought.
Those fiue hundreth the quhik I spake of aire,
So awfully abandonit them and fore,

No Follower durst out from his Fellow goe,
Bot good fleers such turning in they mae.
Foure thousand whole had tane the strength before,
Wallace Hoste his comfort was the more.
Of Glastaden that Forrest thought to hold,
Erle Patrike turnit, though hee was neuer so bolde,
Againe to Beeke when scaped was Wallace,
Curling Fortune of his muchancefull cace,
The Field hee wan, and seuen thousand were lost:
Deid on that Day, for all the Bishops boist.
Of Wallace men fiue hundreth slaine I gesse,
But no Chiftaine, his murning was the lesse,
Neir Euen it was, but Beeke would not abide,
In Lawmer mure they turnit in that tide.
Their lodging toke where hee thought to auaile,
For weill they trowit the Scots would assaile,
Upon the Field, where they gaue battell last.
The countrie men to Wallace gathrit fast.
Of Edinburgh, with Crawfurd that was wight,
Foure hundreth come into their Armour bright.
To VVallace rade by his lodging was tane,
Of Teuedaile come good men mony one,
Out of Iedburgh, with Ruthuen at that tide,
Together sought from mony Diuers side.
Syr William then, that Lord was of Dowglas,
With him foure score that night come to Wallace.
Twenty hundreth of new men met that night,
Upon their foes to venge them at their might:
At the first Field these good men had not beene,
Wallace Watches their Aduersairs hes seene.
Into what wise they had their lodging made,
Wallace bouned after Supper but bawe,
In Lawmer mure they passed hastely,
Bowne to Array yeid this good Cheualry.

Wallace

VVallace them made in two parts to bée,
Syr Iohn the Grahame, and Seton ordainit hée,
Lawder and Hay, with thrée thousand to ryde:
Himselfe the laue tooke wisely for to guide.
With him Lundie, both Ransay, and Dowglas,
Barcklay and Boyde, and good Adam VVallace,
By this the Day approached wonder neir,
And bright Titan in presence can appeir:
The Scottish Hoste sone sembled into sight,
Of their enemies, they were not ready Dight,
Out of Array feill of the Sutheron was,
Right awfully Wallace can on them passe:
At this entry the Scots so weill them bare,
Feill of their foes to Death were dryttined there,
Redles they rose, and mony fled away,
Some on the ground were smorit where they lay:
Great noyse and cry was raised them among,
Good Grahame come in that stalwart was and strong
Frae VVallace men were weill together met.
On the South part so awfully they set.
In contrare them the fraide folke might not stand,
At once there fled of Sutheron ten thousand,
The worthie Scots wrought vpon such a wise,
Iop said that they were mekill for to prise.
Yet Bishop Beeke, that fellon Tyrant strong,
Bade in the stoure right awfully and long,
A Knight Skelton, that cruell was and kéene,
Before him stood into his Armour shéene:
To send his Lord, full worthily hee wrought,
Lundie him saw and sadly to him sought:
With his good sword an ackward stroke him gaue,
Throw Pesane stuffe his craig in sunder draue,
Whereof the laue were stonisht in that steid,
The bold Skilton, of Lundies Hand was deid.

Then fled they all, and might no longer byde,
Patricke and Beike away with Bruce they ride:
Fiue thousand held into a flop away,
To Norhame House in all the haste they may,
Our men followit, that worthie were and wight.
Mony fleer derfly to death they dight.
These three Lords to the Castell they sought,
Full feill they lossed that were from England brought,
At this Journey twenty thousand they tint,
Drownit and slaine with Speares and Swords dint,
The Scots at Tweid then hasted them so fast,
Feill Sutheron men to wrong Fords they past,
Wallace returned, in Northame when they were,
For worthie Bruce his heart was wonder sore,
Hee had rather haue had him at his large.
Frée to our Crowne, then of fine gold to charge,
More then was in Troy, when as the Griecks it wan
Wallace passed with many awfull man.
Quer Patrickes Lands, and wasted wonder fast.
Twke out great goods, and Places downe can cast,
His Steids twelue, that Methamis were calde,
Wallace gart breake those burely Buildings bolde,
Both in the Mers and also Louthiane:
Except Dumbar standing hée leaued none,
To EDINBVRGH then vpon the eight Day,
Upon the morne Wallace without delay,
To Perth past where a Counsell was set,
To the Barrons hée shewit without let:
How his great How right weill eschewit was,
To a Master hee gart Erle Patrik passe.
Because hée said of Scotland hée held nought.
To King Edward to get supplie hée sought,
The Lords were blyth, and welcomit weill Wallace,
Thanking Great GOD of his faire happy cace.

Wallace toke state to gouerne all Scotland:
The Barnage whole made him an open Band.
Then dealt the Land to gud men him about,
For Scotlands Right had set their liues in doubt.
Stanetoune hee gaue to Lawder in his wage,
The Knight Wallange ought it in Heritage,
Then Birgem crucke hé gaue Lyle, that was wight,
To Skrymger als full good Reward hé dight,
Syne Wallace Towne, and other Lands theretill,
To worthie men hee dealt, with noble will,
To his owne Kin no Heritage gaue hé.
But Offices, that euer ilke man might sé.
For couetice their could no man him blame:
Hé bade reward, whill the King should come home,
Of all hee did, hee thought to byde the Law,
Before his King and Maister when hee him saw,
Scotland was blyth, in Dolour had béene long.
In euery part to good labour they gang.

How VVallace past in England, and remained there three quarters of ane Yeere, and came home againe but Battell. Chap. III.

By this the time of October was past,
Nouember neare approachit wonder fast,
Tidings there come King Edward greiued was:
With his power in Scotland thought to passe,
For Erle Patrike had giuen such counsell,
Wallace got wot, and semblit power haill,
Fourty thousand in Rosling mure they met,
Lords hee said, this is King Edwards set.
In contrare Right to séeke vs in our Land,
I heght to GOD, and to you, by mine hand.

I shall him meet for all his great Barnage,
Within England, to send our Heritage.
His false Desire shall on himselfe bee sæne,
Hee shall vs find in contrare of his æne.
Sen hee with wrong hes ridden this Regioun,
Wee shall now passe in contrare of his crowne:
I will not bid great Lords with vs to fare,
For mine intent plainly I will declare:
Our purpose is either to win or die,
Who yeelds him shall neuer ransoned bee.
The Barrons then him answerit worthily,
And said they would passe with their Cheualry:
Himselfe and Iop prouidit that menie:
Twenty thousand of waillit men toke hee:
Harnesse and Horse hee gart among them waill,
Weapons anew that might them best auaill,
Graithit these men, that cruell were and kæne,
Better in Warre in world couth not bee sæne,
Hee bade the laue in labour for to bide,
In good Array from Rosling mure they ride:
In their Muster good VVallace couth them aske,
What needeth moe in one Power to passe:
All of one will, as I trow set are wee,
In plaine battell tan nought Discomfisht bee,
Our Realme is poore, wasted with Sutheron blod,
Goe and win on them Gold and other good.
The Hoste inclined all with humble will,
And said they should bidding then fulfill.
The Erle Malcome, with his Ireland men is gone,
But name of Rule on him hee would haue none:
VVallace him knew a Lord that was worthie,
At his counsell hee wrought full stedfastly.
Starker hee was, if hee had battell seene,
For hee before had in good journeyes bæne.

A man

A man of strength, that hes good wit withall,
A whole Regioun may comfort at his call.
As manly Hector wrought into his Warre,
Against an hundreth counted was his Speare.
But that was not throw his strength onely,
Such rule hee led of noble Chevalry.
These examples were worthie for to ken.
Hector I leave, and speik forth of our men.
The knight Campbell made him to that voyage,
Of Lochow chiefe, that was his Heritage:
And good Ramsay forth to that Journey went.
Syr Iohn the Grahame forward in his intent,
VVallace Cousen, Adam, full worthie was,
And Robert Boyde, forth blythly can they passe,
Both Auchinlecke and Richart of Lundie,
Lawder and Hay, and Setoun full worthie.

THis Royall Hoste but resting forth they rade,
To Brokis field, and there a while they bade,
Then VVallace tooke with him fourty but leis,
To Roxburgh Yate rade soone ere they would ceis,
Sutheron marueiled, if it should bee VVallace,
Without assurance come to persue that place,
Of Syr Rauffe Gray soone presence couth hee aske,
And warned him thus, further ere hee would passe,
Our purpose is in England for to ride.
No time wee haue of stedging for to bide:
Take tent and heare of our comming againe,
Give ouer this House, send me the Keyes in plaine,
This I command, before these witnesse large,
If thou wilt not, remaine withall the charge.
But this bee done, of force and I take thee,
Ouer the Wall thou shalt bee Hanged hie,
With that hee turned, and all his Hoste can wend,

The

This ilke command to Berwicke soone hee send.
With good Ramsay, that was a worthie knight,
The hoste but more right awfully hee dight.
Began at Tweid and spared nought they found, sand
But burnt by force all whole Northumberland.
All Durhame Towne they burnt vp in a gleid.
Abbayes they spared, and Kirkes where they yeid.
To Yorke they rade, but bade ere they would blin,
To burne and slay of them hee thought no sinne.
No sinne they thought the same to let vs feele,
But VVilliam Wallace quite our querrall weill,
Fortes they wan, and small Castles cast downe,
With Asper Weapons payit their Ransoune,
Of Prisoners they likit not to keepe.
Whom they ouertook they maye their friends to weip
No Sutheron sauit, for all their great Riches:
All such trashry hee callit Wretchednesse.
Vnto the yates and Suburbes of the Towne,
Fearthly they burnt and broke their buildings down,
At the Walles assailzeit fifténe Dayes,
Whill King Edward sent to them in this wise,
A Knight a Clerke, and a Squyer of Peace,
And prayit them from burning for to cease,
And heght battell ere fifténe Dayes were past,
Souerance so long if hee liked hee aske,
And als hee speired, Why Wallace tooke on hand,
The felloun strife in defence of Scotland?
And said, Yee marueiled in his wits for thy,
Against England was of so great party:
Since yee haue made so mekill of Scotland free,
It were good time for to let malice bee.
Wallace hath heard the Message say their will,
With manly voyce right thus hee said them till,
Yee may knoow well that Right enough wee haue:

Of

Of his ſouerance I couet not to craue,
Becauſe I am a natiue Scots man,
It is my debt to doe all that I can.
To ſend this Kinrike out of Dangering,
To his deſier wee will grant him ſome thing
Our Hoſte ſhall ceaſe for chance that may betide,
Thir fourty Dayes bargane for to abide,
And ſhalt doe noght leſſe then it moue in you,
In this reſpite my ſelfe couth neuer trow,
King Edwards Writ vnder his Seale they gaue,
In fourtie Dayes that they ſhould battell haue,
Wallace then gaue credence to their King,
Their leaue they tooke, ſyne paſſed but reſting,
And told him haill how Wallace leit them feill,
Of their ſouerance hee cared not a deill.
Sic ruled men ſo awfull in effeir,
Are not criſten that hee leids into weir,
The King anſwered, and ſaid, It ſhould bee kend,
It comes of wit, Enemies to commend,
They are to dread right greatly in certane,
Sadly they thinke of Harmes that they haue tane,
Leaue I them thus at counſell with the King,
And of the Scots againe to ſpeike ſome thing,

VVAllace tranoynted vpon the ſecond Day,
From Zork they paſt vpon an good Array,
North-weſte they went in battell buſked bowne,
Their lodging tooke beſide Northallartowne.
And cryed his Peace their marcatis for to ſtand,
Thay fourty Dayes for people of England,
Who that liked ony Victuall to ſell,
Of all their choir was mekill for to tell,
Syr Rauffe Rymount Captaine of Miltoun was,
With great power by night draained to paſſe.

On VVallace Hoste to make some jeopardie,
Feill Scotishmen that dwelt in that countrie,
Wist of this thing and gathred to VVallace,
They made him wise of all this fellown cace.
Good Lundie then to him hee called there,
And Hew the Hay of Lochartquhart was Aire,
With three thousand that worthelie was wrought,
Syne priuately on fra the Hoste they sought,
The men hee tooke that come to him of new,
Guids to bee for they the Countrie knew,
The Hoste they made in good quyet to bee,
Ane space from them hee busked priuately,
Syr Rauf Rymount with seuen thousand come in,
On VVallace Host ane jeopardie did beginne:
The bushment brake or they the Hoste come neir,
The Sutheron men the worthie Scots can steir:
Three thousand hail were braithly brought to ground
Iourney they sought and sickerly hes found,
Syr Raufe Rymount was sticked one an speir,
Three thousand slaine that worthie were in weir,
No Sutheron wist when their Chiftaine was slaine,
To Milton fast they fled all in their maine,
VVallace followed fast with his gud Cheualry,
Among Sutheron they entered suddenly,
Scots and Englis into the towne attaines,
Sutheron men shot and braithly cuist downe stones,
Of their owne men right feill then haue they slaine,
The Scots about that were of mekill maine,
Vp greisses ran and seisit all the towne,
Deirly to dead the Sutheron dang they downe.
VVallace there hes founden greit riches,
Iewels and gold, Weapons and Harnesse,
Spuilzeit the towne of wine and of vittaill,
To his Hoste send with cariage of greit vaill,

Three

Fyue Dayes still within the Towne hee bade,
Syne brake downe worke that worthely was made,
Wiues and bairnes they put out of the Towne,
No man hee saued that was of that Nation.
When Scots had tane and turfed their Desire,
Walls they brake, and set the lane on fyre.
The tymber worke they burnt vp all in plaine,
On the feird day to the Hoste rade againe,
Gart cast ane Dyke that might some strengthning be
To keepe the Hoste from suddaine jeopardie.
Then Englishmen was right graithly agast,
From North and South vnto the King they past,
At Pumfret lay and held an Parliament,
To gine battell the Lords would not consent,
But VVallace were of Scotland Crowned King,
Their counsell fand it was ane perrellous thing,
For though they wan, they wan but as they weir.
And if they tint lost England euer mair.
In case it were put in the Scots hand,
And this Decreit their wit among them fand,
If VVallace would vpon him take the Crowne,
To gine battell they should bee ready bowne.
The samine message to him they send againe,
And their intent they told to him in plaine.
VVallace them chargit from his presence absent,
His Counsell callit, and shew them his intent,
He and his men desirit battell to haue,
Be ony wayes of England ouer the lane.
Himselfe said first, That were an ouer hie thing,
Against my faith to reaue my righteous King:
I am his owne borne natiue of Scotland,
To weir the Crowne I will not take on Hand.
To send my Realme it is my debt be skill,
Let GOD aboue reward me as hee will.

Some

Some bade Wallace vpon him take the Crowne,
Wise men said nay, it were Derisioun,
To crowne him King but voyce of Parliament,
For they wist not if Scotland would consent,
Other some said, It was the wrongous place,
Thus deemed they of mony diuerse cace.
The Knight Campbell of wit ane worthie man,
As I said aire with them was present then,
Heard and answered when mony said their will.
This were the best and VVallace grant theretill,
To crowne him King solempnithe for ane Day,
To get ane end of all our long delaye.
The good Erle Malcolme said that Wallace might,
As for one day in fence of Scotlands right.
Though hee refused it lastingly to beir,
Receiue the Crowne as into feir of weir.
The people all to him gaue their consent,
Malcolme of olde was Lord of Parliament,
Yet Wallace tholed and leit them say their will,
When they had deemed by mony diuerse skill,
In his owne minde hee abhorred this thing,
The Commons cryed, Make Wallace crowned King
Them sembled hee and said, It should not bee,
At termes short yee get no more of mee.
Vnder cullour our answer wee must make,
But like ane thing I will not on mee take.
I will you suffer to say that it was swa,
It were ane scorne the Crowne on mee to ta
They would not let the message of England,
Come them among or they should vnderstand,
Two Knights past to the message againe,
Made them to trow VVallace was crowned in plain
Gart them trust weill that this was suithfast thing,
Deliuered this they passed to the King,

To Pumfret went and told that they hade ſæne,
VVallace crowned whereof they Lords were tæne,
In barrat wore in Parliament where they ſtod,
Then ſaid they all thir tythings are not god,
Hæ did ſo weill in all his time befoze,
And now their King hee will doe mekill moze,
An foztunate man no thing goes him againe,
And wæ giue battell, wæ ſhall repent with paine,
An other ſaid, And battell will hee haue,
Dz ſtroy our land no treaſour may vs ſaue.
In his conqueſt ſene firſt hæ couth begin,
Hæ ſelles not, but takes that hæ may win.
Foz Engliſhmen hæ ſets no Dome but deid,
Pryce oz penneis may make vs no remeid,
And VVodſtocke ſayes, yæ wozke not as the wiſe,
If that yee take the anture of ſuppziſe,
Foz though wæ win all that are in England,
The laue are ſtarke againſt vs foz to ſtand.
Be Wallace ſaiſe other they compt but ſmall,
Foz that mæ thinke it were the beſt of all,
To kæpe our ſtrengths Caſtles and walled townes.
So wæ ſhall ſend the folke of this Regioun,
Though Nozth bæ burnt, better of ſouerance to bæ,
Then ſet all England in ane ieapardy,
They granted all as Wodſtocke can them ſay,
And thus they put the Battell in delay,
And keſt them haill foz other gouernance.
Againſt Wallace to wzike ſome ozdinance,
Thus Wallace hes in plaine diſcomfeiſt haill,
Againſt King Edward all his haill battell,
Foz throw falſet and his ſubtilitie,
They thought hæ ſhould foz great neceſſitie,
And ſalt of fod to ſteill out of the land,
This Deceite their wit among them fand.

They

They gart the King cry all their Market downe,
From Trent to Tweid throw fair and free towne:
That in the bounds no man should Victuall leid,
Nic stuffe and wine, vnder the paine of Deid,
This same Decreit they gaue in Parliament,
Of Scots sooth to speik is mine intent.
Wallace lay still whill fourty Dayes were gone,
Abiding them, but appearance saw none:
Battell to haue as their promise was made,
He gart againe display his Bannet braid:
Reprouit Edward right greatly of this thing,
Bauchlit his Heill, blew out on this false King,
As recrying turnit backe and yeid his gait,
Then Wallace made full mony biggings baik,
They raisit fire, brunt vp Northallartowne,
Againe throw Yorke fyre boldly made them bowne
Destroyit the Land, as farre as euer they ryde,
Seuen myle about they brint on either side.
And wrought the Sutheron mony working woun,
Pallices spilt great Tours can confound:
Widowis weipit with sorrow in their song,
Maidens murnit with great meaning among,
They sparit none but Women and the Kirke,
The worthie Scots of labour would not irke,
Gaue to Abbayes right largely of their good,
To all Kirke men they did nothing but good.
The temporall Land they spulzeit at their will,
Good Gardings gay and greit Orcharts they spill,
To Zorke they went thir Meirmen of renown.
An Seige set they right sadly to the Towne.
For Greit Defence they garneisht them within,
An fellonn fault without they can begin.

The Siedge of Yorke. Chap. IIII.

Deuided the Hoste in foure parts about,
With watches fell, that no man should thē out
About the towne, vpon the South-part syde,
There VVallace and good Lundie did abide,
Erle Malcolme fyne at the Weist yate abade,
With him the Boyde that good Journeyes had maid
The knight Campbell of Lochow that was Lord,
At the North yate, and Ramsay made them ford.
Syr Iohn the Grahame, that worthie was in Weir,
Auchinlecke, Crawfurde, with full manly effeir,
At the Eaist Port boldly they thinke to byde,
Athousand Archers vpon the Scots syde.
Diseuerit them amongst the foure parties,
Fiue thousand Bow-men in the Towne for thy,
Within the Walles Arrayit them full right.
Twelue thousand moe, that seemly was to sight,
Then VVallace said, And yond were on a Plaine,
In field to fight mee thinke wee should bee faine:
Then sailzeit they right fast on euery syde,
The worthie Scots that boldy durst abide,
With Speare, and Shield, for Guns had they none,
Within the Dikes they gart feill Sutheron grone,
Arrowes they shot, right fierce as any fire:
Out ouer the Walles that flamit in great yre,
Throw birneis bright, with heads of fine stæle,
The Sutheron blood of friendship none they fæle.
Ouer shining Harnesse sought the bloode so shæne,
The Englishmen that cruell were and kæne,
Reipit their towne and rendit them full fast,
Faggalds of fire among the Hoste they cast,
With Picke and Tarre of feill Sowes they sent.

Mony were hurt, ere they from the Walles went
Stones of Spring-holds they did cast out so fast,
And gads of Yron, made mony grome agast.
But neuertheleſſe the Scots that were without,
The Towne full oft they set into greit doubt
Their Bulwarke burnt right brimly of the Towne,
Their Barmkin wan, and greit Garrets cast down,
Thus sailzeit they on ilke side with greit night.
The Day was gone, and cumming was the Night,
The werie Hoste then drue them from the Towne
Set out watches, for resting made them bowne.
Wesh wounds with wine of them that were vnsound
For nane was dead, of greit mirth they abound.
Feill men were hurt, but no mourning they made,
Confirmit the Siege, and stedfastly abade.
When that the Sunne on morrow rose vp bright,
Before the Chiftains assemblit they full right,
And said, Amends of the Towne they should take,
For all the fence that the Sutheron might make.
Arrayed againe, as they began before,
About the Towne they assailzeit wonder sore,
With fellon shot out ouer the Walles full shéne,
Feill Englishmen that cruell were and kéne,
With shot were slaine, for all their Targes strong,
Burstit Helms mony to ground they dang.
Brim burning fire they cuist at euery yate,
The Entries thus in perrill oft they set,
The Defenders were of full greit Defence,
Keipit the Towne, throw strength and violence,
All thus the Day they drave vnto the Night.
To Pauillions bownit mony wearie wight,
All irkt of weir, the Towne was strong to win:
Of Artailzie and Noble men within,
When that they trowed the Scots were at rest,

For ieopardy the Englishmen them kest,
Syr Iohn Morton was knowne worthy and wight,
Syr VVilliam Leis then graithed them that night.
With fiue thousand well garnisht and sauage:
Vpon the Scots they thought to make skirmage,
And at the yate ished out hastely,
On Erle Malcolme, and his god Cheualry.
To chek the Watch VVallace and ten hes bæne,
Riding about, and hes their comming sæne:
Hæ gart one blow, was in his company,
The ready men Arrayed them hastely,
Feill of the Scots like night in Harnesse bade,
By Ordinance, for they such rule had made:
With short Auise together then they went,
Vpon their foes, where feill Sutheron were shent,
Wallace knew well the Erle to hasty was:
For that hee sped him in the prealle to passe,
A Sword of weir into his Hand hæ bare,
The first hæ hit, the craig in sunder share,
Another ackward vpon the face tooke hæ,
Both neis and front on the field gart hæ flæ.
The hardy Erle before his men out past,
Into the field, where feill were feghting fast,
A sheiring Sword hee bare drawne in his Hand,
The first was fey that hee before him fand.
When Wallace and hæ together were set,
There lasted none against them that they met,
But either deid, or els fled them fray.
By this the Hoste was in a good Array,
With the greit scry assembled them about.
Then stood the Sutheron in a fellon doubt,
Wallace knew well the Englishmen would flæ,
For thy hee thristit in the thikest to bæ.
Hewing full fast on whomsoeuer hæ sought,

Against his Dint fine stéele auailit nought.
Wallace of hand, sen Arthur had no maike,
Whom hée hit right, was aye dead at one straik:
That was weill knowne in mony places where,
Whom VVallace hit, they deirit the Scots no more.
Als all his men did cruelly and weill,
That come to strokes that might the Sutheron feill.
The Englishmen fled, and left the Field plainly,
The worthie Scots wrought there so hardily,
Sir Iohn Morton in that place hee was dead,
And twelue hundreth, but ony more remead.
Thus mony were left into the field, and slaine,
The rest returnit into the Towne againe.
And rewit full sore that euer they foorth could found,
Among them was full mony wirking wound.
The Hoste againe ilke one to their ward rade,
Commandit watch, and no more noyse made,
But restit still, whill that the bright Day drew,
Againe began the Towne to sailzie new,
All this Day wrought with full great worthinesse,
Assailzeit sore by wit and hardinesse,
The Hostes Victuall warit scant, and failit fast,
Thus lay they there whill Diuers Dayes were past:
The Land wastit, and meate none was to win,
But that wist not the folke that was therein,
They dred full sore for their owne Vennisoun,
For souerance prayit the power of the Towne,
To speake with VVallace then they desirit fast:
And hée appearit, and speirit what they askt?
The Major answerit, Wée would pay you ransoun,
To passe away, and deir no more the Towne.
Great shame it were that wée should yeilden bée
And Townes holden of lesse power then wée.
Yée may not win vs, long though that yée bide:

Wée shall giue Golde, and yée will from vs ride,
Wée may giue battell, durst wée for our King,
Sen he hes left it were ouer high a thing:
To vs to doe, without his Ordinance,
This Towne of him wée hold in gouernance.
VVallace answerit, Of your Gold rek wée nought,
It is for battell that wée haue hither sought,
Wée had rather haue battell of England,
Then all the Golde that good King Arthur fand:
On Mount Michell, when hée the Gyant slew,
Gold may bee gone, but Worship aye is new,
The King promisd that wée should battell haue,
His Write thereto vnder his Seale they gaue,
Letter or Band, yée sée may not auaile,
Vs for this time, of him to get battaile.
Yée thinke wée should on his Men wroken bée,
Upon our Kin mony great wrong wrought hée,
His Deuill-like Déed hée wrought into Scotland,
The Major said, Syr, right thus wée vnderstand,
Wée haue no charge what our King gars vs doe,
But in this kind wée shall bée bound to you,
Some part of Gold to giue you with good will,
And nought after to wait you with none ill,
By no kin meane the power of this Towne.
But if our King make him to battell bowne.
Into the Hoste was mony worthie man,
With VVallace moe, nor now reckon I can.
Better it was, for at his will they wrought,
Though hée was best, yet other lake wee nought,
All serued thankes to Scotland euermore,
For manlike wit the quhilk they shewed there,
The whole Counsell thus déemed them among.
The Towne to siege they thought it was too strong,
And nought ane way to win it with one flight:

The Counsell found it was the best they might,
Some Gold to take, sen that wee get no more.
Syne forth away into their Voyage fare.
Then Wallace said, My selfe will not consent,
But if this Towne make vs this plaine consent,
Take our Banner, and set it on the Wall,
For our power this Realme hes ridden all,
Yeelden to bee, when wee thinke them to take,
In England long residence if wee make,
This answere soone they sent vnto the Major.
And they consented. The remanent that was there,
The Banner tooke, and set it on the Towne:
To Scotland was high Honour and Renowne,
The Banner there for eight houres vnto noone.
Their finance made, deliuered Gold full soone,
Fiue thousand pounds of good Gold of England,
The Host receiued, with Victuall aboundand,
Both Bread and Wine right gladly forth they gane,
And other stuffe, that they likit to haue,
Twenty Dayes out the Hoste remained there,
But want of Victuall gart them from it to fare;
Yet still at Peace the Host lodged all that night.
Whill on the morne the Sunne was risen bright,
Into Aprill among thir showes sheene,
When that the ground was cled with tender greene.
Pleasant it was to ony creature,
In lusty loue this time for to indure.
The good Women had freedome largelie,
But food was scant, they could get none to buy,
Tursit vp Tents, and in the Countrie rade,
On Englishmen full greit Heirship they made.
Burnt and brak down Buildings, they sparit nough
Right worthie Wallace low to ground them brough
All Mydlame Land they burnt vp in a fire,
Bra

Brake Parks downe, Destroyed all the Shyre,
Quho Deer they slew, for other Beasts wer e none,
Thir Weir-men toke of Vennisoun good wone,
Toward the South they turned at the last,
Made buildings bare, as far as they past.
The Commons all to London then they went,
Before the King and told him their intent,
And said they would, but hee gart Wallace cease,
Forsake their faith, and take them to his peace,
No Herauld there then durst to Wallace passe,
Whereof the King greitly agrieued was.
Thus Edward left his People into baill,
Contrare Wallace hee would not giue battell,
Nor byde in Field for ought that they could say,
Gaue ouer the cause, to London past his way,
At men of wit this Question here I aske,
Among Nobles if euer ony was,
So long in England throw force or throw case,
Since Brutus death, but battell, but Wallace?
Great Iulius the Empyre had in hand,
Yet twise on force was put out of England.
With Arthure als, first of weir when hee proued.
Twise did they fight, suppose they were mischieued,
Awfull Edward durst not for Wallace bide,
In a plaine Battell, for all England so wide.
In London lay, and toke him to his rest,
And brake his Vow, Quhilke hold you for the best,
Deme as yee list, good men of Discretion.
Right cleir it is to resolue this Question.
To my sentence now brieflie will I passe,
When Wallace thus throw Yorkshire sojurning was
Victuall as then was none left in the Land,
But in Houses, where it might bee warrand.
The Hoste hereof abaisit was to bide,

Frae fod leanted, no pleasure was that tyde:
Some bade turne home, & some would further moze,
VVallace callit Iop and said to him right fair,
Thou knowest the land, where most abondance is,
Bee thou our Guide, and then wee shall not misse,
Victuall to find, that wot I wonder well,
Thou hast I traist in England mekill feill,
The King and his to starke Strengths are gone,
But Ieopardie, now perill haue wee none,
Then Iop said, Sir, bee yee guidit by mee,
The plentiest part of England yee shall see.
Of Wine and Wheat there is in Richmount shyze,
And other stuffe foz Food, as yee desyze.
Whereof I trow yee shall bee well content,
The Hoste was glad, and thither-ward they went,
Many true Scots was sembled in that Land,
To VVallace come well moe then nine thousand.
Of pzesoun part, some had in labour wrought,
From either part full fast to him they sought.
VVallace was blyth of our owne Natiue kin,
That come to him of baile that they were in,
And all the Hoste of comfozt was blyther.
Frae their owne folke was multiplying there,
In Rochmont shyze they found abondance,
Of Bzead and Ale, with other purueance,
Brake Parks downe and slew beests mony one,
Of Wild and Tame, foztuith they spaird none,
Throughout the land they past in good Array,
A seemly place so found they in their way
Quhilk Ramswachheght as Iop himselfe told,
Fehew was Lord and Captaine in that Hold,
Fiue hundzeth men were semblit in that place.
To saue their selues and their Goods from VVallace.
A Royall stead was by the Fozrest side,

With

With Turates faire, and Garrates of great pride,
Buildit about, right likely to bee wight,
With fiue great Towers, well buildit to the hight.
Feill men about on walles buskit beene,
In good Armour, that burnisht was full sheene.
The Hoste past by, and vesited but that place,
Yet they within on lowde defyit VVallace:
And Trumpets blew, with mony Warlike sound.
Then VVallace said, Had wee yon Gallands downe,
On the plaine ground, they would more sober bee,
Then Iop said, Syr, yee gart his brother die,
In Heraulds weed, yee wot, on Tinto Hill,
VVallace answerit, So would I with good will,
Had I himselfe: but wee may not him deire:
Good men may thole of Harlots scorne in Weir,
Syr Iohn the Grahame would at the Bicker beene:
But VVallace sone the perrill hath forseene.
Commandit him to let his fierceneese bee:
Wee haue no men to waste in such degree.
Would wee them harme I haue an other gate,
How wee with fire within shall make them heate,
For fire hes aye beene felloun into weir.
On such a place it may doe mekill deir.
Their Bulwarke olde I see of withyit Oke,
Were it in fire it might not stand on stroke,
Houses and Woods here is enough plenty,
Who hewes best of this Forrest: let see,
Pull Houses downe, wee shall not weine a deale,
The old Timber will gar the greene burne well.
At his command right busily they wrought,
Great Wood in haste about the place they brought,
The Bulwarke wan these men of Armis bright.
To the Barmkin laid Timber vp on hight.
Then bow-men shot, to keepe them from the cast.

But

But they about had fastned fire full fast,
Women and Bairns on Wallace lowd can crie,
On knées they fell and askit him mercie.
At one quarter, where fire had not yet tane,
They tooke them out of that Castell of stone,
Syne bet the fire with brands brim and bold,
The red flame rose full high aboue that Hold,
Barels of Picke for fence were hanged there,
All strake in fire, their mischiefe was the more.
When the brim fire out ouer the Place was past,
Then they within might neither shoot nor cast.
Also Bestiall of Neate and Horse within
Among the fire they made an hiddeous Din,
The Armed men in Harnesse were so hote,
Some downe to ground dushit but more Debate,
Some lay, some fell into the fellonn fire,
Smorit to deid, and burnt vp bone and lyre,
The fire brake in at all opins about,
None bade aloft, so fellonne was the doubt,
Fehew himselfe lap rudely from the hight,
Throw all the fire can on the Barmkin light.
With a good Sword Wallace stroke off his heid,
Iop hint it vp, turlit it from that steid,
Fiue hundreth men, that were into that place,
Got none away, but deid withoutten grace.
VVallace bade still with his power that night:
Vpon the morne the fire had failzeit might.
Befor the yate where it had burnt on breid:
A path they made, and to the Castell yeid.
Strake downe the yate, & tooke what they might win
Jewells and Gold, greit Riches was therein.
Spuilzeit the Place, and left nought else there,
But beists, burnt bodies, and also walls bare.
Then tooke they her that wife was to Fehew,

Gaue

Gaue her command as shee was woman trew,
To turs that heid to London to King Edward,
Shée it receiued with greit sozrow in heart,
Wallace himselfe thir Charges to her gaue,
Say to your King, but if I battell haue,
At London Yates wée shall assailzie sozе,
In this moneth wée thinke soz to bée there.
Trust in the trueth will GOD wee shall not faill,
Unlesse I cease throw charge of our Counsell,
The Southwest part of England wee shall see,
But hée sæke peace, oz else bargane with mée,
Upon a time hée chargit mee on this wise,
Right bousteously to make to him seruice,
Sic shall bee haue as hée vs cause hes mads,
Then mouit they withoutten mozе abade.
Deliuered shée was from this Cheualrie,
Toward London shee dight her earnestlie.
Unto the Towne but mozе pzocesse shée went,
Where Edward lay sozе moued in his intent.
His Nenoys Heid when hee saw it was bzought,
So greit sozrow sadly vpon him sought.
With greit vnease vpon his fæte hée stood,
Weeping in woe foz his deir tender blood.
The Counsell rose, and pzayed him to ceis,
Wée lose England but if wee purches Peace,
Then Wodstocke said, This is my best counsell,
Take Peice in time as foz your owne anaill.
Oz yée tine mozе, wee slaike of our courage,
After yee may get helpe of our barnage.
The King granted, and bad them message send,
No man was there that durst to Wallace wend,
The Quéens appeired and saw this greit Distence,
Weill bozne shee was of the right blood of France.
Shée trowed weill therefozе to speid the mozе,

Her

Her selfe purposit in that Message to faire,
As shee forthought that the King tooke on hand,
Against the right so oft to reaue Scotland,
And feill men said, the vengeance hapnit sore,
Of greit murthere his men made into Air,
Thus deemit they the counsell them among,
To this effect the Queene bounit to gang,
When shee hes seene ilke man forsake this thing,
On knees shee fell and askit at the King,
Soueraine shee said if it your willes bee,
That I desire yone chiftaine for to see.
For hee is knowne both worthie wise and trew,
Perchance hee would rather on Women rew,
Then on your men they haue done him sik deir,
When hee them sees it moues him aye to weir,
It may not skaith although I doe not vaill,
To helpe this land I would make my trauell,
The Lords all of her Desire was faine.
Unto the King made instance into plaine,
That shee might passe, the King with acwart will,
Halfe into yre hee gaue consent theretill,
Some of them said, the Queene loued Wallace,
For the great voyce of his hie Noblenesse.
An hardie man, that is seemly with all,
Great fauour will of Fortune to him fall,
Anent Women is seene in mony place,
So happenit now in this time of Wallace.
In his rysing hee was a Louer trew,
And choosed one, but Englishmen her slew,
Yet said they nought, the Queene would on her tak,
As for his loue sik trauell for to make.
Now loue or leaue, or for helpe of their land,
I make rehearse as I in olde write fand,
Shee graithed her vpon an Goodly wise.

With

With gold and geir and folke at her deuiſe,
Ladies with her none other would they ſend,
And olde Prieſts that well the Countrie kend,
Leaue I the Queene to Meſſage ready dight,
And ſpeake further of Wallace trauell right.

THe worthie Scots among their enemies rade,
Deſtruction great vpon them haue they made.
Waſted the land about on either ſide,
No wairmen then durſt in their wayes abide.
They ranſoned none but to the Death them dight,
In mony ſtead made fire braid and bright.
The Hoſte was glade, and in an good eſtate,
No power was that would make them Debate,
Great riches wan of gold and geare theretill,
Leauing eneugh to take at their owne will,
In awfull feir they trauill throw the land,
Made biggings bair that they before them fand,
Great barmkins brake of ſteids ſtark and ſtrong,
Thir wight weirmen of trauell thought not lang,
South in the land right earneſtlie they ſought,
To Saint Albanis but harme there did they nought,
The Prayour ſend them Wine and Veniſon,
Refreſht the Hoſte with food in great fuſion.
The night appeared when they were at that place,
They harbred then frae thyne a little ſpace.
Chooſed an ſtead where they ſhould byde all night,
Tents on ground and Pauilions proudly pight.
Into ane baile beſyde an Riuer fair.
On either ſyde where wilde beiſts made repare.
Set watches out that wiſely couth them keepe,
To ſupper went, and tymouſly couth ſleepe,
Of Meate and Drinke they haue ſufficience,
The night was ſhort ouerdraue the dirkefull chance,

The

How the Queene of England come and spake with Wallace. Chap. V.

The merrie Day sprang from the Orient,
With beames bright illuminate the Occident,
After Tytan Phœbus vprised fair,
Hight in his Spheir the Signes made declare,
Zephirus began his mightie morrow course,
The sweete vapour did from the ground resours.
The donke Dew downe from the Heauen did vaill,
In euery meid both Firth Forrest and Daill.
The fresh Riuer among the Rochs rang,
Throw greene branches where birdes blythly songs,
With ioyous voyce in Heauenly Harmonie,
When Wallace thought it was no time to lie.
Hee blessed him, syne suddainly vp hee rose,
To take the Aire out of his tent he goes.
Maister Iohn Blair was readie hastilie,
To GODS seruice bowned right reuerently,
When that was done Wallace couth him Array;
In his Armour whitke was both good and gay,
His shinning shield that birneist was full beine,
His Leg Harnesse that clasped was fult cleine.
Pullanes greis hee clasped on full fast,
Ane close berney with mony siker cast.
Breist plait, Braisles that worthie were in weir,
Beside him foorth Iop couth his basnet beir.
His glitering Glooues grauen on either side,
Hee seemed weill in Battell for to bide.
Ane good Girdle and syne ane burely Brand.
Ane Staffe of Steill hee gripped in his hand.
The Hoste him blissed & prayed GOD of his grace,
Him to conuey from all mistempered race,

Adam

Adam VVallace and Boyde foorth with him yeid
Endlang ane Riuer out throw ane flooreſt meid.
And as they walked out ouer the fields greene,
Out of the South they ſaw where that the Quéene,
Toward the Hoſte come ryding ſoberly,
Fiftie Ladies were in her companie.
Walled of wit and déemed of renowne,
Some widowes were and ſome of Religioun,
And ſeuen Prieſts that were entered in Age.
VVallace to ſic dio neuer greit outrage.
Bot if to him they made an greit offence,
Thus they approchit on towart their preſence.
At the Paull on where they the Lyon ſaw,
To ground they light, and ſyne on Knées they faw,
Praying for Peace, they cry with pitteous chére,
Erle Malcolme ſaid, Our Chiftaine is not hére.
Hé bade her riſe, and ſaid, It is not right.
Ane Quéene on Knées to bow to lower wight,
Up by the Hand the Erle hes her tane,
Out ouer they went to VVallace haue they gone,
When ſhé him ſaw ſhé would haue knéled downe,
In Armes ſone he clacht this Quéene with Crowne,
And kiſſit her withoutten wordis more,
So did hee neuer to no Sutheron before.
Madame, hé ſaid Right welcome mot yé bé,
How pleaſed you our Hoſting for to ſé.
Right well ſhé ſaid of friendſhip haue wee néd,
GOD grant yee will our eirand for to ſpéd,
Suffer wee mon ſuppoſe it like vs ill,
But truſt vs well it is contrare our will.
Yé ſhall remaine with this Lord I muſt gang,
From your preſence wé ſhall not tary long.
The Erle and hé vnto the Pauilion yéde,
With good auiſe to déeme more of this Déde.

The counsell sone Wallace gart call them to,
Lords hæ said, yæ wot what is adoe.
Of their comming my selfe hes no pleasance,
And therefore must wee worke with ordinance,
Women may bee come tempting into weir,
Among fooles that cannot them forbeir,
I say not this be thir or be the Quæne,
I trow it be no good that shee should meane,
Example take of long time passed by,
At Runsay vaill the traison was plainely,
By women made that Ganzelon with him brought,
And Turkie wyne forbeir then couth they nought,
Long vse in weir gart them desyre their will
Quhilke brought King Charlis to selloun lose and ill,
The flour of France without redemption.
Throw that foull Dæd was brought to confusion,
Command your men, therefore in priuate wise,
On paine of life they worke not on sic guise,
None speik with them but wise men of great vaill,
That Lords are, and sworne to this Counsell,
His charge they did as goodly as they mought,
This ordinance throw all the Hoste was wrought:
Hæ and the Erle both to the Quæne they went.
Resauit her fair and brought her to the Tent,
To Dinner bowned als goodly as they can,
And seruit was with mony likely man,
Good purueance the Quæne had with her brought;
Ane assay shæ tooks of all that good her thought.
VVallace persauit, and said, Wlæ haue no Dreid;
I cannot trow that Ladies will doe that Deid.
To poyson men all England for to win,
The Quæne answerit, If Poyson bee therein,
Of ony thing that is brought hære with mæ,
Upon my selfe first sorrow yæ shall sæ.

Sone

Bone after Meat an Marshell gart all absent,
But Lords and they to the Counsell that went.
Ladies appeared in presence with the Quene,
VVallace asked what her comming might meene:
For Peace shee said, that wee haue to you sought,
This birning weir in baill hes mony brought.
Ye grant vs grace for him that dyed on tree
VVallace answered, Madame, that may not bee;
England hes done so great harmes vnto vs,
Wee may not passe, and lightly leane it thus,
Yes said the Quene, for Christen folke wee are,
For GODS sake sen wee doe desire no more,
Wee ought haue Peace: Ye said that we deny,
The perfect cause then shall I show for why,
Ye seeke no Peace but for your owne availl,
When that your King had Scotland graiped haill;
For no kin thing that hee before him fand:
He would not thole the right blood in the land.
But reft their Rent, syne put their selues to deid,
Ransome of Gold might make vs no remeid,
His fell false warre shall on him selfe bee seene,
Then soberly to him answered the Quene:
Of thir wrongs amends were most fair;
Madame, hee said, Of him wee aske no more,
But that hee would bide vs into Battell
And GOD bee Judge hee kens the matter whole,
Such thing, shee said, it were not good, thinke nocht,
Peace now were best, if it might purchast bee.
Would ye grant Peace, and trewis with vs to make,
Now all England wee shall gar Prayers make,
For you and them that in the Warre were lost.
Then Wallace said, Where such cometh throw boist,
Prayer of force where so that it bee wrought,
It vs helpes either little or els nought.

Warly shée said, Thus wise men hes vs kend,
Aye elter Warres, Peace is the finall end.
Wherefore yée should of your greit malice ceis,
The ende of weirs is Charity and Peace.
Peace is in Heauen, with blisse and lestandnesse,
Wée shall beseech the Lord of his hie Grace,
To command Peace, syne wée may doe no more,
Madam, he said, ere your Prayer come there,
Mends of England wée thinke then for to haue,
What set you thns on warres for to saue,
From violent warres that wée thinke not to dwell,
Madame, hée said, the trueth I shall you tell,
After the Date of Alexander the King
Our land thrée yéeres stood Desolat but King,
Keipit full well, at concord, in good state,
Throw two that claimit, there hapnit greit Debate,
So earnestly accord them, not they can.
Your King they askit to bée their ouer-man,
Slely hée slaid in Strengths of Scotland,
The Kinrike syne hée tooke at his owne Hand,
Hée made a King, against the righteous Law,
For hée of him should haue the Region aw,
Contrare his Band were all the whole Barnage,
For Scotland yet was neuer in thirlage.
Great Iulius that Tribute tooke of all,
His winning was of Scotland but right small.
Then Edward your King vnder colour but more,
Throw Band hée made to Bruce that is our Aire,
Vndid that King whilk hee before had made.
Throw all Scotland with greit power they rade,
To Bruce syne hée keipit no cunnand.
Hée said, hée would not goe to conqueis Land
To other men. And thus the case befell,
Then Scotland throw hée demandit him sell,

Slew our Elders, greit pittie was to sée:
In Prison syne long time they keiped mée,
Whill I was then casten out for Deid,
Thankit bée GOD, hée send mée some remeid.
Wenged to bée I proued all my might.
Feill of that kin to Meith since I haue dight,
The rage of Youth gart mée desire a Wife,
That rewit I sore, and will doe all my life,
A Traytour Knight, but mercie gart her die,
Lne Hesilrige, but for Despite of mée,
Then rang I foorth in trauell, warres, and paine,
Whill wée redéemd part of our Land againe.
Then your Counsell desird of vs a Trew,
Quhilke made Scotland full graithly for to rew,
Into that Peace they set a subtill Air,
Then eighteene score to Death they hanged there,
That Nobles were, and worthie of Renowne.
Of Coate Armour eldest in that Regioun:
The woman als, that Wolfully was dight,
That death mée thinke to venge in all our might:
Out of my mind that Death will neuer slide.
Will GOD mée take from this false world so wide,
On Sutheron syne I can no pittie haue,
Your men in warres I neuer thinke to saue,
The bright teirs, was pittie to behold,
Burst from his eyes, when hée this tale had told.
The Quéene wépit for pittie of Wallace,
Mace, shée said, woe worth the wicked race,
In cursed time that Hesilrige was borne,
Pony worthie throw his Déed are forlorne,
Hé should haue paine that caused such one sleugh,
England since then hath bought it deare enough.
Though shée had béene a Quéene or a Princesse,
Madame, hee said, as GOD giue me good grace.

Princesse or Quæne of what state so they bée,
Into her time thée was as deare to mée,
VVallace, shæ said of this talke wee will ceasse,
The mends thereof is good Prayer and Peace,
I grant, hee said, of mæ as nowe no moze,
This is right nought but æking of my care.
The Quæne found well language nothing her bate,
Shæ trowed with Gold that hæ might bee auerlet,
Thræ thousand pound of finest Gold so red.
Shæ gart bee brought to Wallace in that steid,
Madame, hæ said, no such Tribute wee craue.
An other mends wee would of England haue:
Or wee returne from this Regioun againe,
Of your false blood, that hes our Elders slaine,
For all the Gold and Riches of your Ring,
Yee get no Peace but desire of your King.
When shæ saw well Gold might her not relieue,
Some part in spoze shee thought him for to prieue,
Wallace shee said, yee are clipit my Loue,
Moze aboundantly I made mee for to proue:
Trusting therefore your rancour for to slake,
Yee thinke yee should doe something for my sake,
Right wise hee made answere to the Queene,
Madame, hee said, if verity were seene,
That yee mee loued, I ought loue you againe,
Thir words are all for nothing but in vaine,
In speich of Loue subtill yee Sutheron are,
Yee can vs mocke, suppose wee get no moze,
To take a liking and syne get no pleasance,
Such loue as that is nothing to aduance.
In London shee said, for you I suffered blame.
Our Counsell als will laugh when I come home.
So may they say, Women are fierce of thought.
To seeke friendship, and syne can get right nought.

Madame, yee wot how yee were hither send,
Yee trow wee haue but little for to spend,
First with your Gold, for yee are rich I wis,
Yee would vs blind, sen Scots are so nys.
Syne pleasant words of you and Ladies fair.
As who should driue the Birde into a snare.
With a Whissell-pipe, for it will freshest call,
Madame, as yet yee may not tempt vs all.
Great part of good is left among our kin,
In England als wee find enought to win:
Abaist thee was, to make answere him till,
Deir sir thee said, sen that it is your will,
Warres or Peace, what that you liketh best,
Let your hie wit and good counsell digest.
Madame, hee said, now shall yee understand,
The reason why that I will make no band:
With your Ladies I can not trewes bind,
For your false King will soone hereafter find,
When hee saw time, to breake it at his will,
And plainly say, hee granted not theretill.
Then bad wee none but Ladies to remoue,
That shall not bee, By GOD that sits aboue.
Upon Women I will no warres begin,
Of you in Field no Worship is to win.
All the whole Peace on him selfe hee shall take,
Of Peace or Warres, what wee happen to make,
The Queene granted this answere sufficient,
So did the laue in plaine that were present.
His deliuerance they held of great auaill,
And starke enough, to show to their Counsell,
Eke was the Queene her trauell helped nought,
The Gold shee tooke that they had with her brought.
Into the Yoke, right freely shee it gaue.
To euery man that lyked for to haue.

Menstrels and Heraulds shee gaue abundantly,
Beseeking them her friends that they would bee,
When Wallace saw the frædome of the Queene,
Sadly hee said, The suith well hes beene seene.
Women may tempt the wisest hes beene wrought,
Your greit gentrice it shall not bee for nought,
Wee you assure our Hoste shall doe nothing,
Whill time yee may send Message from the King,
If it bee swa that hee accord and wee,
Then for your sake it shall the better bee.
Your Heraulds als shall safely come and goe,
For your freedome wee shall trouble no moe,
Shee thankit him of his grant mony syse,
And all her Ladies on an godly wise.
Gladly they Dranke the Queene and good VVallace,
Her Ladies als, and good Lords in that place.
Her leaue shee tooke forout longer abade,
Fyue myle that night south to ane Nunry rade,
Upon the Morne to London passit they,
In Westminster where that the Councell lay,
It neids not heir now more rehearse this thing,
VVallace answere shee gart show to the King.
The great commend then shee to VVallace gaue.
Before the King in presence of the laue,
The trew Scots it should greitly appease,
Though Englishmen therefore had little ease.
Of worship, wit manheid and gouernance,
Of freedome, trueth, Key of remembrance.
Shee called him there into their presence,
Though contrare them her stood at his Defence,
So Chiftane-like shee sayes, as hee is seene,
Into England I trow hes neuer beene,
Would yee of gold giue him this Realmes rent,
From honour hee will not turne his intent.

Assure

Assured yee are, whill hee may Message make,
Of wise Lords some part I reid you take,
To purchase Peace, withoutten words more,
For all England may rew this raid full sore,
Your Heraulds als, to passe to him hes leine,
In all the Hoste there shall no man them grieue,
Then thankep they the Queene for her trauell:
The King and Lords, that were of his Counsell.
Of her answere the King appeised was,
Then three greit Lords they ordained to passe.
Their Counsell haill hes found it for the best,
Trewes to take, or else they got no rest:
An Herauld went, in all the haste hee may,
To Auane Wall, where that the Scots lay:
Conduct to haue, till they had said their will,
The Counsell soone a conduct sent them till.
Againe hee past, with souerance to the King,
Then chosed they three Lords for this same thing:
The keene Clifford, that then was Warden haill,
Bewmont and Wodstocke, all men of mekill vaill.
What thir three wrought, the rest should stand thertill
The Kings selfe hes giuen them at their will,
Soone they were brought to speeking with VVallace,
Wodstocke then shewed forth mony subtill cace.
VVallace hes heard their Sophismis euerilke deill.
As yet hee said, mee thinke wee meine but weill,
In wrong yee holde and does vs great outrage,
Of Houses part, whilke are our Heritage,
Out of this Peace in plaine I make them knowne,
Them for to winne, syne that they are our owne.
Roxburgh, Berwick, that ours long time haue beene
Into the Hands of King Edward I weene.
Wee aske heere als, by vertue of this Band,
Our owne young King, by wrong led from Scotland

Wee shall haue them withoutten wordes more,
To his desire the Lords they granted there.
Right at his will they haue consented whole,
From no kin thing the Peace they would not faile,
The young Randaill that then in London was,
The Lord of Lorne in this Band hee can aske.
The Erle of Buchane, but then in tender age,
After hee grew a man of great Wallalage.
Cumming and Fowles hee gart deliuer als,
Whilke after was to King Robert full false,
VVallange fled ouer and durst not bide that mute.
In Picardie to aske him was no bute.
But hee would rather haue had that false knight,
Then a thousand of finest Gold so bright,
The Bruce hee asked, but hee was had away,
Before that time to Calice mony a Day.
King Edward proued that they might not him get,
Of Gloceſter his Uncle had him set.
That Calice, had whole into his keeping,
Wallace that time got not his righteous King.
The Earle Patricke als from London they send,
With Wallace to goe, as well before is kend.
Of this matter and finall Gouernance,
To King Edward hee gaue vp his Legance.
And tooke to holde of Scotland euermore:
With full glad heart VVallace receiued him there.
They honoured him right reuerentlie as Lord,
The Scots were all rejoyced at that concord.
An hundreth Horſe, with young Lords of renowne,
To Wallace come, all fred of that Prisoune.
Under his Seale King Edward then gart send,
For to giue ouer and make a finall end.
Roxburgh, Barwicke, whilke were of mekill vaill,
To Scots men, and all the Bounds haill.

For

For fiue yeeres Trews they promisde by their Hand,
Then VVallace said, Wee will passe neir Scotland.
Ere ought bee sealed: and therefore make vs bowne,
Againe wee will beside Northallartowne:
Where King Edward first battell beght to mee,
As wee began, there shall it ended bee.
Greet well the Queene, hee charged the Messago
It is for her that wee left our voyage:
A Day hee set, when they should meete him there,
And seale the Peace, withoutten proceſſe more,
Vpon the morne the Hoste but more auise,
Tranoynted North, vpon a goodly wise,
To set the tryst that Wallace had them made,
The English Message come but more abade,
They sealed the Peace, withoutten longer delay,
The Message then vpon the second Day,
To London went, in all the haste they can,
The worthie Scots, with mony likely man.
To Bamburgh come, with all their power whole,
Sirtie thousand, all Scots of greit auaile.
Ten Dayes before All-hallow euen they sure,
On Lammes day they light on Carhame mure.
There ludged they with pleasure as they mought,
Whill on ye morne their Priests to them then brought
In Carhame Kirke, and sealed in his hand,
Roxburgh Keyes, as they had made command.
And Barwicke als, quhilke Englishmen had long,
They fred the folke, in England for to gang,
Or their liues ished off either place,
They durst not well bide reckoning with Wallace,
Captaine hee made in Berwicke of renowne,
That worthie was, good Christell of Seroune.
Keiper hee made to Roxburgh Castell wight,
Wi Iohn Ramsay, a wise and worthie Knight.

Syne

Syne VVallace selfe with Erle Patrike in plaine,
To Dumbar rade, and restored him againe.
In his Castell, and als his Heritage,
With the Consent of all the whole Barnage.
When VVallace was aggreed with th is Lord,
To rule the Realme hee made him goodly ford.
Scotland out ouer, from Rosse to Sulway sand,
Hee rade it thrise, and statute all the Land.
In the Lennox a while hee made repare,
Sir Iohn Monteith a while was Captaine their,
Als twise before hee had his Gossop beene,
But no Friendship betwirt them syne was seene,
Two Moneths still hee dwelt in Dumbartane:
An House he founded vpon an Roch of stone.
Then left hee there to build it to the hight,
Syne to the March againe hee rade right,
Into Roxburgh they chosed him a place.
A good Tower there hee gart build in short space.
His kingdome stood in good worship and ease,
Was none so great durst his Neighbour displease.
The able Ground gart labour thriftily:
Victuall and Fruite there grew aboundantly,
Was neuer before, since this was callit Scotland,
Such wealth and peace both at once in the Land,
Hee sent Iop twise to Bruce of Huntington,
Beseeching him to come and take his Crowne,
Counsell hee tooke at false Saxons, alace,
Hee had neuer hap in life to get VVallace.
Three yeeres as thus the Realme stood in good peace
Of this saying mee worthis for to cease.
And further forth of VVallace will I tell,
Into his life what Auenture yet befell.

Here endeth the first Conquest of Scotland.

THE NINTH BOOKE.

How *Wallace* past into France.

CHAP. I.

A Royall King, that reigned into France
Great bute hee heard of VVallace gouernance:
The proues, pryce and of his worthie deed:
Als furwart fair commended of manheid.

Both humble, true, and proued well of price,
Of honnor, trueth, and voyde of couetice.
That Noble King reigned in royallty,
Had great Delite this VVallace for to see.
And knew right well shortly to vnderstand.
The greit suppryse, and ouer-set of England.
Hee marueiled als of Wallace small power,
That but a King tooke such a Realme to steir.
Against England, and gart their malice cease,
Whill they desired with good to take peace.
And right anone ane Herauld hee gart call.
In short termes hee hes rehearsed all.
Of his intent compleited to ane end,
Syne in Scotland hee bade him hee should wend,
And hee wrate right with very greit honour,
To VVilliam Wallace as a Conquerour.

O Loued leede with worship wise and wight,
Throw very help in holding of thy right:
Throw right reskewing of thy natiue land,
With GODS Grace against thy foes to stand,
In Defence, helper of thy righteous blood,
O worthie birth, and blissed bee thy food.
As it is red in Prophecie beforne,
An happie time for Scotland thou was borne,
I thee beseike with all humilitie,
My clois Letter thou would consaue and see:
As your Brother ane cristin King of France,
To the beirer yee heir and giue credence,
The Herald him bowned and to the ship is gone,
In Scotland soone hee comes vnto one,
But Herald like hee seekes his presence.
On land hee went and made no residence,
In euerie steid where hee presumed there,
So on ane Day hee found him into Air.
In good effeir, and manlike companie,
The Herald then with honour reuerentlie,
Hes salust him vpon ane goodly maner,
And hee againe with humble hamly cheir.
Receiued him into right goodly wise,
The Herald then with worship to deuise,
Betuke to him the Kings Writ of France,
VVallace on knee with lowly obeysance,
Right reuerentlie for the worship of Scotland,
When hee it red and had it vnderstand,
At this Herald hee asked his credence,
With Asper speich and manly contenance,
And hee him told as I haue said before,
The Kings desire what needs words more.
The hie honour and the greit Noblenesse,

Of your manheid well knowne in mony place:
Her likes als weill your worschip to aduance,
Als yee were borne ane leige man of France,
Sen this Regioun is flouire of Realme sæne,
Als the great band of kindnesse you betweene,
And sen this Realme stands in sic saistre,
It were worschip his presence for to see.
Wallace conceiued withoutten tarying,
The greit desire of this most noble King,
Syne to him said, so GOD of Heauen mee saue.
Hereafter soone ane answere yee shall haue.
Of your desire that yee haue showne mee till,
Welcome yee are with ane free heartie will,
The Herald bade vnto the twentie Day,
With Wallace still in good weilfare and play.
Consumit the time with worschip and pleasance,
The good Anice made his deliuerance.
With his owne Hand hee writ vnto the King,
All his intent as touching to this thing,
Right rich reward hee gaue the Herald to,
And him conuoyed when hee had leaue to goe,
Out of the Towne with goodly companie,
His leiue hee tooke, and went into the sey:
His purpose was to see the King of France,
Good VVallace then hes made his purueyance,
Nearest but weir to Saint-Johnstowne couth fair,
Ane Counsell then hee had gart ordaine there.
Into his steid cheisit ane Gouernour,
To keepe the Land ane man of greit honour,
James good Lord the Stewart of Scotland,
Whilke Father was as storries beirs on hand,
Good VValter quhilk was of hie parage,
Marjory Bruce syne gat in marriage,
Hereof as now to speike I haue no space,

It is

O Loued leeue with worthip wise and wight,
Throw very help in holding of thy right:
Throw right reskewing of thy native land,
With GODS Grace against thy foes to stand,
In Defence, helper of thy righteous blood,
O worthie birth, and blissed bee thy food.
As it is red in Prophecie before,
An happie time for Scotland thou was borne,
I thee beseike with all humilitie,
My clois Letter thou would consaue and see:
As your Brother ane crissin King of France,
To the beirer yee heir and giue credence,
The Herald him bowned and to the ship is gone,
In Scotland soone hee comes vnto one,
But Herald like hee seekes his presence,
On land hee went and made no residence,
In euerie steid where hee presumed there,
So on ane Day hee found him into Air.
In good effeir, and manlike companie,
The Herald then with honour reuerentlie,
Hes salust him vpon ane goodly maner,
And hee againe with humble hamly cheir.
Receiued him into right goodly wise,
The Herald then with worthip to deuise,
Betuke to him the Kings Wirt of France,
VVallace on knee with lowly obeysance,
Right reuerentlie for the worthip of Scotland,
When hee it red and had it vnderstand,
At this Herald hee asked his credence,
With Asper speich and manly contenance,
And hee him told as I haue laid before,
The Kings desire what needs words more.
The hie honour and the great Nobleneste,

Of your manheid well knowne in mony place:
Yet likes als weill your worschip to aduance,
Als yee were borne ane leige man of France,
Quen this Regioun is floure of Realme sæne,
Als the great band of kindnesse you betweene,
And sen this Realme stands in sic saistre,
It were worschip his presence for to see.
Wallace conceiued withoutten tarying,
The great desire of this most noble King,
Syne to him said, so GOD of Heauen mee sane.
Heereafter soone ane answere yee shall haue.
Of your desire that yee haue showne mee till,
Welcome yee are with ane free heartie will,
The Herald bade vnto the twentie Day,
With Wallace still in good weilfare and play.
Consumit the time with worschip and pleasance,
Be good Anice made his deliuerance.
With his owne Hand hee writ vnto the King,
All his intent as touching to this thing,
Right rich reward hee gaue the Herald to,
And him conuoyed when hee had leaue to goe,
Out of the Towne with goodly companie,
His leiue hee tooke, and went into the sey:
His purpose was to see the King of France,
Good VVallace then hes made his purueyance,
Direct but weir to Saint-Iohnstowne couth fair,
The Counsell then hee had gart ordaine there.
Into his steid cheisit ane Gouernour,
To keepe the Land ane man of greit honour,
James good Lord the Stewart of Scotland,
Whilke Father was as storyes beirs on hand,
Good VValter quhilk was of hie parage,
Marjory Bruce syne gat in marriage,
Heereof as now to speike I haue no space,

It is

It is well knowne thanked bee GODS Grace,
And to the Herauld withoutten residence.
How hee appeared vnto the Kings presence,
From the Rochell the land soone hes hee tane.
Out ouer the land hee graithed him to gaine.
Seiking the King als goodly as hee may..
So to the Court hee pallit on a Day,
To Paries went, as peirlesse of renowne,
This King that time held Palice in that Towne,
When hee him saw, hes graithly vnderstand,
Hee speirit tythings the welfare of Scotland,
The Herauld said into thir termes short,
That all was good, hee had the more comfort.
Saw thou VVallace the Chiftaine of that land,
And hee said, Yea, that dare I take on hand.
A worthier wight this Day is liuing none.
In way of weir als farre as I haue gone,
The hie worship and the greit Noblenesse.
The good welfare pleasance and worthinesse,
The rich reward was worthie for to see,
That for your sake hee kythit vpon mee.
And his answere in write hee hes you sent,
The King receiued it with an good intent.

O Royall Roy, and righteous crowned King,
Renowned of Noblenes & verteus most condin
Yee knowe this weill by other moe nor mee.
How that our Realme stands in perpleritie,
The false Nation that wee are neighbours to,
When pleises them they make vs aye ado,
No band may bee made of sic fulfilsance.
But aye in it they find an varience,
To wait ane time, will GOD that I may bee,
Within ane yeare I will your Presence see.

Of this anſwere well pleaſed was the King.
Leaue I them thus in Royaltie to ring.
And glad comfort right as I haue you told,
Of Wallace foorth I will my purpoſe hold.

How VVallace paſt in France, and fought with the Red Reauer, and vanqueſt him. Chap. II.

INtill Apryll the one and twentie Day,
The Kalends changed as wee vſe for to ſay,
The luſty time of Mays freſh comming,
Celeſtiall greit blythneſſe in to bring.
Principall Moneth forſuith it may bee ſeene,
The Heauenly hewes vpon the tender greene:
When old Saturne his cloudy courſe hes gone,
The whilke hes beene both Bird and Beaſts bane.
Zephirus alſwa with his ſweete vapour,
The comfort hes by working of Dame Nature,
All fructuous thing into the eird adoun,
That rewled is vnder the hie Regioun,
Sober Luna in following of the ſie,
When bright Phœbus into the Themeis hie,
The Bulles courſe ſo taken hes his place,
And Iupiter was in to Crabis face,
When Aries the hot Signe cholerike,
Into the Ram whilke hes his roumes rike,
Thetis had his place and his manſion,
In Capricornus the Signe of the Lyon.
Kentill Iupiter with his mylde ordinance,
Both Herbe and Treé conuertes into pleaſance,
And freſh Flora her flowrie mantell ſpred,
Euerie vaill both Houp, Hill, and Heid.
In this ſame time, for this mine Author ſayes,
Wallace to paſſe off Scotland tooke his wayes.

Be short anise hee schuip him to the sea,
And fyftie men hee tooke in his companie.
Hee leit no word then walke of his passage;
Or Englishmen had stopped his voyage,
Nor tooke no leiue at Lords of Parliament,
Hee wist full weill they would not all consent;
To suffer him out of the Land to goe,
For they anone without witting of moe,
Hee gart forsee and ordaine weille the ship,
And thir were they past in his fellowship.
Two VVallaces was his kinsmen full neir,
Crawfurd Cleland, to him were holden deir.
At Kirkcubright hee ordained his passage.
Fey men hee set and gaue them goodly wage.
An good new barge right worthely wrought for weir.
They wanted not of wine victuall nor geir,
VVot yee they were ane goodly companie,
Of wailled men had wrought full hardily,
Bon allies dranke right gladly on the morrow,
Syne leiue they tooke, and with greit God to borrow
Boits were shot foorth and from the land they sent,
With glade hearts attains in they went,
Unto the ship they rowit hastely,
The sey men then working full earnestly,
Ankers wand in wisely on either side,
Their Leids cuist and waitit well the tyde:
Leit Sailles fall, and tooke their course anone,
Ane godly wind out of the right airth come.
Freikes on forestam ruled well their geir,
Leides on leiburde with ane Lordly feir.
Lynes laid out to looke their passage sound,
With full saill thus from Scotland forth they fore
Saillit haill ouer the Day and als the night,
Upon the morne when that the Sunne shinit bri
Th

Their shipmaster vnto the top hee went,
South eist hee saw that troubled his intent:
Sixteene sailles all Arrayed on ane raw,
In collour reid that towart them couth draw.
The glitering Sunne vpon them shewed bright,
The Sea about Illuminate with the light.
The mans spryte was in ane extasie,
Downe hee went soone, and said right sorrowfully,
Alace, alace, that euer I was borne,
Without remeid our liues are all forlorne.
In cursed time I toke this cure on hand,
The best Chiftaine and rescue of Scotland,
Quer rekleslie I haue tane vpon mee,
With weake power to bring him throw the Sea.
Forced nought, would GOD I were torment:
So VVallace might with worship scape vnshent,
When Wallace saw, and heard this mans mone,
To comfort him, with good will is hee gone,
Master, hee said, what hes annoyed thee,
Not for my selfe, this man said pittiously,
But of one thing I dar well vndertane,
Though all were heere the ships of Britane,
Part should wee lose, except Fortune had sworne,
The best Weir man in Sea is vs beforne,
Ruling this Day, and King is of the Sea.
Wallace soone speired, Wots thou what hee may bee?
The Red-Reauer they call him in his style,
That I him saw, O cursed be the while,
For mine owne life, I would no murning make,
To no man borne that yon Tyrant will take.
He saueth none for Gold nor other good:
But slayes and Drownes all deirly in the flood,
He gets no grace though hee were king or knight,
This sixteene yeeres hee hes done great vnright.

The power is so strong hee hes to steir,
May none escape that comes in his Dangeir.
Woulde yee him boorde, no boote is to begin.
The lowest Ship that is his Flote within.
My selfe is done vnto the doolfull deid,
Then Wallace said, Sen thou can not remeid,
Tell mee his feir, and how I shall him know,
What is his vse, and syne goe lodge thee low.
The Ship-man said, Full well yee may him ken,
By graith tokens full cleirly by his men.
His Coat Armour is seene in mony steid,
All Battell bowne, in rayment all of reid.
This formost Ship that persues vs so fast,
Himselfe is in, and will not bee agast,
Hee will you haill, when that they come you neir,
Without tarry then make yee strike and steir.
Himselfe will enter first full hardily,
These are the signes that yee shalt take him by,
A bar of blew into his shining Sheild,
A Bend of white, desiring aye the fielde.
The red betokens blood and hardiment,
The white betokens courage increaseth his intent.
The blue hee bears, for hee is Christen man,
Sadly him answered VVilliam Wallace then.
Though hee bee Christen, this is no Christen deed,
Goe vnder Loft, the Lord God mot vs speed.
Both Ship-master, and the Steireseman also,
Into the Howe but bade hee gart them goe,
His fifty men without ten longer rest,
Wallace gart ray into their Armour prest.
Eight and fourty on loft boord laid they low,
VVilliam Crawfurd then to him can hee caw,
And said, Thou canst some part of Ship-man fare,
Thou hast beene vsed into the Towne of Aire.

I pray thee take this Doctrine weill of mee,
Loke that thou stand straitly by the Tree,
When they bide strike, to seruice bee thou baine,
When I thee warne, drawe by the Saile againe:
Cleland Cousen, come take the Steir in hand,
Here on the waill neare by thee shall I stand.
GOD guide our ship, as now I say no more,
The Barge began with a full Warlike faire.
Himselfe on loft was with a drawne Sword,
And bade the Steirsman lay endlang the bord,
On lowde hee cryed, Strike Dogs or yee shall die,
Crawfurd-leit downe the Saile a little wie.
The Captaine sone lap in, and would not stint,
Wallace hes him syne by the Gorget hint:
On the ouer-loft kest him, where that hee stood,
Whill nose and mouth all rushed out of blood:
A forged knife braithly hee braided out,
The Weir-ships were lapped them about,
The Barge clipped, but they not festned fast,
Crawford drew Saile, shot by, and off they past.
The Reauer cryed, with pitteous voyce so cleir,
Grace of his life, for him that bought vs deire.
Pertie hee cryed for him that dyed on Rood:
Leasure to mend, I haue spilt mekill blood.
For my trespasse I would make some remeid:
Bony faikleſſe I haue gart put to deid.
Wallace wist well though hee to death was brought
From them to schape no wise might hee nought,
And of his life some rescue might hee make:
A better purpose right sone then can hee take,
And als hee rewed for his ille had bene ill,
In Latine tongue right thus hee said him till:
Neuer toke man that enemie was to mee,
For GODS sake my life yet grant to mee.

Both Knife and Swórd hæ toke from him anone:
Up by the Hand as Príſoner hes him tane.
Upon his Swórd ſharply hæ gart him ſweir,
From that Day fórth hæ ſhould him neuer deir.
Command thy men ſaid VVallace, to our Peace,
Their ſhot of Gunnes, that was not eith to ceaſe.
Their caſting were awfull on either ſide,
The Red-Reauer commanded them to bide,
Helde vp a Glooue, in token of the Trew:
His men beheld, and well the Senzie knew.
Left off their ſhote, the ſigne when that they ſaw,
His greiteſt Barge towart him can hæ caw.
Let bee your weir, thir are friends at one:
I trow to GOD our wórſt hours are gone.
Hæ aſked Wallace Mo doe what was his will?
With ſhórt aduiſe right thus hæ ſaid him till,
To the Rochell I would yæ gart them ſaill,
Fór Engliſhmén wæ wot not what may aill.
Hæ them commanded fórouten wórds móre.
Turne ſaill and wind, towart the Rochell fair.
Fór there, will GOD, our purpoſe is to hæ,
Loke well about fór Scurriours in the Sæ.
His charge they wórought in all the haſte they can,
And Wallace deſyde to talke móre with this man.
Wiſely hæ ſpeirit, In what Land art thou bórne,
In Francè, hæ ſaid, and mine Elders befórne,
And there wæ had ſome part of Heritage,
Though fierce Fórtune hes brought mæ in a rage,
VVallace yet ſpeirit, Hów come thou in this life,
Fórſuith hæ ſaid, but thrów a ſudden ſtriffe.
So hapnit I into the Kings préſence,
Quer rekleſly to doe a greit offence,
A wórthie man of gwd kin and renowne,
That thrów my Dæd was put to confuſioun

Deat

Dead of one stroke, what neds words more,
All mends it nought, though I repent it sore.
Throw friend of Court I scaped off that place,
And neuer sensyne couth get the Kings grace,
Feill of our Kin they gart for my sake die.
Frae time I saw it might no better bee.
But leaue the Land, that mee behoued on néd,
Upon a Day to Burdeous I yede.
In English ship so got wee on a Night.
For sey labour full earnestly vs dight.
To mee assembled Mis-doers other moe,
Within short space wee multiplied so.
Were few that might against our Power gang,
In Tyrany thus haue wee reigned long,
Thir firteene yeeres I haue beene on the See,
And done greit Harme, therefore full wos is mee,
Saued none for Gold nor greit Ransoun,
But slew and drownit into the Sey all downe.
Rancour I did to folke of sundry Land,
But French-men no fauour of mee fand,
They got no grace, so far as I might ring,
Is on the Sey I cleipit was a King.
Now see I well that my Fortune is went,
Incust with one, that gart mee sore repent.
Who would haue said this samine Day at morne,
Should with one thus lightly downe bee borne,
A greit haithing my men would it haue ane,
My selfe heght als to haue matchit any twaine.
But I haue found the very plaine contrare,
Here I giue ouer Robry for euermore,
Such mis-rule I shall neuer Armes beir.
But if it bee in honest vse of weir.
Now I haue tolde part of my blisse and paine,
Dear GOD for sake now some kindnesse shew againe.

Mine heart will breake but I wot what yée bee,
Outragiously that hes rebuted mée:
For weill I trowde that liuing had beene none,
By strength of force might mée as Prisoner tane:
Except VVallace that hes redéemed Scotland,
The best is talled this Day liuing on hand.
Into his Marres were worship for to wake,
Into this world, I trow, hée hes no maike,
VVallace smiled, and said, Friend it may bee,
Scotland had néed of mony such as thee,
What is thy name, tell mée so haue thou teill,
Forsuith hée said, Thomas of Longoueill.
Weill brook thou it: thus endeth all our strife,
Shape to please GOD in mending of thy life.
Thy faithfull friend my selfe thinkes for to bee,
And als my name I shall soone tell to thée:
For chance of war thou shouldst no mourning mak
As weird will wirke thy Fortune must thou take,
I am that man that thou Aduancest hie.
And but short time syne I come to the Sée.
Of Scotland borne, my right name is VVallace,
On knée hée fell, and thanked GOD of Grace,
I dare auow that yelden is mine hand,
To the best man this Day that is liuand,
Forsuith hée said, this pleaseth mée mekill more,
Then of Flozings hée gaue mée sirtie score.
Then VVallace said, Thou art now hér throw cha
My purpose is to passe now into France,
Unto the King syn I am bowne to passe,
To my Reward thy Peace I thinke to aske,
Peace I would haue faine of my native King,
And no longer syne in this Realme to ring.
Then thou take leiue to come from it againe,
Into thy seruice I thinke for to remaine.

Seruice hée said, Thomas, it may not bée,
But good friendship, as I shall keepe to thée.
Gart draw the Wine, and ilke one merry made,
The Ships by then were in the Rochell Rade.

THe red Blasons, as they had borne in weir,
The Towne was soone into a sudden feare:
The Red-Reauer they said was at their hand,
Contrair whose strẽgth might none against him stãd,
Some Ships fled, and some the Land hes tane,
Clarions blew and Trumpets mony one,
When VVallace saw the people was on steir,
Hée gaue command no Ships should neirer peir,
But his owne Barge in their Hauen gart draw,
The folke was glade when they the Banner saw,
Full well they knew in Gold the red Lyoun,
Leit vp the Port, receiued them in the Towne.
They souered him for all hée had there brought.
The Red Nauie vnto the Hauen sought,
On land syn went, where that them liked to passe,
Right few wist there what Scotsman VVallace was
But weill they thought hee was a goodly man.
And honoured him with all the craft they can.
Those foure Dayes Wallace remained there,
These men hée called when hée was bowne to fare,
Hée them commanded vpon that Coast to byde.
Whill hée them fred, for chance that might betide.
Beare you euenlie, what good that euer yée spend,
Liue on your owne, whill I you tidings send.
Gar sell your ships, and make you men of Peace,
It were good time of wickednesse to cease.
Your Captaine shall passe to the King with mée,
Throw helpe of GOD I shall his warrand bée.
Hée gart graith him in sute with his owne men.

Was no man there that might well Thomas kend,
Likely hee was, manly of gouernance,
Like to the Scots, by manly countenance:
Haue of tongue, of Scots had hee none,
In Latine well, it might haue sufficed one.
Thus past they on, in all the haste they may,
To Pareis Towne they went vpon a Day.
Tidings was brought of Wallace to the King,
So greit desire hee had of no kin thing.
As in that tyme whill hee had seene VVallace,
To meete himselfe hee waited vpon cace.
In a Garden where hee gart them bee brought,
To his presence, with manlike feir they sought.
Two and fifty at once kneeling downe,
And saluit him as Roy of most renowne.
With rewled speich, in so goodly anise,
All France could no more Nurture them deuise.
The Queene had leiue, and come in her effeir,
For mekill shee heard of VVallace Deed in Weir.
What needs more of courtesie to tell?
They keeped well that to the Scots befell.
Of Kings fare I dare make no rehearse,
My feeble mind, my troubled spryte transuerse.
Of the rich seruice what needes words more?
Might none bee found, but it was present there,
Soone after meate the King to Parlour went,
With goodly Lords there VVallace was present,
Then communed they of mony sundry thing,
To speike with him greit desire had the King.
At him hee speired of Warres the Gouernance.
Hee answered him, with manly countenance,
To euery point, as farre as hee had feill,
In Latine tongue right naturally and weill.
The King conceiued soone by his hie courage,

Wha

What Weir-men vsed by reise in their passage.
Into what mind the Red-Reauer then was,
Maruell hee had how hee leit VVallace passe.
To him hee said, Yee are some thing to blame,
Yee might haue sent with your Herauld from home,
After power to bring you throw the See.
GOD thanke you, Sir, there of enough had wee,
Few men may passe where they finde no perrill
Right wheene may keepe where none is to assaill.
Wallace, hee said, thereof maruell haue I.
A Tyrant reignes in yre full cruelly.
Upon the Sey, that greit sorrow hes wrought:
Right wee him get, it should not bee for nought.
Some of this Land, a natiue man to mee,
Therefore on vs the greitest Yarme doeth hee.
Then Thomas quoke, and changed countenance,
Yee heard the King his ill deids disaduance.
Wallace beheld, and feinzeit in a part,
Forsuith hee said, wee found none in that Airt.
That proffert vs ony such vnkindnesse,
By your leiue Sir, I speake in homelinesse.
Trow yee by sight yee couth the Squyer know,
Full long it is, sen tyme that I him saw,
But thir wordes of him are but in vaine,
Ere hee come heir right good men will bee slaine.
Then VVallace said, Heere haue I brought with mee
Of likly men that dwelt in our Countrie.
Whilks of all these would ye call him most like?
Among them blent this Royall Roy most rike.
Kessed them well, both stature and courage,
Manner, mackdome, their fassoun, and visage,
Sadly hee said, auised soberly,
That largest man, whilke stands next you by,
Would I call him, by mackdome to deuise,

Thir

Thir are no thing but wozds of office,
Befoze the King on knees fell god VVallace,
O Royall Roy, of hie Honour and Grace,
With walke wozds I will you not trouble,
Now I will speake some thing foz mine auaile:
Our barrane Land hes bene ouerset with weir,
By Saxons seed that does vs mekill deir.
Slaine our Elders, destroyed our righteous blood,
Wasted our Land of Gold and other Good,
And yee are heer with might and Royalty,
Eye yee should haue to our Aduersitie.
And vs support foz kindnesse of the Band,
Whilke is confirmit betwirt you and Scotland.
Als I am heere foz your charge and pleasance,
My life-lait is but honest cheuisance.
Flour of Realmes forsuith is this Regioun,
To my reward I would haue greit guerdoun,
VVallace hee said, Aske what yee would haue,
God Gold oz Land shall not bee long to craue.
VVallace answerit, swa yee grant it to mee,
What I would haue it shall soone chosen bee,
What euer yee aske that is in this Regioun,
Yee shall it haue, except my Wife and Crowne.
Hee thankit him of his greit kindlinesse,
All my reward shall bee askit of grace.
Peace to this man, I brought with me throw chance
Heere I quiteclame all other gifts in France.
This same is hee, if that yee know him weill:
That yee of spake Thomas of Longoueill.
Be rigour yee desyzit hee should bee slaine,
I him restoze vnto your Peace againe,
Receiue him fair as leige man of your Land,
The King maruelit, and couth in studie stand,
Perfytlie hee knew that it was Longoueill,

Hee

Hee him forgaue his treſpaſſe euerie deill.
But for his ſake that had him hither brought,
For golde nor good, nor elſe hee did it nought,
Wallace hee ſaid, I had leuer of good land,
Ten thouſand pound haue ſeiſit in thine hand,
That haue I ſaid, ſhall holden bee in plaine,
Heir I receiue Thomas to peace againe.
Deirer to mee then euer hee was before,
All for your ſake though it were mekill more.
But I would wit how this matter befell,
VVallace anſwerit the trueth I ſhall you tell.
Then hee rehearſit what hapnit on that Day.
As yee before mine Author bes heard ſay:
When the good King had heard the ſudden caſe.
Upon the ſea before ſight of Wallace,
The King him helde right worthie to Aduance,
Hee ſaw in him manheid and gouernance,
So did the Queene and all the other Lords,
Ilke wight of him greit honour then records.
Hee purcheſt peace for all the power haill,
Fourteene hundreth was left at the Rochell.
Cart cry them free true ſeruants to the King,
And neuer againe for fault into ſic thing
When Thomas was reſtorit to his right,
Of his owne hand the King had made him Knight,
Efter hee gaue ſtate to his neireſt Aire,
And made himſelfe with VVallace for to fair,
Thus hee hes brought thir men fra reife throw cace,
By ſudden chance of him and wight Wallace,
Thus leiue wee them in worſhip and pleaſance,
At lyking ſtill with the good King of France.

How

How Wallace past in Guyane Chap. III.

THay twenty Dayes hee ludged into reſt,
So to remaine hee thought not it the beſt.
Stil into Peace hee could not long indure,
For why? contrarious it was to his nature,
Right well hee wiſt Engliſhmen occupyed,
Guyane that tiine therefore hes hee eſpyed.
Some jeopardy vpon them for to make,
Ane goodly leiue hee at the King can take
Of French men hee none would with him call,
At that firſt time, for Auenture might fall.
But Syr Thomas that ſeruice couth perfew,
Hee wiſt not weill if all the laue was trew,
Of Scots men then ſembled haſtely,
Nyne hundreth ſoone of worthy Chenalry.
In Guyane land full haſtely can ryde,
Raiſit feill fire, and waſted winnings wyde.
Fortes they braks, and ſtalwart biggings wan,
Derfly to Death brought mony Sutheron man.
An weirlike towne ſo fand they in that land,
Whilk Schement hecht that Engliſhmen had in hand
Towart that ſteid full ſadly Wallace ſought,
By ony way aſſailzieit if hee mought.
Bargane to haue if hee might get them out,
Greit ſtrength of wood there was that towne about.
The towne ſtood als vpon ane water ſide,
Into ane Parke that was both long and wyde.
They buſked them whill paſſed was the night.
When the Sunne roſe foure hundreth men hee dight
The laue hee gart Crawfurd in bnſhment take,
If they miſtered ane reſkew for to make:
Then Longoueill that aye was full Sauage,

With

Wallace past as one to that skirmage.
Thir foure hundreth that was full well Arrayed,
Before the towne in plaine battell displayed.
It was not weill then knowne in that Countrie,
The Lyoun in Gold that awfull was to see.
Sone forrey kest, and seased mekill good,
Weirmen within that wisely vnderstood,
Soone ished out the pray for to reskew,
The worthie Scots feill Englishmen they slew,
The laue for dreid fled to the towne againe,
The forrey tooke the prey and passed in plaine.
Towart the Parke, but power of the towne,
Whit out againe in awfull battell bowne.
An thousand haill of men in Armes strong,
Few bade within that might to Armes gang.
Then Wallace gart the forrayeres leise the prey,
Assembled soone into ane good Array,
Sone cruell counter was at that meeting seene,
Of the wight weir-men into their Armour sheene.
Feill left their life vpon the Sutheron syde,
Bot not for thy full boldly they abade,
Of the Scots part then worthie men they slew,
William Crawfurd that weill the perrill knew.
Out of the Parke hee gart the bushment passe,
Into the field where feill men feghting was.
At their entrie they gart full mony die.
The Englishmen was wonder loath to flie,
Bot worthely they wrought into that place,
Wade neuer so few so long against Wallace:
With sic power that Day as hee was there,
On either side assailzeit wonder sore.
Into the stour so fellounly hee wrought.
That worthy men derfly to death was brought,
With points pearsed throw plaits birnest bright,

Wallace

Wallace himselfe and Sir Thomas the Knight,
Whom so they hit made neuer moze Debate,
The Sutheron part was handlit there so hait;
Into that place they might no longer byde,
Out of that Field with soze hearts they ryde,
Unto the towne they fled full hastely,
VVallace followit and his good Cheualrie:
Feghting so fast into the thickest throng.
Whill in the towne they entred them among.
With him Crawfurd and Longoueill the Knight;
And Richart als VVallace his Cusing right,
Fifteene they were of Scots companie,
Thus hapnit they among that greit partie.
Ane cruell Porter gat vpon the Wall,
Pulled out the Pin, let the Port cuilzeis fall:
The Englishmen saw enterit was no moe,
Upon the Scots full hardelie they goe,
But to ane wall they haue their bakkis bet,
Sad stroks and soze boldlie about them set.
Richard VVallace the Turngreece well hes seene,
Hee followit fast vpon their Porter keene.
Upon the Wall deid in an Dyke him drawe,
Gat vp the Port, and let in all the laue,
When VVallace men had thus the entrie wun.
Full greit slaughter againe they haue begun,
They saued none vpon the Sutheron side,
That weapons bare and Harnesse in that tyde,
Women and Bairns the good they tooke them fro,
Syne gaue them leiue in the rowme land to goe.
The Priests als that was not in the Field,
Of aged men that might not Weapons weild.
They slew none sic, for Wallace charge it was,
But made them free at larges for to passe.
Riches of Gold they gat in greit plenty,

Harnesse

Harneſſe and Horſe that might them well ſupplie,
With French folke plenisht the Towne againe
On the tenth Day the Field they tooke in plaine,
The Riuer downe into the Land they ſought,
On Sutheron men full greit maiſtrie they wrought,
Then when true men to the King tolde this tale,
Of French men hee ſembled ane battell.
Twentie thouſand of true leiges of France,
His brother them led was Duke of Orleance,
Throw Guyane land in rayed battell rade,
To follow Wallace who made but little bade.
For French ſupplie to helpe them in their right,
Their Burdeous or they ouertake him might.
Good Wallace was there, and choſen hes ane plaine,
For ſome men told that Burdeous with great maine
Within ſhort time ſhought battell for to giue,
Bot frae they wiſt that French folke would relieue,
With greit power, for helping of VVallace.
Other purpoſe they tooke into ſhort ſpace.
In Picardie ſome meſſage could they ſend,
Of Wallace comming they haue told to ane end,
Of Gloceſter Captaine of Calice was,
The hardie Erle hee made him for to paſſe:
In England ſoone, and ſyne to London went,
Of Wallace Deeds hee tolde in Parliament.
Some plainely ſaid, that Wallace brake the Peice,
Wiſe men ſaid, Nay, and prayit them for to ceis,
And Beaument ſaid, Hee tooke but for Scotland,
And not for France that ſhall yee vnderſtand.
Your Endentures ſpeike of ony more,
He hes done wrong the ſuith yee may decl air.
Godſtocke anſwerit, ſaid yee haue ſpoken weill,
Bot contrare right that taill is euer ilk deill.
Vpon bee hee that band for him and his,

Pay no man say, but hee hes done amisse.
For principally hee band with vs the true,
And now againe begins hee makee new,
Sir King hee said, if euer yee thinke to make,
On Scotland weir on hand now shall yee take.
Whilhee is out, or else it helps nought,
As Wodstocke said, the haill Counsell hes wrought,
Power they raised in Scotland for to vyde,
By land and sea they would no langer byde.
Their Land Holl they tayit sone in deid,
Their vangaird tooke the hardy Duke to leid.
Of Gloceſter that of weir had greit feill.
Of Longcaſtell the Duke gouernit weill.
The middell ward: and to the sea they send,
Sir: Iohn Pſewart that weill the Northland kend,
The knight V Vallange before the Hoſte in rade,
And sik ane way with euill Scots men made.
Mony Caſtelles hee gart soone yelden bee,
To Engliſhmen withoutten moze mellie.
Or the beſt will that it is weir in plaine,
Entered hee was into Bothwell againe
Sir Iohn Pſewart that come in by the Sey,
Sainct-Iohnſtowne soone gat throw ane jeopardy,
Dundie they tooke and put Scots men to deid,
In Fyfe from them was not kæped ane steid.
And all the South from Cheuiot to the Sæ,
Into the Weſt there might no ſuccour bee.
The worthy Lord that should haue gouerned this,
GOD hes him tane to euerlaſting bliſſe.
True men him tooke and couth to Arrane paſſe,
His sonne V Valter that but a Childe yet was.
Adam Wallace that wist of no supplie.
To Rauchlie went and LINDESAY of Craigie,
Good Robert Boyde in Bute made reſidence,

For hastie Deceit they tooke them to Defence.
Syr Iohn the Grahame in Dundaffe might not bide
Succour hée sought to the Forrest of Clyde.
The Knight Psewart a Shyreffe made in Fyfe,
Syr Aymers brother, and gaue for terme of lise.
Those Lands all that VVallange ought before,
Richard Lundy had greit dreid throw their shore.
Hée likit not for to come to their Peace,
Therefore in Fyfe they would not let him ceafe.
To passe ouer Tay as then it might not bée,
For Englishmen sore ruled that Countrie.
Out of the Land hee stole away by night:
Eightéene with him, that worthie were and wight,
And als his Sonne that was of tender eild,
But after soone hee could weill weapons weild.
At Striuiling Bridge ere that the Watch was set,
There passed hée the way withoutten let.
In Dundaffe mur Syr Iohn the Grahame he sought
A Woman him told, as then before was wrought,
Unto a Strength hée went vpon the morne,
LANERK was tan, with yong Thomas of Thorne.
Hay and Lundy, they might no longer remaine,
By South Tynto to lodge they made in plaine.
Syr Iohn the Grahame got wot that they were there
To them hée past withoutten processe more.
VVallange gart bring from Carlyle Carriage,
To stuffe Bothwell, both Wine and good Vernage.
Lundy and Grahame, got wot of that Usttaill,
Right suddenly they made them to assaile,
Fyfty they were of noble Cheualry,
Against foure score of English company,
A Squyer then kéeped the Carriage,
All Brankistnahait haill then was his Heritage,
Lundy and Grahame met with the Squyer wight.

Feill Englishmen der fly to Death hee dight:
Sirtie were slaine vpon the Sutheron side,
And fiue Scots so boldly they abide.
Greit good they wan, both Gold and other Geir,
Victuall and Horse thus hapnit in this Weir.
Into the Land therefore they thought it best,
Syn they haue seene well long they might not lest,
To seeke some place in strength that they might bide,
The Sutheron folke had plenisht on ilke side,
Lundies Lodge they left vpon a night
Into the Lennox they past the way full right.
The Erle Malcolme, that keipit that Countrie,
From Englishmen, throw helpe of their supplie,
Seton and Lyle into the Basse abade,
For Englishmen so greit mastry had made,
That all the South they had into their hand,
And Hew the Hay they send into England.
And other Heirs, to Prison at their will,
The Northland Lords saw none helpe come them till
A Squyer Guthrie among them ordainit they,
To warne VVallace in all the haste hee may,
Out of Aberbrothocke hee passit to the Sea.
And at the Sluce landit full sone hes hee.
In Flanders Land no residence hee made,
In France hee past, but VVallace well abade,
On his purpose at Guyane at the Weir.
On Englishmen hee had done mekill deir.
Whill good Guthrie had gotten his presence,
Hee hastit him fast and made no residence.
Hee hes told him with Scotland how it stood.
Then Wallace said, These tidings are not good.
I had exemple of times that is by worne,
Trewes to bind with them that is mansworne.
But I as then couth not thinke of such thing.

Becauſe that wee toke Peice with their falſe King,
By their Chanceller the other Peice was bounden,
And that full ſoze our foze Elders hes founden.
Under that Trew they gart eightæne ſcoze die.
That Noble were the beſt in our Countrie.
To the Great GOD my Vow now hære I make.
Peace with that King thinke I neuer to take,
Hæ ſhall repent that hæ this Warre began.
Thus mooued hee with mony Royall man,
Unto the King, and tolde him his intent,
To let him paſſe the King would nought conſent,
Whill Wallace there made pzomiſe by his hand.
If euer againe hee thought to leiue Scotland.
To come to him. His greit Seale to him gaue.
Of what Lozdſhip that hæ likit to haue.
Thus at the King an heſty leiue toke hee,
No man with him hæ brought from that Country,
But his owne men, and Syz Thomas the Knight.
In Flanders-land they paſt with all their might.
Guthries Barge at the Sluce couth ly ſtill.
To the Sey they went, with a full eger will.
Both Forth and Tay they left, and paſſit by,
On North Coiſt good Guthrie was their guy.
In Montros Hauen they brought him to the land.
To true Scots it was a blyth tidand.
Syz Iohn Ramſay, that worthie was and wight,
From Ouchter houſe the way hee chooſed right,
To meet VVallace with men of Armes ſtrong,
Foz hiscomming they had thought wonder long,
The true Ruthuen come als withoutten bade,
In Birnane Wood hee had his lodging made,
Barklay, Biſſet, to Wallace ſemblit faſt,
With thæ hundzeth to Ouchter-houſe hes paſt.

The ende of the nynth Booke.

THE TENTH BOOKE.

How Wallace wan Sainct Iohnstowne, By a jeopardy.

CHAP. I.

THe latter Day of August fell this case
For the rescue thus ordained god VVallace,
Of Sainct Iohnstowne, that Sutheron occupyed:
Fast toward Tay they passed & espyed
Ere it was Day vnder Kinnowle them laid,
Out of the Towne, as Scotishmen to him said,
Their seruants ished, with Carts, Hay to leid,
So was it suith, and hapned in that steid.
Then sire there come and brought but Carts three,
When they of Hay were leiding busilie,
Guthrie, with ten in hands then hes them tane,
Put all to death, of them hé saued none,
Wallace in hast gart take their vpmost Wéed,
And such like men they wailed well good spéed.
Foure were right good, Wallace himselfe tooke one,
A Russet Cloake, and him with good Ruthuen.
Guthrie, Bisset, and als good Yeomen two.
In that like sute hé graithed them to goe.
Fyfteene they tooke of men of Arms wight,
In ilk Cart siue they ordainde out of sight,

Full

Full ſubtilly they couered them with Hay,
Syne to the Towne they went the gaineſt way.
Theſe Carters had ſhort Swords of fine good Stele,
Under their weed, then droue forth the Carts well,
Syr Iohn Ramſay bade in the Buſhment ſtill,
When miſter were to helpe them with good will.
Theſe true Carters paſt out withoutten let,
Out ouer the Brige, and entred at the Yate.
When they were in, their Cloakes they cuiſt them fra
Good Wallace then the chiefe Porter could ta
Upon the Heid, whill deid he hes him left,
Syne other two the life from them hee reft.
Guthrie and Biſſet did right well in the Towne.
And Ruthuen als dang of thir fey men downe,
The Armed men that in the Carts were brought,
Roſe vp, and weill their deuore duely wrought,
Upon the gate they gart feill Sutheron die,
Then Ramſayes Spye hes ſeene them get entrie.
The Buſhment both broke Brige and Port hes wun,
Into the Towne great ſtrife there was begun.
Twenty and one ere Ramſay come in plaine,
Within the Towne had fourty Sutheron ſlaine.
The Engliſhmen to Array were not gone,
The Scots as then leiſure let them haue none,
Frae good Ramſay with his men entred in.
They ſaued none were knowne of Sutheron kin.
And Longoueill, the worthie knight Syr Thomas,
Proued well there, and mony other place,
Againſt his dint few Engliſhmen might ſtand,
Wallace in him great faith and kindneſſe fand.
The Sutheron part ſaw weill the Towne was tint.
Fiercely they fled. as fire doeth from the Flint.
Some fled, ſome fell into draw-dykes full Dæpe:
Some to the Kirke, their lines if they might keepe.

Some fled to Tay, and in small Vessels yeid,
Some derfly dyed and Drownit in that steid,
Sir Iohn Psewart at the west zet out past,
To Methwen Wood hée sped him wonder fast,
An hundreth men the Kirke tooke for succour:
But VVallace would no grace grant in that houre,
Hee bad slay all of cruell Sutheron Kin,
Them for to slay hee thought it was no sin.
Foure hundreth men without the Towne were deid,
Seuen score on liue scapit out of that steid.
Wiues and Bairnes they made them for to goe,
With VVallace will hee would slay none of thoe,
Riches they found that Englishmen brought new,
Plenisht the Towne with worthie Scots and true,
Sir Iohn Psewart left Methwen Forrest strong,
Went to the Gaske full feill Sutheron among.
And syne in Fyfe, where VVallange Shyreffe was,
Made Scurriours soone out throw the Land to passe,
And gatherit men, ane stalwart company,
To Archatane hée drue them priuily.
Ordainit them in redy bargan bowne,
Againe hée thought to sailzie Sainct-Iohnstowne,
Where Wallace lay, and would no longer rest
Ruled the Towne as then him likit best.
Syr Iohn Ramsay greit Captaine ordained hée,
Ruthuen Shyreffe at one accord to bée,
This charge hée gaue, If men them warning made,
To come to him withoutten more abad,
And so they did, when tidings was them brought,
With an hundreth VVallace foorth from them soght,

The

The Battell of Blacke-Irne-side Forrest.
CHAP. II.

IN Fyfe hée past to vesie that Countrie,
But wrong warnit of Englishmen was hée,
Syr Iohn Psewart when they were passed by,
From the Ochell hee sped him hastily,
Upon Wallace followed with all his might,
To Abernethie tooke lodging the first night,
Upon the morne, with fiftéene hundreth men,
To Blacke-Irne-side, as his guids couth him ken,
There Wallace was, and might no Message send,
To Sainct-Iohnstowne, to make his Iurney kend,
For Englishmen, that full subtill hes beene,
Great Watches warnit ẏ none should passe betwéen.
Then VVallace said, This matter likes not mee,
Hée called to him the Squyer good Guthrie.
And Bisset als that knew full weill the Land,
And asked at them what Déed was best on Hand?
Message to make, our power for to get,
With feill Sutheron wée will bée vnbeset:
And wicked Scots that know the Forrest best:
They are the cause that wée may get no rest,
I dried far more VVallange that is the guid,
Then all the rest that comes vpon that side.
Then Guthrie said, Might wee get once ouer Tay,
To Sainct-Iohnstowne it were the gainest way,
To warne Ramsay, wée would get succour soone,
Ouer suith it is, it that cannot well bée done,
Right well I wot. Vessell is leaued none,
From the Woop-hauen to the Ferry called Arrane,
Then Wallace said, The Water awfull is,
My selfe can swim, I trow and aill no mis,

But curriour vse accordeth nought not for mee,
And leaue you heere, yet I had rather die,
Throw GODS grace wee shall better eschew:
The Strength is strong, and wee were men anew,
In Elchocke Parke but fourty men were wee,
For seuen hundreth, and gart feill Sutheron die,
Escaped weill in mony vnlikely place,
So shall wee heere throw the helpe of GODS grace.
Whill wee may last, wee may this Wood hold still.
Therefore like man bee true of hardy will.
And that wee doe so nobly into deed,
Of vs bee found after no lacke to reed.
The right is ours, wee should more Ardent bee,
I thinke to frieth this Land, or else to die,
His wailled speech, with wit and hardiment.
Made all the rest so cruell of intent.
Some bade, Take Field, and giue battell in plaine,
Wallace said, No, these words are all in vaine,
Wee will not leaue that may bee our vantage,
This wood to vs is worth a whole yeares wage,
Of hewen Timber in haste hee gart them take,
Syles of Make and a greit Barreris make.
At a fore-front into the Forrest side,
Made a greit strength, where they purposd to byde.
Stelled them fast to Trees that growing was,
That they might weill in from the Barreris passe:
And see their anaile on either side about,
Syne come againe, when they saw there was doubt.
By that this Strength Arrayed was at right,
The English Hoste approached to their sight.
Then Plewart come, that way for to haue wend,
That they were wont, his Guides so him kend,
At their entry they thought to haue passage,
But soone they found that made them greit stoppage.

A thou-

A thousand hee led of men of Armour strong,
With fiue hundreth hee gart Iohn VVallange gang,
Without the Wood, that none should scape them fra
Wallace with him had fourty Archers throe.
The rest were Spears, full Noble in a Dæd,
On their enemies they bickert with good spæd.
A cruell Counter was at that Barreris sæne,
The Scots Defence so siker was and kæne.
Sutheron stood aw to enter them among,
Feill to the ground they ouerthrew in that throng.
A rowme was left, where part in Front might fare,
Who entered in, againe yeid neuer more,
Fourty they slew, that gone-ward would haue past,
All disarrayed, the Hoste was all agast.
One part of Horse throw shot to deith were brought,
Brake to a Plaine, the Sutheron to them sought.
Then Pstewart said, Alace, how may this bee?
And doe no Harme, ouer great rebuted haue wee.
Hee called VVallange, and asked his counsell,
Sythesse thou art, what may vs best auaill,
For few they are, that makes this greit Debate,
Iohn VVallange said. This is the best I wate,
To ceis hereof, and remaine heere beside,
For they may not long in the Forrest bide.
For fault of Food they must in the Countrie,
Then were more time to make on them melly.
Ere they bee wun on force into this strife,
Feill that yee leid shall erer lose their life.
Then Pstewart said, This rede I will nought take,
And Scots bee warned, rescue sone will make,
Of this Despite amends I thinke to haue,
Or die therefore in number with the laue.
Into a range my selfe on foote will fare,
Eight hundreth hee tooke, the likliest that was there
Syne

Syne bade the reſt at the Barrers bide ſtill,
With Iohn Wallange, to rule them at his will:
Wallange, hee ſaid, Bee forward in this caſe,
In ſuch a ſnare wee couth not get Wallace.
Take or ſlay him, I promiſe by my life,
That King Edward ſhall make thee Erle of Fyfe.
At yon Eaſt part wee thinke to enter in,
I bad no more might yee this Barrers win.
Frae they bee cloſed graithly among vs ſo,
But maruell bee they ſhall no further goe.
Aſſailzie ſore when yee wot wee come neir,
On either ſide wee ſhall hold them on ſteir.
Thus Pſewart there vpon ane awfull wiſe,
Wallace hes ſeene what hes beene their deuiſe,
Gud men, hee ſaid, yee vnderſtand this Deed,
Forſuith, hee ſaid, they are right mekill to dreed.
Yon Pſewart is ane worthy noble Knight,
Forward in warres, right hardy, wiſe, and wight
His aſſailzie hee ordains wonder ſore,
As for to Harme mans wit can doe no more.
Pleaſant it is a wiſe Chiftaine to goe.
So Chiftaine like, it ſhould greit comfort mae.
To his owne men, and they of Worthip bee,
Then for to ſee ten thouſand Towarts flee.
Sen wee art ſet with enemies on ilke ſide,
And here on force muſt in this Forreſt bide,
That all the reſt of vs abaiſit bee,
Allay the firſt, for GODS ſake cruelly,
Crawfurd hee left, and Longueill the Knight,
Fourty with them, to keepe the Barrers wight.
With him ſirtie, all worthie men in weid,
To meet Pſewart with hardy will they yeede.
A manner of Dyke into the Wood was made,
Of thortour Trees, boldly hee there abade.

downewith wall the Sutheron to them had,
oone sembled they with strokes sore and sad,
harpe Speirs then dushed on either side,
hrow birneis bright made wounds deepe and wide
he vantage was the Scots them Danted soe,
hat no Englishmen durst from his fellow goe.
o breke Array or formost enter in,
f Christened blood to see it was greit sin.
orwrongous cause and hes beene mony Day,
eill Englishmen in the Dyke dead they lay.
peirs full soone all into splenders sprong,
ith sharp Swords they hewed on in throng.
lood brystit out throw fine Harnesse of maill,
ohn Wallange als full sharply can assaill,
pon Crawfurd and Knight Longoueill,
ith their power keeped the Barres weill,
ade good Defence, by wit, manheid, and might.
t the entrie feill men to death they dight.
hus all at once they sailzied either place,
one that was there durst turne to the Barres,
o helpe Wallace no man of his durst passe,
o rescue them, so fell the feghting was,
t either hand they handled was so hait,
ut doe or die no succour else them wait.
Vallace was sad into that stalwart stour,
uthrie, Bisset with men of greit valour,
ichard VVallace that worthie was of Hand,
ewart maruelled that contrare them migt stand,
hat euer so few might byde in battell place.
gainst them and matched face for face.
e thought him selfe to end that matter weill,
ast preassed in with ane good brand of steell,
nto the Dyke ane Scots man gart die,
allace therefore in heart had greit pitty,

Ane mends to haue hee followed on him fast,
But Englishmen so thicke betwirt them past,
That vpon him ane stroke get could hee nought,
Other worthie derfly to deith hee brought:
Slops hee made throw all the Chevalry,
The hardy Scots that wrought so worthely.
When Sutheron saw thir good men was so drest,
Longer to byde, they thought it not the best,
Foure score were slaine, or they wold leaue that stead
And fifty als was in the Barreris deid,
Ane trumpet blew, and from the Wood can draw,
Wallange left off, that sight when that hee saw.
To sailzie more they thought it was no speid,
Without the wood to Counsell fast they yeid.
The worthie Scots to rest them was right faine,
Feill hurts they had, but few of them was slaine.
Wallace bade all of good comfort to bee,
Thanked bee GOD the fairer part haue wee.
Yon Knight Stewart hes at greit iurneyes beene,
So sore assay I haue but seldome seene.
I had leuer on Wallange woken bee,
Then ony man that is in yon menzie,
The Scots all into the Barreris yeed,
Stanched wounds that couth full braithly bleed.
Some Scots men had bled full mekill blood,
For fault of Drinke, and als wanting of food.
Some sembled fast that had feill hurts there
Wallace therefore sighed with heart full sore.
Ane that hee hint, to get water is gone,
Other refuge as then hee wist of none.
Ane little strand as then hee found him by,
Of cleir water hee brought them boundantly.
And dranke him selfe syne said with sober mude,
The Wine in France mee thought not halfe so good.

The

hen of the day thrée quarters was ouer went,
r Iohn Pſewart hes caſtin in his intent,
o ſailzie moze as then he couth not preue,
uhile on the mozne that new men couth releue,
nd kæpe them in quhill they foz hunger foze,
um in his will oz ellis to die therefoze,
Wallang he ſaid I charge the foz to byde,
nd kæpe them in quhill I to Cowper ryde,
maine thou with fyue hundzeth at thy will,
nd I the mozne with power ſall cum the till,
hn Wallang ſaid this charge I heir forſake,
ter this day all night I may not wake,
t traiſt ye weil they will iſh to the plaine,
ogh ye bide als oz els die in the paine,
ewart bad byde oz vnderly the blame,
he command in gude King Edwards nams,
heir to God a vow I make befozne,
nd they bzeke out to hang thée on the mozne,
this command Iohn Wallang had greit dzeid.
ewart fra them with nyne ſcoir into deid,
thand the wood and his gude men of Fyfe,
e Scots were blyth when that they hard ſik ſtryf,
allace dzew neir his time when that he ſaw,
the wood ſyde and couth on Wallange caw,
e knight hes hecht the mozne to hang the hie,
um into vs I ſhall thy warrand be,
contrair him and all King Edwards might,
ke we him quicke we ſhall him hang on hight,
e gude Lozdſhip I ſhall thée giue heir eiſt,
this eilk land that thy bzother hes leiſit,
llange was wiſe full ſone couth vnderſtand,
e liklines Wallace ſould win the land,
nd better him wer vpon the right to byde.
en be in weir vpon the other ſyde,

Then

With short auisement to VVallace soone they sou
Then Pſewart cryed and said, That bees for nou
And als of kind thou art of Heritage,
Cowart on thee is euill waired greit wage,
Heere I shall byde my purpose to fulfill,
Duther to die, or haue thee at my will,
For all his speech to passe they would not spare,
With full glad heart VVallace receiued him there.
By that Ruthuen and Ramsay of renowne,
By ane true Scot that past to Sainct-Iohnstowne,
Them warning made that Pſewart followed fast,
Upon Wallace then were they sore agast.
Out of the Towne ished in all their might.
With three hundreth that worthie were and wight
To Blacke-Irne-side assembled in that place,
As Wallange was gone in to good Wallace.
The Knight Pſewart hes well their comming seene
Ane fair plaine Field hee chooſed them betweene,
Eleuin hundreth and foure score then had hee.
The Scots men were fyue hundreth and sirtie,
Thir were but few ane plaine Field for to take,
Out of the Wood good Wallace can him make,
Hee wist no wit of them that comming was,
More hardiment was from the strength to passe,
But when hee heard Ruthuen and Ramsay cry,
Of Ouchterhouse blyth was his Cheualrie.
Might they of Gold haue bought ane Kings rent,
The good VVallace might not so well content.
Then to Array they yeed on either syde,
In cruell ire in battell bowne to byde,
Worthyer men then Pſewart sembled there,
In all his time Edward had neuer more,
But Pſewart saw his number was far mo,
His power sone hee gart deuyd in two.

To feght in that cauſe knightly hee them kend,
In that Iourney outher to win or end,
The worthie Scots that firſt among them bade,
For greit ſlaughter on Engliſhmen they made.
Into the Wood before had preuit ſo weill,
That on the plaine they ſonzeit not a deill.
In courage grew as they were new begun,
Short reſt they had from ryſing of the Sun,
Sy that Ramſay and good worthie Ruthuen,
Throw out the thickeſt of the preis is gone,
Slopes they made among the Engliſhmen.
Diſſeuerit them by twenty and by ten.
When ſpeirs were gone, with ſwords of mettell cleir
To Engliſhmen their comming ſold full deir,
Wallace and his by worthineſſe of hand,
Feill Sutheron blood gart light vpon the land,
The two fields together reiled then,
Sir Iohn Pſewart with mony noble men,
To helpe their Lord thrée hundreth in a place,
About him ſtod, and did their biſſineſſe,
Defending him with many a wofull dint,
Whill all the outwart of the Field was tint,
Of commons, part into the Forreſt fled,
Succour to ſæke their men ſo had them led,
Then Scots hes ſæne ſo many in a rout,
With Pſewart ſtand that gairded him about,
Vpon the ſides aſſailzeit wonder ſair,
The poleiſt plaits with points pearſed bair,
The Sutheron made defence full cruellie,
Ill occupied was this noble Cheualry,
Sir Iohn Ramſay would they had yelden beene,
Wallace ſayd, ney, it is ane wrong yee mœne,
Ranſon to take, wée cannot now begin,
On ſic ane wiſe this land wee may not win,

Pon

Yon knight of old our enemie hes bene,
So feill to vs of them I haue not sene,
Now he shall die throw help of Gods grace,
Ye come to pay his ransom in this place,
The Sutheroun saw and wist plainely to die,
Reskew was nane, suppose that they wald flie,
Freshlie they faught as they had entred new.
Upon our syde part worthy men they slew,
The Stewart said alace in wrong doing,
Our lyues we losse for pleasure of our King,
That felloun knight doutit his life right noght,
Amang the Scots full hardely he wrought,
Bissit he strake to deith withoutin more,
Wallace preissit with his sword birnist bair,
At Stewartis hals he ettellit with greit ire,
Throw the pesane stik in sunder strake the swyre,
Deid to the ground he rushit for all his might,
Be Wallace hand thus endit that gude knight,
The remanent without mercie they slae,
For gude Bissit the Scots was wonder wae,
In hands sum they stickit but remeid,
Ma Sutheroun past with lyfe out of that steid,
Then to the wood for them that left the feild,
Ane range they set, thus might they get no beild,
Zeid nane away was contrair our opinioun,
Gude Ruthuen past againe to Saint-Iohnstoun,
Sir Iohn Ramsay to Cowper Castell raid,
That house he toke for defence none was made,
VVallace, Crawfurd and with them gude Guthrie
Richard Wallace had long bene in mellie,
And Longoueill into Lundoris baid still,
Fastit they had to long againis their will,
VVallange they made their stewart for to be,
Of meete and drinke they fand aboundantlie,

The power fled, and durst no longer byde,
That was before vpon the Sutheroun syde,
Vpon the morne to Sainct-Andrewes they past,
Out of the Towne that Bishop bowned fast,
The King of England had him thiher send,
That Rent at will hee gaue him in commend.
His Kings charge as then hee durst not hold,
A wrongous Pope that Tyrant might bee cald,
Hew fled with him and got away by Sey,
For all Scotland Wallace hee would not see,
Of him as then hee made but light recorde,
Bart restore him that there was righteous Lord,
The worthie Knight that into Cowper lay,
Bart spuilzie it vpon the second day.
Syne ordained men at command of Wallace,
But more processe for to cast downe the Place.
Syndores they gart sone pierce out throw the Wall
Sone Punsions fired, vnto the ground cuist all.
Syr Iohn Ramsay syne to Carraill can fare,
Sutheron were fled, and left but Walls bare.
After Pfewart they durst not tary long,
The Scots at large out throw all Fyfe cong.
As Englishmen were left in that Countrie.
But in Lochleuin their bode one company,
Vpon that Inch in small Houses they light,
Castell was none, but walled with water wight,
Beside Carraill sembled Wallace before,
His purpose was for to assay Kinghorne.
Knight, Musgraue, Captaine in it was,
By short aduise hee purposed for to passe,
Rather hee would byde challenge of the King,
Then with Wallace to reckon for such thing,
That House hee tooke, and little tarie made,
Vpon the morne withoutten more abade.

But ouer the Mure where they the tryst had set,
Neare Scotland weill their lodging toke but let.
After Supper VVallace bade them goe rest,
My selfe will wake, me thinke it may bee best.

The winning of Lochlepin. Chap. III.

As hee commandit but graithing they haue done
Vnto their sleep, VVallace syn graithit him soone
Past to Lochleuen, as it was neare mid-night:
Eighteene with him, that hee had warnit right.
Thir men weint weill hee come to vesie it.
Fellowes hee said, I doe you weill to wit,
Consider weill this Place, and vnderstand,
That it may doe full great skaith to Scotland.
Out of the South and power come them till,
They may take in, to keepe at their owne will.
Vpon yon Inch right mony men may bee,
And ithe out, their time when that they see.
To bide long heere, wee may not weill for chance,
Yon Folke haue foode tryst weill at suffisance,
Water from them forsuith can not bee set,
Some other wile behoueth vs to get.
Wee shall remaine heere, at this part all still,
And I my selfe shall bring the Bote you till.
Therewith his Waed in haste off casteth hee,
Vpon yond side no Watch man can hee see,
Held vp his Shirt, and tooke his Sword so good,
Bound on his necke, syne lap into the flood,
And ouer hee swam, for letting had hee nought,
The Bote hee tooke and to his men it brought.
Arrayit them weill, and would no longer byde,
But passed in and rowde to the other side.
The Inch they tooke, with drawne swords in hand,

They sparit none that they before them found,
Strake Doores vp, and stickit men where they lay:
Upon the Sutheron thus sadly semblit they,
Thirty they slew, that were into that Place,
To make defence the Englishmen had no space,
Their Women fine were sent out of that steid,
Women nor Baitnes hee neuer put to deid.
The good they tooke as it had beene their owne,
Then Wallace said, Fellowes, I make you knowne,
The Purveance that was within the wones,
Wee will not tine: gar semble vs all at ones,
Let warne Ramsay, and our good men ilke one,
I will remaine, whill all the Stuffe bee gone,
Sent foorth a man, their Horses for to keepe,
Drew vp the Bote, and then tooke Beds to sleepe.
Wallace power, neir Scotland weill whilke lay,
Before the Sunne they missit him away,
Some mourning made, and maruellit of that case,
Ramsay bade cease, and mourne not for VVallace,
It is for good that hee is from vs went,
That yee shall see, and trust weill veriment,
Hine head to wed, Lochleuin hee past to see,
But in that Place no Englishmen found hee:
Into this Land, betwixt thir Waters left,
Tithings of him full soone yee shall heare eft,
As they about were talking on this wise.
Message soone come, and chargit them to rise.
My Lord, hee said to Dinner hes you calde,
Into Lochleuin, quhilk is ane likly Hald.
Yee shall fare weill, therefore put off all sorrowe,
They graithit them right early on the morrow,
And thither past of Wallace weill to wit,
Then semblit in a full blyth Fellowship.
They lodged them there till eight were at end.

Of Meat and Drinke they had enough to spend,
Tursed forth Geare that Sucheron had broght there,
Gart burne the Bote, to Sainct-Iohnstoun they fare
Bishop Sinkler, that worthie was and wise,
To Wallace come, and told him his auise:
Thus hee desired Wallace with him would ride,
And in Dunkeld sojourne that winter tide.
But hee said, No, that hold I not the best.
And Scotland thus, in Peace I cannot rest,
The Bishop said plainly, Wee may not wend,
Into the North for men I rede you send.
I grant (quoth hee) and choosed a Messenger.
The worthie Iop was with the Bishop there.
And Master Blair, whill Wallace come they bade,
With that good Lord that noble cheare them made,
Wallace send Blair into his Priests weed,
To warne the West where friends had great dreed,
How they should passe, or to good Wallace win,
The Englishmen, that held them long in twin,
Adam Wallace and LINDESAY that was wight,
Rauthlie they lift, and went away by night:
Through out the Land to the Lennox they fare,
The Erle Malcolme, that welcomed them full zair,
Maister Iohn Blair was blyth of that sembly,
Good Grahame was there, and Richart of Lundy,
Als Robert Boyde out of Bute to them sought,
Got they Wallace, of nothing then they rought,
But Englishmen betwixt them was so strong,
That they in plaine might not well to him gang,
Iop passed on, for nothing would hee let,
Great power then as there hee might not get.
The Lord Cumming, that Erle of Buchane was,
For olde enuy hee would let no man passe,
That hee might let, in good Wallace supplie.

The Erle Patrike at plane Field keeped hee,
Yet poore men come, and proued all their might,
To helpe VVallace, in fence of Scotlands Right.
The good Randall in tender age was kend,
Part of good men out of Murray hee fend.
Iop past againe, and come in presence sone.
Before Wallace and tolde him how hee had done,
But Master Blair so good tidings him brought,
That of Cumming Wallace full little rought.
Als Englishmen then had full mekill dreed:
Fra Fyfe was tint, the worse they thought to speed.
The Duke and Erle that time in Scotland led,
Captains they made, in England syne they sped,
Wallace him bouned, when he thoght time should bee
From Sainct Iohnstowne, and tooke with him fifty.
Steuen of Ireland and Keirlie that was wight,
From Englishmen they had holden the right.
In watch mens weede, and fended them right weill,
To good Wallace they were als true as Steele.
To follow him those two thought nener long,
Throw the Ochell they made them for to gang.
Upon more power hee tarried not that tide,
To keepe the Land the rest hee gart abide,
To Striuiling Bridge as then hee would not passe,
For strong power of Englishmen there was.

The winning of Airth. Chap. IIII.

TO Airth Ferrie they passed priuately,
And busked them in a derne steid thereby,
A cruell Captaine in Airth dwelt that yeere,
In England borne, that heght Tomlin of Weir.
An hundreh men were at his lodging still,
To brooke that Land they did both power and will.

Ane Scottish Fisher, quhilke they had tane before,
Contrare his will gart him bee to them sworne.
In their seruice they helde him Day and Night.
Before the Sunne VVallace gart Iop him dight.
And sent him foorth the passage to espy,
On the Fisher they hapned suddenly.
All him alone, but one Boy that was there,
Iop hint him soone, and for no feare would spare,
By the Coller, and a Knife out pulled hee,
For GODS sake this man askit mercie,
Iop speirit soon, Of what Natioun art thou?
A Scot hee said, but Sutheron gart mee vow,
In their seruice against my will full fore,
But for my life that I remained there,
To seeke Fish I come in this North syde,
Bee yee a Scot, I would faine with you byd.
Then hee him brought in presence of VVallace,
The Scots were blyth when they haue seen this ca
For with his Bote they might well passage haue,
For Ferrey Craft hee thought not for to craue,
Upon that side long space they tarryed nought.
To the South Land with full glad hearts they soug
Syne brake the Bote when they were landed there,
Seruice of it Sutheron might haue no more.
Then throw the Mosse they passed with good speed,
To the Torwood that man with them they laid.
The Widow there brought tidings to VVallace,
Of his true Enie that dwelt at Dunnipace.
Thomlin of Weir in Wison had him let,
For more Treasure then hee before might get.
Wallace said, Dame, hee shall weill lowsed bee,
The morne by noone, or moe therefore shall die,
Shee gote them Meate, and in quyet they bade,
Whill it was night, syne ready soone they made,
Towa

Toward Airth-hill right suddenly they drew,
A Strength there was, that weill the Fisher knew,
Of draw-dykes, and full of Water wan,
Wisely thereof hee watched them this man.
On the backe-syde hee led them priuately.
From the Water as wont to come was hee.
Ouer a small Bridge good Wallace entred in,
Into the Hall himselfe thought to begin,
From the Supper as they were bowne to rise,
Hee salust them vpon an awfull wise,
His men followed suddenly at ones,
Hasty sorrow was raised in those woines,
With sheiring Swords sharply about them dang,
Feill in the floore were felled them among.
With Thomlin of Weire Wallace himselfe hes met,
A felloun stroke sadly vpon him set:
Throw heid and swyre all throw the coist him claue,
The worthie Scots fast sticked of the laue.
Keeped well the Doors and to the death them dight,
To scape away the Sutheron had no might.
Some windowes sought for to haue broken out,
But all for nought, full fey was all the rout,
About the fire gushed the blood so reid,
Ane hundreth men was slaine into that steid.
Then VVallace sought where his Uncle might bée,
In a deepe Caue hee was set doolfully:
Where water stood and hee in Yrons strong,
VVallace full soone the braisses vp hee dang.
Out of ẏ Darke hole broght him with strength & list,
But noyse hee heard, of nothing else hee wist.
So blyth before in world hee had not beene,
And therewith sighed when hee had VVallace seene,
In Ditches the deid bodies out they cuist.
Braithed the Place as then them liked best,

Made full good cheare, and wise Watches they set,
Whill neire the Day they sleeped withoutten late.
When they had sight spuilzeit the Place in hy,
Found gayning Geare, both Gold and Jewelry.
On all that Day in quyet held them still,
When Sutheron come, receiued them with good will
In that labour the Scots were all full baine,
Sutheron come in but none went out again.
Women and Bairns put in Prison and Caue,
So they might make no warning to the laue,
Steuen of Ireland and Keirlie that was wight,
Keeped the Port vpon the second night.
Before the Day the worthie Scots rose,
Tursed good Geare, and to the Torwood goes,
Remained there, whill night was comming on hand
Syne bowned them in quiet throw the Land,
The Widow soone, frae they were passed doubt,
A seruant sent, and let the Women out.
To passe frae Airth, where that they liked best,
Now speake of them that went into the West.

How VVallace burnt the Englishmen in Dumbartane. Chap. V.

WAllace himselfe was sicker guide that night,
To Dumbartane the way hee choosed right,
Ere it was Day (for then the Night was long,
Unto the Towne full priuately they gang,
Mekill of it then Englishmen occupyed,
Good Wallace soone throw a darke gate him hyed,
Unto the House, whilke hee was wont to ken,
A Widow dwelt, whilke friend was to our men,
About her Bed on the backe side was made,
A derne Window, was neither long nor braide

Then

There Wallace called, and sone frae thee him knew,
In haste thæ rose, and priuately him drew,
In a close Barne where they might keped bee,
Both Meate and Drinke thæ brought them in plenty
A goodly gift to VVallace als shee gaue.
An hundreth pounds, and moze out ouer the laue.
Syne Hornes shes had, were likely men and wight,
An oath to him shes gart them sweare full right.
In peace they dwelt, in trouble they had beene,
And tribute payed to English Captaines keene,
Syr Iohn Monteith the Castell had in hand.
But some men said, there was a priuate band:
To Sutheron made, by meanes of that Knight,
Of their supplie to bee at all his might.
Thereof as now I will no processe make
VVallace that Day a shozt purpose can take.
When it was night hee bade the Widow passe,
And mark the Durs where Sutheron dwelling was.
Syne after this, hee and his Chevalry,
Graithed them weill, and Weapons tooke in hy,
Went on the gate, where Sutheron were on sleepe,
A great Ostelary our Scots tooke to keepe.
An English Captaine was sitting vp so late,
When hee and his with drinking were made hate,
Fine was there with him on hie courage:
Some would haue had good VVallace in that rage,
Som wold haue bund sir Iohn ȳ Grame throw streitly
Some would haue had good Boyde at swords length
Some wished Lundie, that scaped was in Fyfe,
Some wighter was noz Seton then in strife.
When VVallace heard the Sutheron make such dint,
Hee gart all byde, and him alone went in,
The laue remained to heare of their tithance,
Hee salust them with sturdie countenance.

Fellowes

Fellowes, hee said, sen I come laste from home,
In trauell I was, in Land ouer vncouth fame,
From South Ireland I come in this Countrie,
The New Conqueis of Scotland for to see:
Part of your Drinke and some good I would haue,
The Captaine then a shrewd answere him gaue,
Thou seemst a Soot, likle to bee a Spie,
Thou mayst bee one of Wallace Companie,
Contrare our King hee is risen againe,
The Land of Fyfe hee hes ridden in plaine.
Thou shalt heere byde, whill wee wot how it bee,
Art thou of his, thou shalt bee hanged hie.
Wallace thought then it was no time to stand,
His noble Sword hee griped soone in hand,
Ouer-thort the face drue the Captaine in teene,
Stroke all away that grew aboue the eene,
Ane other braithly in the brest hee bore,
Both brane and bone the burely blade throw shore,
The rest rusht vp, then Wallace in great yre,
The third hee felled derfly into the fire.
Steuen of Ireland and Keirlie in that throng.
Keeped no charge but entred them among,
And other moe, that to the Doore can preasse,
Whill they him saw, there could nothing them ceasse
The Sutheron men full soone were brought to deid,
The Hostler bade them all good Aill and Breid,
Wallace said, No, whill wee haue leasure more,
To bee our guid, thou shall before vs fare.
And begin fire where that the Sutheron lyes,
The Hostler soone vpon an hastie wise.
Hint fire in hand, and to a great House yeed.
Where Englishmen were into mekill dreed,
For they wist not, whill that the red flame rose,
As wod as Beasts among the fire then goes.

Wlith

With paines fell rushit full sorrowfully,
The laue without of our good Cheualry.
At ilke House where the Hostler began,
Keipit the Doores, from them scaped no man,
For all their might thogh King Edward had sworne,
Gat none away that of England was borne,
But outher brynt or but rescue was slaine,
And some throw force driuen in the fyre againe,
Some Scots folke in seruice them among,
From any paine freely they let them gang.
Three hundreth men was to Dumbartane send,
To keepe the Land, as their Lord had them kend,
Skaithlesse of them for aye was this Regioun.
VVallace or Day made him out of the towne,
Unto the Caue of Dumbartane they yeid,
And all that Day they sojurnit but dreid.
Both Meat and Drinke the Hostler gart bee brought
When Night was commin in all ẏ haste they moght
Towart Rosneth full earnestly they gang.
For Englishmen was in that Castell strang,
On the Garloch they purposit them to byde,
Betwix the Kirk that neir was there besid,
And to the Castell full priuily they draw,
Under a Bray they lodgit them full law,
Beside the water where common vse had they,
From Castell to the Kirke they past ilke Day,
An Mariage als was that Day to begin,
All ishit out and left no man within,
That fence might make but seruants in that place,
Thus to that tryst they passed vpon cace,
Wallace and his drew them full priuilie,
Neir hand the Place when they were passed by:
Within the Hall and thought to keepe that steid,
From Sutheron men or else therefore be deid.

Com-

Compleat was made the mariage into plaine,
Unto Rosneth they passed home againe,
Fourescore and moe, was in that companie,
But not Arrayed as was our Chevalrie:
To the Castell they weend to passe but let,
The worthie Scots so hardly on them set,
Fourty at once derstly to death they bare,
The remnant affrayed was so sore,
Longer in Field they had no might to bide,
But fiercelie fled from them on either side
The Scots there weill hes the entrie win,
And slew all sit as the House was found in,
Syne on the fleers followed wonder fast,
No Englishman with life there from them past,
The women sone they seased into hand,
Keeped them close for warning of the Land,
And dead bodies all out of sight they kest.
Then at good ease they made them for to rest.
On their purveyance seuin Dayes lodged there,
At rude coast to spend they would not spare:
When Sutheron come, they tooke them gaildy in,
But out againe they let none of that kin:
Who tidings send the Captaine of that steid,
Their Sernitours the Scots put to dead,
Spuilzeit the Place, and left no goods there,
Brake walles downe, and made the biggings bare,
When they had spilt all stone wark that they mought
They kendeled fire, and from Rosneth they sought.
When they had burnt all treine wark in that Place
VVallace gart freith the women of his grace,
To doe them harme his purpose neuer was,
Then to Fakland the worthie Scots can passe,
Where Malcolme was byding at defence.
Right blith hee was of Wallace god presence,

Then

Then hée fand there a noble companie,
Syr Iohn the Grahame and Richart of Lundy,
Adam Wallace that worthy was and wise,
Barkley and Boyde with men of mekil pryse.
At Christmas there Wallace sojourned still,
Of his mother tythinges was brought him till,
In time before shée had left Ellerslie,
For Englishmen shée durst not in it bée,
Fra thyne disguised shée past in Pilgryme wéed,
Some girth to seeke to Dumfermling shée yéed,
Sicknesse shée had forsuith into that steid,
Deceised shée was, God tooke her sprite to leid,
When Wallace heard that thir tidings was trew,
Then sadnesse fore on ilke syde did persew,
In thanke hee tooke, because it is naturall,
Hée loued GOD with siker heart and haill,
Better him thought, that it was hapned so,
Then Sutheron should put her to other woe.
Hée ordained Iop and also Master Blair,
Thither to passe and for no coist to spare,
But honourably put corps in Sepulture,
At his command they serued all their cure,
Doing therete as death requyred to haue,
With rich entier the corps they put in graue,
Again they turned and shewed of her end.
Hée thanked GOD what grace that euer hée send,
Hée saw the world was full of fantaste.
Comfort hee tooke, let all mourning goe by,
His most delite was for to freith Scotland.
Now will I tell what cace then come on hand,

How

How Syr VVilliam Dowglas wan the Castell of Sanquhair by ane jeopardie, and how VVilliam VVallace reskewed him from the Englishmen, & put them off that pace. Chap VI.

SIr William long at Dowglasdaill was Lord,
By his first Wife as right is to record,
Deceissit then out of this worldly care,
Two Sonnes shee had with her that liuit there,
Quhilke likely was and able in courage,
To Scuill was send into their tender age,
Iames and Hew so heght thir brethren two,
And after soone their Uncle could them ta,
Good Robert Keith had them from Glasgow towne
And ouer the sey to France hee made him bowne:
At study syne hee set them in Paris,
With ane Master that woothie was and wise:
The King Edward tooke their Father the Knight,
And held him still though hee was neuer so wight,
Whill time hee had assentit to his will,
Ane Mariage als they had ordainit him till,
The Lady Ferres of power and hie blood,
But thereof come to his life little good,
Two sonnes hee got on this Lady but more,
With Edwards will hee tooke his leiue to fare,
In Scotland come, and brought his Wife in peis,
In Dowglas dwelt, forsuith this is no leis.
King Edward trowit that hee had steidfast beene,
Fast to their faith, but contrare soone was seene,
Aye the Scots Blood remainit in Dowglas,
Against England whilke preuit in mony place,
The Sanquhair was ane Castell fair and strong,
Ane English Captaine had done feill Scots wrong,

In

Into it dwelt and Bewfurde hée was cald,
That held all Waist from thine to Dowglas hald,
Right neir of Kin was Dowglas wife and hée,
Therefore hée trowit in peice of him to bée.
Sir VVilliam saw that VVallace rose in plaine,
And right liklie to freith Scotland againe.
To helpe him part into his minde hée kest,
For in that life right long hée couth not rest,
Hée thought no charge to breke vpon England,
It was throw force that euer hée made them band,
Ane young man then that hardie was and bold,
Borne with himselfe, and Thomas Diksone cald.
Deir friend hée said, I would proue at my might,
And make an fray to false Bewfurd the knight,
In Sanquhair dwelles, and does full great outrage,
Then Diksone said, My selfe in that voyage.
Shall for you passe with Andersone to speake,
Friendship to mée my Cusing will not breake,
Hée is the man that fyre leids them till,
Throw his helpe wée our purpose will fulfill.
Syr VVilliam then in all the haste hee might,
Threttie true men in that voyage hée dight.
And told his wife to Dumfreis hée would fare,
Ane tryst hée said of England hée had there.
Thus passit hée where that no Sutheron wist,
With thir thretty throw waist land at their list,
Whill night cummin they couchit them full law,
Into ane Cleuch neir at the water Craw.
To the Sanquhair Diksone alone hée send,
And hée soone made with Andersone this end,
Diksone should take both his Horse and his wéed,
By it was Day ane Draught of Wood to léed,
Againe hée past and tolde the good Dowglas.
Quhilk drew him soone into ane priuate place.

Andersone

Andersone told what Stuffe there was therein,
To Thomas Diksone that was right neare of kin,
Fourty they are all men of mekill vaile.
Be they on foote, they will you fore assaile,
If you hapen the entry for to get.
On thy right hand a stalwart Aix is set,
Therewith thou may defend thee in ane throng,
Be Dowglas wise hee byde not from thee long,
Andersone yeed to the Bushmen in hy,
Neare the Castell hee drew them priuily,
Into ane shaw, Sutheron mistrusted nought,
To the next Wood, with Diksone soone hee sought.
Graithed ane draught on ane braid slipping law,
Charged ane Horse and to the Towne can draw,
Arrayed hee was in Andersones weed,
And bade haue in, The Porter come good speed,
This houre hee said, thou might haue beene away,
Untymous thou art, for it is scantly Day.
The Yate yeede vp, Diksone yeede in but more,
A thortour band that all the Draught vp bate.
Hee cutted it, the slippe to ground touth goe,
Cummered the Yate sticking they might not moe,
The Porter soone hee hint into the strife,
Twys throw the head, and reft him of his life,
The Axe hee got, that Andersone of spake,
And bekning made, therewith the Bushment brake
Dowglas himselfe was formost in the preice,
In ouer the Wood entered or hee would reis,
Three Watch men was from the Walles comming
Within the Close the Scots men them slew, (new
Or any scry was raised in that stoure,
Dowglas had tane the Yate of the great Towre,
Ran vp the Stair where that the Captaine lay,
On foote hee gat, and would haue beene away,

Ou

Quer late hee was, Dowglas stroke vp the Dwre,
Bewfurd hee found in middest of the Flwre,
With a stiffe Sword to death hee hes him dight,
His men followed fast, that worthie were and wight
The men they slew that were within those wones,
Syne in the Close they sembled all at ones,
The House they tooke, and Sutheron put to deid,
Got none but one, with life out of that steid,
For that the Yate so long vnsteiked was,
This Spie hee fled, and to Dursdeir can passe.
Told that Captaine that they had hapned so,
Ane other hee gart into the Ennoch goe,
And Tybers Shure was warned of this case,
And Lochmabane all sembled to this place,
The Countrie als when they heard of such thing,
Vold siege Dowglas, & hecht they should him hing.
When Dowglas wist that one was from them scaipt
To sailzie him hee trowed that they would shaipe.
Iklone hee sent vpon a Courser wight,
To warne VVallace in all the haste hee might,
In the Lennox Wallace had tane the Plaine,
With foure hundreth, that were of mekill maine,
Kilsyth Castell hee thought to desie it,
That Rauindaill held: but true men let him wit,
That hee was out that time in Cumbernald,
And Cumming dwelt on Tribute in that Hold,
When VVallace wist, hee gart Erle Malcolme ly,
With two hundreth the Bushment neir there by,
To keepe the House, that none should so faire:
He tooke the laue in the Wood side near there
A Scutriour set, to warne if hee saw ought,
Bone Rauendaill come, of them hee had no thought
Bot hee was comming the two, bushments betwen

The Scurriour warned thir cruell men and kéene.
When Erle Malcolm had barrit them from the place
No Sutheron yéed with life they did that grace:
Part Lennox men they left the House to tae,
On spuilzeing then they would not tarry mae.
To sledge Houses then VVallace couth not byde,
Throw out the Land in awfull wise they ride.
Then Linlithgow they burnt into their gate,
Wher Suthron dwelt they made their biggings hait.
The Peill they tooke, slew them that were therein,
Of Sutheron blood the Scots thought no sin.
Syne on the morne, burnt Dalkeith in a gleid,
Soone to a Strength to Newbottell woode they yeid
By that Lawder and Christell of Seton.
Come from the Basse, & burnt North-Berwik town
That Englishmen they should no succour get,
Whom they ouer-tooke they slew withoutten let,
To méet Wallace they past in all their might,
Ane hundreth with them of men of Arms bright,
A blyth méeting that time was them betwéene,
When Erle Malcolme and Wallace hes them séen
Thomas Dikson als met with good Wallace,
Quhilk grantit soue for to rescue Dowglas.
Dikson, hée said, wait thou of their multiplie,
Three thousand men their power may not bée.
Erle Malcolme said, Thogh they were thousads fiue
For this action mée thinke that wée should striue.
Then Hew the Hay, that dwelt vnder Trewage,
Of Englishmen soue hée gaue ouer that wage,
More for to pay as then hée likit nought,
With fyfty men to Wallace forth hée sought.
To Peibles fast, but no Sutheron them bade,
There at the Crosse a plaine cry they made,

VVal-

Wallace commandit who would come to his Peace,
And byde thereat reward should haue but leis.
Good Rutherfurd, that euer true had bæne,
In Etricke Wood againſt the Sutheron kæne:
Bidden hee had, and done them mekill deir,
Sirtie hæ had of noble men of weir.
VVallace him welcomit that come in his ſuplie,
With Lordly fare, and Chiftaine like was hæ.
Then to Array they went about the Towne,
Their number was fyre hundreth of renowne,
In birnes bright, all men of mekill vaill:
With glad hearts they paſt throw Cliddiſdaill.
The Siedge began, and to the Sanquhair ſet,
But tidings come, that made therein a let.
The Sutheron heard that VVallace was ſo neir,
Throw haſty fray the Hoſte was all on ſteir,
No man was there would for an other byde,
Purpoſe they tooke in England for to ryde.
Their Chiftaine ſaid, Syn their King had before,
From Wallace fled, their cauſes was the more.
From South they ſought to bide it was greath wrath
Dowglas as then was thus quite of their ſkaith,
In Crawfurd-mure by then was good VVallace.
When men him tolde that Sutheron vpon caſe.
Were fled away, and durſt not him abide,
Thræ hundreth then hæ chooſe, with him to ride,
In light Harneſſe, and Horſe that they would waill,
The Erle Malcolme hæ bade byde with the ſtaill,
To follow them, a backe-guarde for to bee,
To ſtuffe the Chaſe in all the haſte bownit hæ,
Throw Duriſdeir hee tooke the gaineſt gate,
Right faine hæ would with Sutheron make debate,
The plaineſt way aboue Morton they hold.

Ryding the hight, if that the Sutheron would,
Was to perſue, or turne to Lochmabane,
But hæd thereto the Engliſhmen tooke none,
Downe right they held, grauth guids could them leir,
About Closburne VVallace approached neir.
In yre hée grew, when they were in his ſight.
To them hee ſped, with will and all their might,
On ane out-part the Scots ſet that tyde,
Seuen ſcore at eird they had ſoone at a ſide.
The Sutheron ſaw that it had hapned ſo,
Turned in againe, ſome reſcue for to ſho.
When they trowed beſt with good VVallace to ſtand
Erle Malcolme come then right neir at their hand,
The whole power tooke plaine purpoſe to flée,
Who were at eird, VVallace gart let them bée,
Upon the formoſt followed with all his might,
The Erle and his, among the reſt they light,
Did all to death, that vnhorſed were that tide,
After the Horſe full freſhly can they ride,
Fyue hundreth whole ere they paſt Dalſwyntowne,
On Sutheron ſide to ground there was broght down
Of Scots Horſe, many began to tyre,
Suppoſe their ſelues were fierce as any fyre,
The flæers left both Wood, Waters, and Hill,
To take the Plaine ſpædfull they thought them till,
In great Battell away full faſt they rade,
Into the Strengths they thought to make no bade.
Neir Lochmabane and Ouchter-houſe they went,
Beſide Crochmad, where feill Sutheron they ſhent,
Right mony Horſe that ridden had ſo long,
And trauelled ſore, they might not further gang,
Syr Iohn the Grahame vpon his fæte was ſet,
Then VVallace als lighted withoutten let.

Thir two on foote among their enemies yeid,
Was none but Horse might from them passe for speid
On Englishmen so cruelly they sought,
Whom they ouertooke againe harmed vs nought,
To Wallace come a part of power new,
On rested Horse, that partly can persue,
Adam Currie, with good men of great vaill,
And Iohnston als that dwelt into Eskdaill,
And Kirke-Patricke was in that companie,
And Haliday, whilke sembled sturdily,
Where they entred, the saltzie was so sore,
Dead to the ground feill fleers downe they bore.
Seuen scoir were whole of new-come men in deid
The South partie of them had mekill dreid,
VVallace was horsed vpon a Couser wight,
That good Currie had brought into his sight,
To stuffe the Chase, with the new Cheualry,
Commanded Grahame, and his good men for thy,
Together bide, and follow as they might,
Three Captains there full soone to death hee dight,
The rested Horse so wonder well him bore;
Whom hee ouer-tooke againe rose neuer more,
Raithly hee rade, and wrought full mony wound,
Thir three Captains hee sticked in one stound,
Of Durisdeir, Ennoch and Tybers-mure,
Lord Cliffords Eme away to Cairlyle sure.
The whilke before had keeped Lochmabane,
No Landed man scaped with him, but one:
For Max well als out of Carlauerocke drue,
On the Sutheron the gainest way can sew.
Into the Chase so wilfully they ride,
Few got away that come vpon that side
Beside Cocke-poole full feill feighting they fand,

Some drownit were, some slaine vpon the Land,
Who scaped was, in England fled away.
VVallace returnit: no Prisoner tooke they.
In Carlaverocke that night resting they made:
Vpon the morne to Dumfreis blythlie rade,
There Wallace cryit who would come at his Peace.
Against Sutheron their malice for to cease.
To true Scots hee ordained Warisoun,
Who faulted had hee grantit remissioun.
In Dumfreis then hee would no longer byde,
The Sutheron fled out Scotland on ilk side.
By Sea and Land, without longer abade,
Of Castles and Townes Wallace Chiftaines made,
Ruled the Land, and put it in good reft,
With true keepers, the quhilk hee truftit beft.
The good Dowglas, of quhike I told you air,
Keeper hee was from Drumlanericke to Aire.
Becauſe hee had on Sutheron ſuch thing wrought,
His Wife was wrath, but that ſhee ſhewit nought,
Vnder couert her malice helde perfite,
A Serpent waits her time that ſhee may bite.
To Dowglas oft ſhee wrought full mekill care,
Of that as now I leaue, whill further mare.
But Sutheron men durſt then no Caſtles hold:
They left Scotland, before as I you told.
Saue one Morton, a Captaine fierce and fell.
That held Dundie: but Wallace would not dwell,
But thither paſt, and laid it round about.
When Morton ſaw that hee was in that doubt.
Hee aſkit leiue, with their liues for to goe.
Wallace denied, and ſaid, It beis not ſo.
The laſt Captaine of England that heer was,
I gaue him leiue whole with his men to paſſe.

Thou ſhalt forethinke ſuch maſtry for to make,
All England ſhall of thee example take.
Such men I weind frae thine for to haue worne,
Thou ſhall bee hanged ſuppoſe the King had ſworn,
Hee gart command no Scots ſhould to him ſpeake,
Confirmed the fredge, and ſaid, Wee ſhall vs wreak
On Engliſhmen, as ſkill will of Dundie,
Scrimgeour hee made their Conſtable for to bee,
On Billinger of England that was there,
Baſt out of Tay, and come to Quhitbie fair,
To London ſend, and told of all this caſe,
To hang Morton ſo wowed had Wallace.
Before this time Edward with power yeed,
To weir on France: for then hee had no dreed.
Befor hee trowit Scotland to bee his owne,
Whē they him warnit how his mē wer ouerthrown,
Againe hee tooke to England haſtilie,
And left his turne, all fickled in follie,
Faſcoun hee claimed, all into heritage,
Hee left it thus, withall his hie Barnage,
And Flanders als hee thought to take in hand,
All theſe hee left, and come to reaue Scotland,
Whē that this King to Englād was comming home
Summonds they made, & chargit the Bruce by name,
And other moe that lined vnder his Crowne,
Biſhop and Barroun to come at his Summoun,
When Wallace twiſe throw force had fred Scotland
His Tyrant King tooke plainly vpon hand.
For great deſire hee might no way take reſt,
Hee thought to him to make it plaine Conqueſt.
In Couetiſe hee had reigned ſo long,
Diſtaines hee made that they ſhould not goe wrong
Baides they choſe, for Strengthes them to guy.

They thoght no moze to bide at ieopardie.
In plaine Battell that they might Wallace win,
Hæ trowed foz warre they would na moze begin:
Leaue I this King, making this ordinance:
My purpose is to speik some thing of France:
The Englishmen then Guyane held in Weir,
Mo French-folke they did full mekill deir.
King and Counsell sone in there wits kest,
To get VVallace them thought it was the best.
Foz Guyane Land the Englishmen had they:
Then shupe they thus, in all the haste they may,
Foz they traisted, if Scotland were weill stad.
VVallace would come as hæ them promised had.
The samin Herauld that in Scotland was,
They him commanded and ordaind him to passe,
Into Scotland, without longer delaye.
Out of the Sluce as gowdly as hæ may,
Ready hæ was in Ship hæ past on case,
In Tayes mouth, but bode the Hauen tais.
Where VVallace then was at the Sailzie still,
And hæ receaued the Herauld with god will
Their Writ he read, and said to them on this wise,
An Answere sone hæ couth them not deuise.
To honest Innes the Herauld sone hæ send,
On VVallace cost right boldly foz to spend.
Whill time hæ saw how other matters yeid,
Then Answere hæ should haue withouttin dreid.
The wit of France thought Wallace to commend,
Into Scotland with this Herauld they send,
Praise of his dæd, and als the discription,
Of him tane there, by men of discretion,
Clerks, Knights, and Heraulds that him saw.
But I hæreof cannot rehearse it aw.

Wallac

VVallace ſtature of greatneſſe and of height,
Was judged thus by diſcretion of ſight,
That ſaw him both on Cheuall and in Wéed.
Fine quarters large of height hée was indéed.
Third part that lenght in ſhoulders bráde was hée
Right ſéemely ſtrong, and luſty for to ſée.
In limmes great, with ſtalwart pace and ſound,
His brands hard, with armes long and round.
His hands made right like to a palmeir,
Of manlike make, with nails long and cleir.
Proportioned fair, and long was his viſage,
Right ſad of ſpeach, and able of courage.
Both breſted high, with ſturdie craig and greit:
His lippes round his noſe ſquare and neit.
Burning browne hair on browes and bréis light.
Cleir aſper eyes, like Diamonds full bright.
Under his chin, on his left ſide was ſeene,
(By hurt) a wan his collour was ſangueene.
Wounds hée had in mony diuers place,
Bot fair and whole well keeped was his face.
Of Riches als hée keeped no proper thing:
Saue that hée wan, like Alexander the King,
In time of Peace mecke as a minde ſhould bée,
When Weare approached, the right Hector was hée
To Scots men right good credence hée gaue.
But knowne enemies they couth him nought deceiue
Their properties were iudged into France,
Of him to bée a goodly remembrance,
Maiſter Iohn Blaire this patroun couth receiue,
In Wallace Booke hée brieued it with laue,
Bot hée thereof as then tooke little héed,
His labourous mind was all of other deed,
At Dundie Siedge thus earneſt as hée laye,

Tidings

Tidings to him Iop brought vpon a day,
How King Edward with likely men of vaill,
An hundreth thousand come for to assaill,
And Scots Ground they had tane vpon raise,
Into some part it greiued good Wallace,
Hé made Scrimgeour at his House for to ly,
With two thousand: and charged him for thy,
That none should scape with life out of that steid,
That Sutheron were, but put them all to deid.
Scrimgeour granted right faithfully to byde,
With eight thousand Wallace can from him ride,
To Saint-Iohnstowne thrée Dayes graithit he there
With sad aduise towards the South can fare,
For King Edward that time ordained had,
Ten thousand whole to passe that was full glad.
With young Woodstocke, a Lord of mekill might,
At Striuiling Bridge hee ordained them full right.
And there to bide, the entrie for to weir,
Of V Wallace then hé trowed to haue no deir.
Right royally vpon a good Array,
Then leiue they tooke, and past out but delay,
To Striuiling come, and there would not abide,
To sée the North beyond South can they ride.
Such new courage fell in his intent,
Quhilke made the Southeron full sore for to repent.

THE

THE ELEVENTH BOOKE.

The Battell of the Fawkirke.

CHAP. I.

THis VVodstocke rade into the North
gwd spæd,
Of Scots as thē he had but litle dreid.
For weill they trowed for to rescue
Dundie.
Their ships come to Tay in by the Sæ
is Guides said, that they should lead him by,
inct-Iohnstowne, where passage lay plainly.
he heght they tok, and looked them about,
were they ware of Wallace and his rout.
hen in some part hæ remorded his thought,
he Kings Command because hee keeped nought.
ut when hæ saw they fewer were nor hæ,
æ would them bide, and either doe or die,
r Iohn Ramsay formost his power saw,
aid, Yon are they that yæ see hither draw.
ther Sutheron, that comes so cruelly,
Erle Malcolme to seeke you forsupplie,
hen Wallace smiled, and said, Englishmen they are
e may them ken right weill where that they fare,
n Shyrreffe-mure Wallace the Field hath tane,
ith eight thousand of worthie Men in wane.

The

The Sutheron were right doughty into dæd,
Together strake weill stuffed in stæle wæd,
Then Speares soone all into splenders spent,
The hardy Scots out throw the Sutheron went,
In rayed Battell seuen thousand downe they bore,
Dead on the bent recouered neuer more,
Right feill feighting with weapons grounded keene,
Blood then from burnes was blushed on the græne,
The stalwart stour right felloun was and strong,
The worthie Scots so derfly on them dang,
That all was dead within a little stound,
None from that Place had power for to found,
Young Wodstocke hes both life, and horse forlorne
The Scots spuilzeit all good Geare them before.
What them thought best of fine Harnesse they wan
Both Golde and Good, and Horse that might ava
To Striuiling Bridge without resting they rade,
For me should come Wallace this ordinance made,
Pass ouer the Brige Wallace gart Wights call,
And with crafts men vndid the passage all,
Syne thay same folke hee send to the Dripsurde,
Gart set the ground with starke stakes and burde,
With nyne or ten sylles hee kest the gait before,
Endlang the shalde made it als deepe as shore.
Then VVallace said, Wee shall on ane side bee,
Yon King and I, but if hee Southwart flee,
Hee send Lawder whilke had in hand the Basse,
Endlang the Coist, where ony bethell was,
And men with him that bussilie could looke,
Of ilke boat ane buird or two they tooke,
Shippes they burnt of strangers that was there,
Setoun and hee to VVallace thus can fare,
In Striuiling lay vpon his purpose still,
For Englishmen to see what way they will.

he Erle Malcolme Striuiling in keeping had,
o him come with men of Armes sad,
hee hundreth haill that sicker was and trew,
f Lennox folke their power to renew,
yr Iohn the Grahame from Dundaffe sickerly,
o VVallace come with ane good Chevalry,
ithings him brought that Sutheron come at hand,
n Torphichine King Edward was lodgand.
estroying the place of purveyance was there.
aint Iohnes good as then they wouldе not spare,
tewart of Bute come vnto Wallace there,
ith him hee hade twelfe hundreth men and more,
he Cumming then was past in Cumbernald,
pon the morne vounit the Stewart bold,
one to Array with men of Armes bright.
wentie thousand then semblit in their sight.
he Lord Stewart and Cumming forth they ryde,
o the Fawkirke, and thought there to abyde.
allace and his then to Array they yeid,
ith ten thousand of worthie men in deid,
ho could behold his awfull Lordlie vult,
o weill besæne, so forward sterne and stout,
o good Chiftaine as with so few they bærne,
ithout ane King, was neuer in Scotland sæne,
allace him selfe and Erle Malcolme, the Lord,
yr Iohn the Grahame and Ramsay at recorde,
toun, Lawder, and Boyde that was full wight,
dam VVallace was to that journey dight.
nd many other that preiuit weill in preis,
heir names all I may not heir rehers,
utheron or then out of Torphichine fure,
heir passage made into Salmanane mure.
nto ane plaine set Tents and Pauilloums,
outh the Fawkirke a little aboue the Towne.

God

God Iop himselfe judged by his sight.
Ane haill number ane hundreth thousand right,
Of V Vallace comming the Scots sic comforte toke,
When they him saw all dred our they forsoke,
For of enuy was few there that it wist,
Treasonable folke their matter wirkes at list.
Poysoun sensyne at the Fawkirke is said,
Throw great treasoun and corruption of ald,
For Cumming had enuy at good Wallace,
For Erle Patrike as hapnit vpon cace,
Countesse of March was Cumming Sister heir,
Under collour hee wrought on this manner,
Into the Hoste had ordained Wallace dead,
And made Stewart to fall with him at plead,
That Lord hee said, that Wallace had no right.
Power to lead, and be present in sight,
Hee bade him take the vanguarde for the gy,
So wist hee weill that hee should striue for thy,
Lord Stewart askit at Wallace his counsell,
Said, Sir yee know, what may vs best availl,
Yon awfull King is fell felloun for to byde,
Right vnabaistit VVallace answerit that tyde.
And I haue seene mo twise into Scotland,
With yon like King when Scots men toke on hand
With fewer men then now hither is sought,
This Realme against and to good purpose brought.
Sir wee will feght for wee haue mon anew,
As for a Day so that wee all bee trew,
The Stewart said the vanguard wee would haue,
Wallace answerit, and said, So GOD mee saue,
That shall yee not so long as I may ring.
Nor no man else except my righteous King,
If hee will come and take on him the Crowne.
At his command I shall bee ready bowne,

Throw GODS grace I reskewit Scotland twise,
I were ouer mad to tyne it on sic wise,
To tyne for boist that I haue gouernit long,
Thus halfe in wraith frawart him can hé gang,
Stewart therewith all bownit into baill,
VVallace hé said by thé I tell ane taill.
Say forth (quod hé) of the fairest yé can,
Unhappilie his taill thus hé began.
Wallace hé said, thou takes thé mekill cure,
So faired it by working of Nature,
How an Howlat complainit of his Fetheréme,
When Dame Nature tuke of ilk birke but blame,
Ane fair Fether, and to the Howlat gaue,
Then hé throw pride rebutit all the laue,
Wherefore should thou thy senzie show so hie,
Thou thinkes none héere that should thy fellow bé,
This makes it, thou art cled with our men,
Had wee our owne, thine were but few to ken,
At thir words good VVallace brint as fire,
Ouer hastily hé answerit him in ire.
Thou leid hé said, the suith full oft hes béene,
Here haue I bidden, where thou durst not bé séene,
Contrare thine enemies no more for Scotlands right,
For dar the Howlat when that the Day is light.
That taill full neir thou hes told by thy sell,
To thy desire thou shalt not mé compell.
Cumming it is hes giuen thé this counsaill,
Mill GOD yé shall of your first purpose faill,
That false treatour that I from danger brought,
In wonder like to bring this Realme to nought,
For thine oggart outher to doe or die,
To Prisoun led or cowartly to flé,
Rescue of mee thou shalt get none this Day,
Therewith hé turnit, and from him raid his way.

Ten

Ten thousand men away with Wallace rade,
None better was in all the world to braid.
As sic men that liuing was on life,
Alace great harme fell Scotland for that stryfe
Past to the Wod from the Fawkirke by eist,
Hee would not byde for command nor requeist,
For charge of none, but it had beene the King,
That night that time bring him from his ending,
The other Scots saw their Destructioun,
For discomfort to leaue the Field was bowne.
But that thay men was natiue to Stewart,
Principall in Bute tooke hardiment in heart,
Lord Stewart was at Cumming grieuit there,
Weght and hee liuit, hee should repent it sore,
The great trespasse that hee throw misknowledge,
Had gart him make to Wallace in that place,
Of their Debate it was ane great pittie,
For Englishmen then might no blyther bee,
Haistit so fast in battell to the Field,
Thretie thousand that weill couth weapons weild,
The Erle Hartfurd was chosen their Chiftaine,
The good Stewart to that Array is gone.
The Field hee toke, as true and worthie knight,
The Englishmen come on with full great might,
Their fell meitting was awfull for to see,
At that Counter they gart feill Sutheron die.
When Speares were spilt, hint out with Swords sa
On either syde full doughtie deeds were done.
Feill on the ground was fellit in that place,
Stewart and his ran on their enemies race.
Blood bristit out throw Mailzie birneist bright,
Twentie thousand with dreadfull weapons dight.
On Sutheron men deirly to death they ding,
The remanent againe fled to the King,

Ten thousand then efter the deid eschewit,
With that Chistane vnto the Hoste releuit.
Againe to ray the hardy Stewart yeed,
When VVallace saw that worthie noble deed,
Held vp his hands with humble prayer prest,
O GOD hee said, if yon Lords grace to last.
And power haue his worship to attend,
To win thir folke, and take the haill commend,
Great harme it were that hee should bee ouerset:
With new power they then on him rebet,
Sy that the Bruce ane awfull battell rayit,
The Bishop Beike that oft had beene assayit.
Fourtie thousand vpon the Scots to fare,
With full effeir they raisit vp right their,
The Bruces Baner with Gold and goulles cleir,
When VVallace saw the Battells approachit neir,
The right Lyoun against his owne Kinrike,
Lace, hee said, the world is contrare like,
This Land should bee yon Tyrants Heritage,
That commis thus to stroy his owne barnage,
So I were free of it that I said aire,
I would forsweir Scotland for euermore.
Contrare Bruce I should rescue them now,
Or die therefore to GOD I make ane vow,
The great debate in VVallace wit can waid,
Betwirt Kindnesse and wilfull Wow was made,
Kindnesse bade him rescue them from their foe,
Then Will said, Nay, why fole wilt thou doe so,
Thou hes no wit with right thy selfe to leid.
Would thou helpe him that would put thee to deid,
Kindnesse said, Yet they are good Scots men,
Be Will said, Wit, the veritie thou may ken,
And they beene good all in one wee had beene,
Treason heere the contrare well is seene.

For they vs hate moꝛe then the Sutheron leid,
Kindneſſe ſaid nay, that ſhow they not in deid,
Though one of them bée falſe into their ſaw,
Becauſe o. him thou ſhouldſt not loſe them aw.
They haue done weill into yond felloun ſtour,
Reſcue them now, and take the high Honour.
Will ſaid, They would haue reft from mée my life,
I bade foꝛ them in mony a felloun ſtrife,
Kindneſſe ſaid helpe their power is but nought,
Syne wꝛeake on him that all the malice wꝛought,
Will ſaid this Day they ſhall not holpen bée,
That I haue ſaid, ſhall aye bée ſaid foꝛ mée,
They are but dead, God grant them of his bliſſe,
Enuy long ſyn done hath great harme and miſ,
Wallace therewith turnit in yꝛe and téne,
Teares foꝛ baill burſt out from both his éne,
Syꝛ Iohn the Grahame, and many other wight,
Weipit foꝛ woe, foꝛ ſoꝛꝛow of that Knight,
When Bruces Battell vpon the Scots ſtrake,
Their cruell comming made Cowards foꝛ to quake,
Loꝛd Cumming fled in Cumbarland away,
About the Scots the Southeron lappit they,
The men of Bute beſoꝛe their Loꝛd they ſtod,
Defending him when that feill ſtreimes of blod,
Were them about in floats where they yeid,
Baithit in blood was Bruces Swoꝛd and weid,
Thꝛow fell ſlaughter of feill men of his owne,
Soone to the deid the Scots were ouerthꝛowne,
Syne ſlew the Loꝛd, foꝛ hée would not bée tane,
When Wallace ſaw that their good men were gone
Loꝛds, hée ſaid, what now is your counſaill,
Two choiſes there is, I rede the beſt yée wail,
Yonder the King his Hoſte abandounand,
With Bruce and Beik in yond Battell to ſtand,

Yon

ond King in Warre right wise and fell hes béene,
heir Captains als full cruell are and kéene,
etter of hand is not liuing I wis,
n tyranny, yée trow mée weill of this,
or Bruce and Beike, to what side they bee set,
Wée haue a choise, quhilk is full hard but let.
nd wee turne East for strength in Lowthian Land
hey stuffe a Chase right hard I vnderstand.
ake wee the Mure yond King is vs before,
here is but this withoutten words more.
o the Torwood, for our succour is there:
hrow Bruces Hoste, forsuith first must wée fare,
mongst vs now there needeth no Debate,
n men are dead, wée néed not striue for state,
hey all consentit to worke right as hée will:
hat him thought best, they grantit to fulfill,
od Wallace then, that stoutly couth them steir:
efore them rade into his Armour cleir.
lit their Spears all in one number round,
d wee grace haue for to passe throw them sound,
d few bee lost, to our Strength will wée ride,
ant wée many, in faith wee shall abid,
ith their Armed Horse fast on the Hoste they rade
e reird then rose, when Speares in sunder glade,
shit in Drosse dunted with Speirs dint.
om forgit Stéele the fire flue foorth but stint,
e felloun throng, when Horse and Men renewit,
draue the Dust, where they their piths prouit,
other Hoste might not their deeds see,
stour that rose, whill they disseuerit bee,
e worthie Scots eight thousand downe they bare.
w fell on eird, that good VVallace brought there,
King cryit, Horse vpon them for to rid:
this wise Lord gaue him counsell to bide.

The Erle of Yorke said, Syr, yée worke Amis,
To breake Array: yond men quite throw them is,
They ken the Land and will to strengths draw,
Take wée the Plaine, wée are in perrill aw.
The King conceiued that his counsell was right,
Rulit the Hoste, and bade still in their sight.
Ere Bruce and Beike might returne their Battaill,
The Scots were throw, and had a great auaill,
VVallace commandit the Hoste should passe away,
To the Torwood in all the haste they may.
Himselfe and Grahame and Lawder turnit in,
Betwixt battels, Price and Proues to win.
And with them bade in that place hundreth thrée,
Of West-land-men, vsed in jeopardie,
Upon wight Horse, that right warly couth ride,
A slop they made where they set on a side.
No Spears they had but Swords of tempred Stéle,
Therewith in stour they leit their enemies féle,
How they full oft had prouit beene in prealle,
Of Englishmen they made feill to decealle,
Ere Bruce thereof might weill perceiuing haue,
Thrée hundreth there were graithit to their graue,
The hardie Bruce an Hoste abandounit:
Thirty thousand hé rulit by force and wit.
Upon the Scots, his men for to rescue,
Heruit they were with good Spears anew,
And Bishop Beike a stuffe to him to bée,
When good Wallace their Ordinance can sée,
Alace, hé said, yond man hes mekill might,
And ouer good will to vndoe his owne right.
Hee bade his men towart the Hoste to ride,
Them for to saue, hee would behind them bid,
Mekill hee trowit in GOD and his owne deid,
To saue his men into his doughtie Weid,

pon himselfe mekill trauell hee taes,
he great Battell compleit vpon him gaes:
n the fore front turnit hee full oft,
hom eu er hee hit their saughning was vnsoft,
hat Day in world knowne was not his maike,
Sutheron man hee slew aye at one straik,
ut his owne strength might not against them bee,
owart his Hoste behoued him to flee,
he Bruce him hurt at his returning there,
nder the Hanch a deepe wound and sore,
lood burstit out braithly a Speares length,
rom the great Hoste hee fled towart his strength.
uch a fleeer before was neuer seene,
ought as Gaderis of Gaudifere the teene,
hen Alexander rescued the forreours,
ight not to him bee compared in those hours,
he feill turning of forreours hee made,
ow boldly als before the Hoste hee bade,
r how good Grahame with cruell hardiment,
r how Lawder among his enemies went,
w them alone into the stour they stood,
hill Wallace was in stanching of his blod.
then hee had stemed full weill his wound,
ith three hundreth vnto the Feild can found,
rescue Grahame and Lawder that were wight,
t Bishop Beik come with such strength and sight,
e worthie Scots they retyred farre abacke.
men aiker brode, vnto their owne great wracke,
were these two deliuered there full weill,
his owne hand, and a good Sword of Steill,
awfull Bruce amongst them with great maine,
the rescue three Scots men hes hie slaine.
hom hee hit right aye at one strok was deid,
llace preassit in therefore to set remeid.

With a good Speare the Bruce was seruit but mair
With great enuy to VVallace fast hé rade.
And hé to him, assounzeit nought for thy,
The Bruce him mist, as Wallace passit by,
Actwart hé stroke, with his sharpe grounden glaue,
Speare and Horse necke hee all in sunder draue.
Bruce was at eird: ere Wallace turnit about.
The great battell of Sutheron sterne and stout,
They Horsed Bruce, with men of great valour,
Wallace alone was in that stalwart stour.
Grahame preissit in, and stroke an Englisn Knight,
Before the Bruce vpon the Basnet bright.
That friuole stuffe, and all his other weed,
Both bone and braine the noble Sword throw yeed,
The Knight, was dead good Grahame returnit rig
A subtill Knight, thereat had great despight:
Followit at waite, and hes perceiuit weill.
Grahames Birnie to narrow was some deill,
Beneath the waste that close it might not bee,
On the fillet full sternly stroke then hé,
Peircit the Backe in the bowels him bore.
With a sharpe Speare, that hé might liue no mor
Grahame turnit there, and smote the Knight in ta
Throw the Visart a little beneath the æne.
Dead of that dint, to ground hee dulbit downe,
Sir Iohn the Grahame swouned at his Arsoune,
Ere hee ouercome, to passe to his party,
Feill Sutheron men, that were on fote hé by,
Stickit his Horse, that hé no further yeede.
Grahame yeelds to GOD his good spryte & his d
When Wallace saw this good Knight to death bro
The pitteous paine so sore thirlit his thought,
All out of kind altered his courage,
His wit in Warre was then but a wood rage.

The Horse him bare in field where so him list,
For of himselfe as then, hee little wist.
Like a wood Beast, that was from reason rent,
As witlesse wight into the Hoste hée went.
Dinging on hard: what Southeron right hée hit,
Straight vpon Horse againe might neuer sit.
Into that rage full feill folke hée dung downe:
All him about was red a full great rowme.
When Bruce perceiued, with Wallace it stode sa.
Hé then charged meu long Speares for to ta:
And slay his Horse, so he could not escape.
Feill Southeron then to VVallace can them shapé.
Peirced his Horse, with Speares on either syde,
Wounds they made that were both deepe and wide.
Of shafts part Wallace in sunder share,
But feill heids into his Horse left there.
Some wit againe to Wallace can redoune,
In his owne mind so ruled him reasoune.
So for to die he thought no vassallage.
Then for to flee he toke intill a rage.
Spurred the Horse, and ran in a randoun,
To his owne folke, were biding on Carroun.
The Sea was in, they stopped and still stood,
On lowd hee cryed, and bad them take the flood.
Together bide, yee may not losse a man.
At his command they tooke the Water than.
Hee returned, the Entry for to keepe,
Whill all the Hoste were passed ouer the deepe.
Syne followed fast, and dred his Horse should faile,
Himself was cled in heauy plate of Maill.
Though hee couth swim he trowed he might not weil
The cleare Water cooled the Horse some deill.
But ouer the flood hee bare him to the land,
Syn fell down dead, and might no longer stand.

Keirlie full ſone a Courſer to him brought,
Then vp hee lap, among the Hoſte hee ſought,
Grahame was away, and other fifteene wight,
On Magdalane Day theſe folke to death were dight.
Thirtie thouſand of Engliſhmen for true,
The worthie Scots vpon that Day they ſlew.
What by Stewart, and ſyne by wight Wallace,
For all his price King Edward rewed that caſe,
To the Forwood hee bade the Hoſte goe ride,
Keirlie and hee paſſed on Carroun ſide,
Beholding ouer vpon the South party,
Bruce formoſt come, and couth on VVallace cry,
What art thou there? A man VVallace can ſay,
The Bruce anſwered, That haſt thou proued this day
Abide hee ſaid, thou needſt not now to flee,
Wallace anſwered, I eſchewed not for thee,
But that thy power hes neare thine owne vndone,
A mends hereof will God wee ſhall haue ſoone.
Language of thee, the Bruce ſaith, I deſire,
Say forth (quoth hee) thou mayſt for little hire,
Ride from thine Hoſte, and gar them bide with Bei
I would faine heare what thou likeſt to ſpeake,
The Hoſte bade ſtill, the Bruce paſſed them frae,
No man with him, but one Scot that hecht Rae,
When that the Bruce out of their hearing were,
Hee turned in hy, and this queſtion can ſpeir,
Why workſt thou thus, and mightſt in good peace
Then Wallace ſaid, But in default of thee,
Throw thy falſehood thine owne wit is miskend:
I clame no right, but would this Land defend.
That thou vndoeſt throw thy falſe cruell deed,
Thou haſt tint two that were worth far more meed
Vpon this Day, with a good King to found,
For fiue Millioums of fineſt Golde ſo round,
Th

That euer were wrought in Worke or Coin so bright
I trow in world bee not a better Knight.
Then was good Grahame, of trueth and hardiment:
Teares therewith from VVallace eyes downe went,
Bruce said, Farre more on this Day wee haue lost,
VVallace answered, Alace, they were ill coist,
Throw thy Treason(shouldst be our righteous King)
That wilfully destroyest thine owne Off-spring,
The Bruce answerit, Wilt thou doe my deuise?
VVallace said, No, thou liuest in such wise,
Thou wouldst mee make at King Edwards will bee,
Yet I had rather to morne bee hanged hie.
But wilt thou doe as I shall counsell giue,
Then as a Lord thou might at liking liue:
At thine owne will Scotland for to ring,
To bee in peace, and holde of Edward King.
Of that false King I thinke neuer to take,
But contrare him withall my power to make,
I claime no thing, as by title of Right,
Though I might reaue, syn God hath lent mee might
From thee thy Crowne of this Region to weare,
But I shall not such charge vpon mee beare,
Great God knows best what warres I took on hād,
For to keepe free, that quhilk thou doest gainst-stand,
It might bee said of thee long time beforne,
In cursed time thou wast for Scotland borne.
Shamest thou not, that neuer yet didst good?
Thou Run-a-gate Deuourer of thy blood,
I vow to God, may I thy Maister bee,
In ony Field, thou shalt farre rather die.
Then shall a Turke, for thy false cruell Weir,
Paganes to vs doe not so mekill deir.
Then leugh the Bruce at Wallace earnestnesse.
And said, Thou sayst that thus stands the case,

This

This Day thou art with power ouer-set:
Against yond King ouer-hand yee may not get.
Then Wallace said, We are by mekill thing,
Sterker this Day in contrarie yond King.
Then at Bigger, where hee left mony of his,
And als the Field so shall wee doe with this,
Into the Field wee haue lost mony a Kinght,
Or die therefore, for all his mekill might.
And Scotland now into such perrill stad,
To leaue it thus I might bee callit mad,
Wallace, hee said, it approacheth neare night.
Wouldst thou to morne when that the Day is light,
Ere nine of clocke meete mee at the Chappell,
By Donypace I would heare thy counsell,
Wallace said, Nay, ere that ilke time bee spent,
Were all the men hyne in the Orient,
Into one will with Edward who had sworne,
We shall bargane ere nyne houres of the morne.
Of this wrong reafe either hee shall thinke shame,
Or die therefore, or flee in England home,
But and thou wilt, sone by the houre of three,
At that ilke tryst, will GOD, I shall thee see.
Whill I may last, this Realme shall not forfare,
Bruce promisde him, with twelue Scots, to bee there.
Then VVallace said, Stoodst thou righteous to mee,
A contrare-part I should not bee to thee.
I shall bring ten, and for thy power moe,
I giue no force, though thou bee friend or foe,
Thus they departed, Bruce passed his away,
To Lithgow rade, where that King Edward lay,
The Field had left, and lodged by South the towne,
At Supper set as Bruce at the Pauillioun.
Hee entred in, and saw vacand his seat,
No water tooke but made him to the Meat.

Fasting

Fasting hée was and beene in mekill dreid,
Bloodie was all weapons and his weid,
Sutheron Lords scornit, in termes rude,
And said, Behold yone Scot eates his owne blood,
The King thought euill they made sic Derisioun.
Bade haue water to Bruce of Huntingtoun.
They bade him wash, hee said that he would nought,
This blood is mine that hurts most my thought,
Sadly the Bruce then in his minde remordit,
The words saith Wallace had him recordit,
Then rewit hee sore frae Reason hee had knowne,
That blood & land should both haue beene his owne.
With them hee was long or hee got away,
But contrare Scots hee faught not from that Day,
Leaue I the Bruce sore morning his intent,
Good VVallace soone againe to his Hoste went.
In the Tor-wood quhilke had their lodging made,
Fyres they beit that was both bright and braid,
Of Nolt and Sheip, they tooke at sufficance,
Whereof full soone to get them sustenance.
VVallace sleipit but short while, and soone rose,
To rule the Hoste on ane good pace hee goes,
The Erle Malcolme Ramsay and Lundie wight.
And fiue thousand in battell then hee dight.
Wallace, Lawder, and Christell of Seton.
Fyue thousand led, and VVallace of Richartoun,
Full weill Arrayit into their Armour cleine,
Past to the Field where that the chace had beene,
Among deid men seeking the worthiest,
The Corps of Grahame for whom they murnit most,
When they him fand, and good Wallace him saw.
Hee lighted downe, him hint before them aw,
In Armes vp beholding his paill face,
Hee kissed him, and cryed full oft alace.

My beſt Brother in world that euer I had,
Mine eſald friend when I was hardeſt ſtad,
Mine hope, mine health thou was of moſt Honour,
My faith, mine helpe, my ſtrengthner into ſtour,
In thee was wit, fredome and hardineſſe,
In thee was trueth, manheid and nobleneſſe,
In thee was rule, in thee was gouernance,
In thee vertue withoutten variance,
In thee lawty, in thee was great largeneſſe,
In thee gentrice, in thee was ſteidfaſtneſſe,
Thou was great cauſe of winning of Scotland,
Though I began and tooke the Weir on hand,
I vow to God that hes the world to wald,
Thy dead ſhall bee to Sutheron full deare ſald,
Warty thou art for Scotlands right and mee,
I ſhall bee vengde or elſe therefore ſhall die,
Was no man there from weeping might refraine,
For loſe of him, when they heard VVallace pleane:
They caried him with worſhip and honour
In the Fawkirke made him ane Sepultour,
VVallace commanded his men therefore to byde,
His ten hee tooke for to meet Bruce they ryde,
Southweſt hee paſt where that the tryſt was ſet,
The Bruce full ſoone and good VVallace hes met.
For loſe of Grahame and als for proper teene,
Hee grew in yre, when hee the Bruce hes ſeene,
Their ſaluſting was but bouſteous and thrawne,
Rews thou hee ſaid, thou art contrare thine owne.
Bruce ſaid, Wallace rebute mee new no more,
Mine owne deids hes bet mee wonder ſore,
When Wallace heard with Bruce that it ſtood ſa,
On knees hee fell fair countenance can him ma,
In Armes ſoone the Bruce hes VVallace tane,
Out from their men in counſell are they gone,

I can

I can not tell perfytely their language,
But this was it their men had of knowledge,
Wallace him prayed come from the Sutheron King,
The Bruce said, nay, there lets mee yet one thing,
I am so bound with witnesse to bee leill,
For all England I would not false my Seill
But one thing I heght to GOD and thee,
That contrare Scots againe I shall not bee.
Into ane field with weapons that I beir,
In my purpose I shall thee neuer deir.
If GOD thee grants ouerhand of vs to haue,
I will not flee mine owne selfe for to saue.
And Edward scap I passe with him againe,
But I throw force bee outher tane or slaine,
Bek hee on mee when that my terme is out,
I come to thee may I scap from that doubt.
Of their counsell I can not tell you more.
The Bruce tooke leaue, and can to Edward fare.
Wallace in hastе prouydit sone his Hoste,
Right sade in minde for Scots men that hee lost,
Hee made Crawfurd the Erle Malcolme to gyde,
In the laigh way to Innerrauin to ryde,
That there watches then should them not espie,
The other Hoste himselfe left hastilie.
By South Manwell whill that they were betwéne,
Of the out Watches thus chaipit they vnséne,
The Erle Malcolme on Lithgow enterit in,
Their hastely great strife hee can begin,
VVallace was nought all to the battell bowne,
When they heard the cry rise in that towne.
On Edwards Hoste they set full suddenly,
VVallace and his made lytill noyse and cry,
But occupyit with weapons in that stour,
Feill fellit to death, that was without Armour,

As

All disarrayit the Englisch Hoste was then,
Among the Pauillions where Scots full many man,
Cutit downe coyds gart mony tents fall,
None soinzeit then attanis were feghting all,
Both VVallace Hoste & Erle Malcolme with might,
King Edward then with awfull feir on hight.
Cryit to Array on Bruce so sterne and stout,
Twenty thousand in Armes him about.
Into Harnesse had bidden all that night,
But frayit folke so dulfully bene dight.
On ilke side fled for feiritnesse of their deed,
VVallace and his so roughly throw them yeed,
Towart the King and fellit feill to ground,
Who baid them there right fell feghting they found,
The cruell King right awfully abade,
To all his folke ane great comfore hee made,
The worthie Scots among themin that stour,
Feill Sutheron slew into their fine Armour,
Before the King made slops them among,
So forthwartly they preasit in that throng,
Englisch commounes they fled on either side,
But Noble men there durst none other abid,
The Bruce as then to Scots made no greuance,
But Iudge hee was with fenzeit countenance,
So did hee neuer into no battell air,
Nor yet after sic deed as hee shew there,
The Erle Hartfurd to flie hee made him bowne,
The Erle Malcolme by that come in the towne,
The Lennox men set their ludges in fyre,
Then feiritly fled many Sutheron syre.
The King Edward that yet was feghting still,
Yes seene them flee, and lykit them full ill,
The worthie Scots fast toward him they preis,
His bridell neir assayit or they would reis,

His

His Wanner man in that place Wallace ſlew,
And tyne to ground the banner ſone it flew,
The Erle of Yorke counſellit the King to flee,
And ſo returnit, ſen no ſuccour they ſee,
The Engliſhmen hes ſeene the banner fall,
Wuthout comfort, to flee they purpoſe all.
Ten thouſand men in Field and Towne was dead,
Of Edwards folke, ere himſelfe left that ſtead,
Twenty thouſand away together rade,
King and Chiftaines no longer tary made,
The Scots in haſte then to their Horſe yeid,
To ſtuffe the chaſe with worthie men in yeid.
The Lennox folke that wantit Horſe and geir,
Tooke them at will to helpe them in their weir,
At ſtragill rade, what Scots might formoſt paſſe,
On Sutheron men full great ſlaughter there was,
Wallace hes ſeene the Scots vnorderly,
Follow the chace hee made Maiſters in hy,
Them for to rule and altogether ryde,
Commanding them, like one ſhould other byde,
Untill fleeing the Sutheron ſubtill are,
Bee they ane time they will ſet on full ſore.
Faill ſcaillit folke to them will ſone renew.
For yee ſee weill that they are men anew.
The followers was reulit weill with ſkill,
In good Array they raid all at his will,
And ſlew downe faſt what Sutheron they ouertake,
Contrare the Scots came not maiſtrie to make,
Into the chace they haſtit all ſo neir,
No Engliſhmen durſt from the Horſe out ſteir,
The frayit folke at ſtragill were fleeand,
Drew to the King weill moe then ten thouſand,
Thirty thouſand in number then were they,
Into Array together they paſt away,

Feill Scots Horse so dreuin was in trauaill,
Forerun that Daye, and irkit began to faill.
The Sutheron was with Horse seruit so weill,
Of Wallace chace the Sutheron had some feill.
Of Horse they were purueyit in great waine,
The King changit on sundry Horse of Spaine.
Then VVallace said, Lords, yee may weill see,
Yon folke are now all that yon King may bee,
For falt of stuffe wee lose ouer mekill thing,
Had wee good Horse to passe before yone King,
Wee should make ende of all this long Debait,
Yet some of them shall be handlit so hait,
Part of our Horse are holden fresh and wight,
Set on them fast whill that wee are in might.
With that the Scots so hard among them drew,
Of the outmost three thousand men they slew,
In Crawfurd-mure mony a man was slaine,
Edward gart call the Bruce mekill of maine,
Then said hee thus, God Erle of Huntingtoun,
Yee see the Scots put many to confusioun,
Would yee with men againe on them releiue,
And mar them once, I shall whill that I liue,
Loue you far more then any other Knight,
And for all this shall put you in your Right,
Then said the Bruce, Sir lose mee of my Band,
And I shall turne, I hecht you by mine hand,
The King sone considerit in his minde,
When hee heard Bruce answere him in this kinde.
From Englishmen the Bruce heart set is,
Then kest hee this how hee should mend this mis,
And so hee did in England at his will,
No Scots man hee leit with Bruce byde still.
But where hee past held him in subiectioun,
Of Englishmen vnder a great bandoun,

Hé turnit not, nor no more language made,
In rayit Battell the King to Sulway rade.
With mekill paine paſſt vpon Englands coiſt,
Fifty thouſand in that trauell they loſt,
When VVallace ſaw hé ſcaped was away,
Vpon command againe r eturnit they,
To Edinburgh, withoutten wordes more,
Put in Crawfurd, that Capt aine was before.
Of Heritage hee had in Manwell Land,
VVallace commandit ilke man ſhould hold in hand,
Their owne Office, as they before time had,
Put in good Peace, Scotland, in right hé ſtad,
On the tenth Day to Saint-Johnſtowne hé went:
Aſſemblit Lords, ſyne ſhewde them his intent,
Scrimgeour come that then had wun Dundie,
VVallace command that time weill keipit hé,
Hee ſailzeit ſo, whill ſtrong hunger them draue,
Fæblit them ſo, the Houſe to him them gaue.
Thoſe Wlageours ſone they put to confuſion,
Syne brought Morton, to make a concluſion,
Before VVallace: and ſone frae hé him ſaw,
Hé gart hing him for all King Edwards aw.
Maſons & Windours with Scrimgeour forth he ſend
Baſt downe Dundie, and thereof made an end.
VVallace ſadly when theſe déeds were done,
The Lords hé callit, and his will ſhewde them ſone
Good men hee ſaid, I was your Gouernour,
My minde was ſet to doe you aye honour.
And for to bring this Realme to righteouſneſſe,
For it I paſt in mony painefull place,
To win our owne my ſelfe I neuer ſpaírde,
At the Faw-kirke they ordainde me reward,
Of their reward yée heare no more t hrow mée,
Into ſuch gifts GOD will full weill haue eye.

NOw yée are free, throw the Maker of Might,
Hée grant you grace for to defend your Right.
Als I presume if harme bée ordainit mée,
They are Scots men, quhilk should the workers bée,
I haue enough of our olde enemies strife,
Wé thinkes our owne should not enuy my life,
Mine Office héere ouer plainly I resing,
I thinke no more to take on mé such thing,
In France I will, and win my liuing there,
As now aduysit, and home to come no more,
Lords gain stood, but all that helpit nought.
For ony there, hé did as him selfe thought.
Bishop Sinkler was visyit with sickneſſe,
Into Dunkeld, and then throw GODS Grace,
Hé recouerit when VVallace past away:
After the Bruce hé liuit mony a Day.
Good VVallace thus took leiue in Saint-Iohnstown
Eighténe with him, to Dundie made them bowne,
Longoueill past, that doughty was in déed,
The Barrons Sonne of Brechin with him yéed,
Two brethren old with their Uncle them dight,
Symon Wallace, and Richard, that were wight,
Syr Thomas Gray, this Priest can with him fare,
Edward Little and Iop, and Maister Blair,
Good Keirlie past, had béene with Wallace long,
And done full weill in many felloun throng.
This Keirlie then, that couth with VVallace fare,
Will Ker hé hecht, mine Author will declare,
Keirlie in Irish, is but Ker [Little] calde,
In Carricke hé had Heritage of olde.
His Forebeare, whilk worthie was of hand,
Saint Dauid King him brought out of Ireland.
Syne at Dummoir, where first Norwayes come

This Ker made great discomfice of their kin,
With seuen hundreth vanquisht nine thousand:
Some drowndit in Doune, some slaine vpon the land,
Those whole lands the good King gaue him till,
How VVallace past now further speake I will.

How VVallace met Iohn of Lyn, vpon the Sea. Chap. II.

AMong Merchants thus Wallace toke the Sée,
Pray wee to GOD that hée their Helper bee,
They saillit soorth by part of Englands Shore.
To Humber-mouth when that they come before,
Out of the South a great red Saile they sée,
Into the Top three Leopards standing hie.
The Marchands then the Signe when that they saw
Comming so near, they were discomfort aw,
For weill they wist, that it was Iohn of Lyn,
Scots to slay, hée said, It was no sinne.
Thir frayit folke they yéd to confession,
Then VVallace said, Such a Deuotion,
Yet saw I neuer, in no place where I past,
That for one Ship, yé should bée all agast,
Yond woodde Cats shall doe but little deire,
Mée saw them saile twise moe when they were
On a faire Field, so shall they on the Sée.
Despite it is to sée them stand so hie,
The Steirs-man said, Sir, will yé vnderstand,
Hé saueth none that is borne of Scotland.
Wee may not flée from yond Barge wot I weill,
Weill stuffit they are with Gun and ganzie of steill:
Vpon the Sea, yond Reauer long hath beene,
To righteous men, hee doeth full mekill teene,
Right wee bee sault, wee rek not of our good,

This vse hé hes, short for to conclude,
A Flod hé beires vpon his Cote-Armour,
Aye drowning folke, so paintit in his figoure.
Suppose wé mourne, yé should haue no marvaill,
Then Wallace said, Yéere is men of more vaill,
To saill the Ship, therefore in How thou gae.
And thy feires, no more cummer thou vs mae,
Wallace and his then sone to Harnesse yeid,
When they were graithit into their worthy weid:
Himselfe and Blair, and the Knight Longoueill,
These three hes tane to kéepe the Mid-ship weill.
Before were eight, and sire be eft hé keno,
Syne two hé chose, the Top for to defend,
And Gray hee made their Steirs-man for to bee,
The Marchands then saw them so manfully,
Defend themselues, because they had no weid,
Out of the How they tooke then skinnes good, speid,
Aye betwirt two stuffit Woll as they might best,
Against the stroke, that they might some part last,
Then Wallace leugh, and commendit them aw,
Of such Harnesse before hee neuer saw,
By that the Barge come on them wonder fast,
Seuen score in her that were nothing agast,
When Iohn of Lyn saw them in Armour bright,
Hé leugh, and said these naughtie words on hight
Yon glaiked Scots can vs not vnderstand,
They are but folcs, and new come from the Land,
Yé cryit, Strike, but none answere them made,
Blair with a Bow shot fast withoutten bade,
Ere they cluppit, hé shot but Arrowes three,
And at ilke shot hee gart a Reauer die.
The Briggants then they bickerit wonder fast,
Amongst the Scots with shot of Gunnes cast.
And they againe with Speires heidit weill,

feill wounds they made throw plaits of finest stæle.
Either other fastnit with clippes so kæne,
A cruell Counter was at Ship-bord sæne,
The derfe shot draue as thicke as haill shoure,
Lastit there weill neir the space of an houre,
When shot was gone the Scots great comfort had,
At hand-strokes they were sicker and sad.
The Marchandes als with such thing as they might,
Prowed full weill in defence of their Right,
VVallace and his at neir strokes when they sæ,
With sharp Swords they gart feill Briggands die.
They in the Top so wightly wrought on hand.
In the South Top there might no Reauer stand.
All the Mid-ship of Reauers was made waste,
That to giue ouer at point they were almost.
Then Iohn of Lyn was right graithly agast,
Hæ saw his folke about him failzie fast,
With eager will hee would haue bæne away.
Bade wynd the Saill in all the haste they may,
But from the Scots then might they not eskey,
The Ships so sore on either side they wey,
They saw nothing that might bæ to them ease,
Crawfurd on loft their Saill burnt in a bliese,
Ere Iohn of Lyn shuip for to leiue that steid,
Of his best men sirty were brought to deid.
Their Ship by ours a Boorde was more in hight,
Wallace lap in amongst the Reauers wight,
A man hæ stroke ouer Ship-boord in the Sæ,
On the ouer-loft hee slew soone other thræ,
Longoueill entered, and als good Maister Blair:
They gaue no grace to freikes that they found there,
Wallace himselfe with Iohn of Lyn hes met,
At his coller a felloun stroke him set,
Both Helm and Heid from the Shoulder hee draue,

Blair ouer the bord in the Sea cast the laue
Of his body, then all the remanand,
Enterit, and slew the Briggands that they fand,
The Ship they tooke, both Gold and other Geir,
That those Reauers had gatherit long in Weir.
But Master Blair spoke nothing of him sell,
In deed of Armes what auenture that befell,
For Thomas Gray, was Priest then to VVallace:
Put in the Booke how them happit this case.
That Blair was in, and mony worthie deed,
Of quhilke himselfe had no pleasance to read,
VVallace gart rule the Ship with his owne men.
And saylit foorth the right course for to ken,
In the Sluce Hauen, while they enterit bee,
The Merchans weill hee helpit in safety,
Of Gold and Geir they tooke part that they fand,
Gaue them the Ship, syne passit to the land,
Throw Flanders rode vpon a goodly wise.
Enterit France, and syne past to Parise
The glade tidings, that to the King was brought.
Of Wallace comming, it comfort all their thought,
They trowit by him to get redresse of wrong,
The Sutheron had in Guyane wrought so long.
The Peirs of France were still at their Parliament.
The King commandit with true and whole intent,
They should fore-sée a Lordship for Wallace,
The Lords then all deemit of this case.
For Guyane was all whole out of their hand.
They thought it best for to giue him that Land,
For weill they trowit hee had wrought so before,
Hee should it win, or els to die therefore.
Also of it they might no profite haue,
This was the cause that Wallace should it haue
This Decreet soone they shewde vnto the King.

Di

Displeasit he was, they made him such a thing,
Of Guyane thus when VVallace had a feele,
No Land, hee said likit him halfe so weill,
My chance is thus for to bee aye in Weir,
And Englishmen haue done our Realme most deire:
It was weill knowne my Defence righteous there:
Right haue I heere, my comfort is the more.
I thanke your Lords, made such reward to mee.
Your purpose is, I should not yole bee,
The King bade him bee Duke of Guyane land,
To that command VVallace was gain-standand,
Because that Land was hastily to conqueis:
His thought was aye to win it throw GODS Grace
But neuertheleſſe the King had made him Knight,
And gaue him Gold for to maintaine his Right.
And syne gaue charge to all Weir men in France,
They should bee whole at Wallace ordinance.
And also of him hee bade him Armes to take,
Wallace forsooke such changing for to make,
Since I began, I bore the Red Lyoun,
And thinks to bee aye true man to the Crowne,
I thanke you Syr, of this mighty Reward,
Pond men, heere fore shall not right long bee spairde,
I thinke to quite some part yee kythit on mee.
In your seruice, or els therefore to die.
Good Wallace thought his time hee would not waste
Unto the Warres hee graithit him in haste.
All Scottish men that were into that Land,
To him they sought with their fewty and band,
Longoueill als a great power can raise,
In VVallace helpe this good Knight gladly gaes.
Ten thousand whole of Noble men they were,
The brod Banner displayde of Scotland there,
Those Weir-men soone vpon Guyane they fure:

Broke Buildings down, whilk had bein stark & sture.
Sutheroun they slew against them made Debate,
Brightly on bread they raised fires full heate.
Shemon they tooke, that Wallace first had wunnen,
And slew all men of Sutheron there was founden.
Into that Towne VVallace his dwelling made,
All there about hee wan the Countrie braide,
The worthie Duke of Orleance was Lord,
Semblit his folke into a good accord,
Twelue thousand then hee had in Armour bright,
And thought to helpe good Wallace in his right.
Leaue I them thus, the Duke and Wallace bath,
And speak som part how Scotland took great skaith.

How Edward, King of England, come in Scotland, and made whole Conqueis thereof. Chap. III.

THe false Enuy and the wicked Treason,
Amongst themselues brought feill to confusion,
The Knight Wallange in Scotland made repaire,
The false Menteith, sir Iohn withoutten mare,
Betwirt them two was made a priuate band,
So on a Day they met into Annand.
Of the Lennox Syr Iohn had great desir,
Syr Aymer hecht hee should haue it in hire.
To hold in fee, and other Lands moe,
Of King Edward, so hee would passe him to,
Thus corded they and syne to London went,
Edward was glad, to hold that appointment.
Menteith anone was bound to that false King,
To further him to Scotland in all thing.
Syne passed home and Wallange with him sure,
Whill hee was brought againe ouer Carlile Mure.
King Edward then in yre and fierce outrage,

By

By thirty Dayes hée raised his Bairnage.
In Scotland past, and their no stopping fand,
No Chiftaine was that durst against him stand.
For Menteith told they thought to make Bruce King
All true Scots would bee pleased of that thing.
Yet many fled, and durst not byde Edward,
Some into Rosse, and in the Yles past part.
Bishop Sinkler againe fled into Bute:
With that false King hee had no will to mute.
Thus without stroke the Castels of Scotland,
King Edward hes tane into hisowne hand.
Deuided syne to men that hée would like,
Strengths and townes to Rosse throw the Kingrike,
Both Height and Haill obeyed whole his will.
That hée commanded they purpolde to fulfill.
The Bishops all inclined to his Crowne,
Both Tempozall, and the Religioun.
The Romane Bookes that then were in Scotland,
Hee gart them beare to Scone where they them fand
And but redeeme they burnt them all ilk one,
Ailsberie vse our Clerks then hes tane,
The Lozds hee tooke that would not of him hold,
In England send the Noble Blood of old,
Syz William long Dowglas to London send,
In strong Prison, and there hee made an end.
Erle Thomas als that Lozd was of Murray,
And Lozd Fraser, with him to passe away,
Als Hew the Hay, and other Heires moe,
Hee gart Wallange with them in England goe,
No man was left all this maine Land within,
From Edwards Peace knowne of any kin,
Cron and Lawder dwelt still into the Basse.
With them Lundie, and men that wozthie was,
The Erle Malcolme and Campbell past but let.

In

In Bute succour with Sinkler for to get,
Sir Iohn Ramsay and Ruthuen they fled North,
To their Cusing that Lord was of Fillorth,
Hæ past with them throw Murray Lands right
So fand they there ane gentle worthie knight,
That Clement hecht, full cruell aye had beene,
And fendit weill among their enemies kæne,
Hæ thought neuer at Edwards will to bæ.
Into his time hee gart feill Sutheron die,
Hæ led thir Lords in Rosse withoutten more,
At the Stokfurde ane starke strength biggit there,
Keipit it long right worthily by weir.
To their enemies they did full mekill deir.
Adam Wallace and Lindesay of Craigie,
Away they fled into the Night by See,
And Robert Boyde that was both wise and wight,
Arrane they toke to fend them at their might.
And Corse-Patrike into Dumbar dwelt still,
Fewtie full soone hæ made king Edward till.
Abernethie Lord Soullis and Cumming als,
And Iohn of Lorne that long time had bæne false,
Lord of Brechine and mony other mae,
At Edwards peace for gifts that hee them gae,
Iusking of peace for twentie Dayes set hee,
Of Englishmen in Lorne that men might see,
Plaine to declare, but of this cause I wis,
That all Scotland, by conques then was his,
The Lords then and gwd Bishop Sinklair.
Out of Bute syne they made ane Ballingair
To gwd VVallace told him the torment haill.
Then write they thus to get helpe of their baill.

OVr hope our heill and out haill Gouernour,
Our gudely gyde, our best Chiftaine in stour

Our Lord, our Loue, our ſtrength in righteous place,
For GODS ſake releiue vs of this caſe,
And take the Crowne to vs it were kinder,
To bruke for aye or falſe Edward it beir.
The wrife hée got, but yet ſuffer hée would,
For great falſet that part him did of old,
Mekill Dollour it did him in his minde,
Of their miſfare for true hée was and kinde,
Hée thought to take amends of their great wrang,
Hée anſwerit not but into Weir forth rang,
Of King Edward yet more forth will I mell,
In what wiſe that hée couth Scotland deill.
In Saint-Iohnſtowne the Erle of Yorke hée made
Captaine to bée of all theſe Lands braid.
From Tay to Dee and vnder him Butteller.
His Godſhyr had at Kincleuin endit there,
His Father als. Wallace had them both ſlaine,
Edward therefore made him ane man of maine,
The Lord Bewment into the North hée ſend,
Thay Lordſhip haill hee gaue them in commend,
To Striuiling ſyne from Saint-Iohnſtown he went,
There to fulfill the laue of his intent,
The Lord Cliffurd hée had then Dowglaſdaill,
Ruler to bée of the South Marches haill,
All Galloway hée gaue Cumming in hand,
Wiſt none but GOD how long ỳ ſtate ſhould ſtand.
With the gentle Lord Biſhop Lambertowne,
Of Saint-Andrewes was Dowglas of renowne,
Before that time young Iames, wight and wiſe,
To him was cume from Scuilles of Pariſe,
Ane priuate fauour the Biſhop to him bare,
But Engliſhmen was ſo great maſters there,
Hée durſt not weill in plaine ſhow him kindneſſe.
Whill on ane Day hée tooke ſome hardineſſe.

Dowglas

Dowglas hee callit, and can to Striuiling fare,
Where King Edward was dealing Lands there.
Hee proffert him vnto the Kings seruice,
To bruke his owne: frae hee wist in this wise,
Dowglas hee was, then hee forsoke plainly,
Swears by Sainct-George he brooks no lands of me
His Father was in contrare of my Crowne,
Therefore as now hee bides in our Prisoun,
To the Bishop none other answere hee made,
But as hee pleisit dealt on their Lands braid,
To the Lord Sculles all haill the Mers gaue hee,
And Captaine als of Berwicke for to bee,
Oliphant then that hee in Striuiling sand,
When hee him had hee would not keepe his Band,
The quhilk hee made or hee Striuiling him gaue,
Deceitfully the King couth him deceiue.
Into England send him in Prison strong,
In great destresse hee liuit there full long.
When King Edward had dealt this Regioun,
His leaue hee toke to England made him bowne.
Out of Striuiling Southwart as they can ryde,
Cumming hapnit neir hand the Bruce to byd,
Thus said hee, Sir, and yee can keepe counsell,
I can you leir whilke may you best auaill:
The Bruce answerit, what euer yee shew to mee,
As for my part shall weill concealit bee.
Lord Cumming said, Syr, yee know not this thing,
Of all this Realme yee should bee righteous King,
Then said the Bruce, Suppose I righteous bee,
I see no time to take sic thing on mee.
I am holden into mine enemies hand,
Vnder great aith when I come in Scotland,
To part from him, for profite nor request.
Nor for no strength, but if death mee arrest.

Hee

Yee hegh t againe to giue this land to mee,
Now finde I weill it is but subtiltie,
For this thou sees hee deales mine Heritage:
To Sutheron part, and some to Treatours wage,
Then Cumming said, Will yee therefore concord,
Of my lands and yee like to bee Lord,
Yee shall them haue for your right and the Crowne,
Or, and yee like, Sir for my baryssoun.
I shall you helpe with power at my might,
The Bruce answerit, I will not sell my right,
But on this wise, what Lordship thou would craue,
For thy supplie I hegh thou shall it haue,
Come from yone King Sir, with some jeopardie,
Now Edward hes all Galloway giuen to mee,
Hy Neuoy Soullis that keips Berwik towne,
At your command his power shall bee bowne.
Hy Neuoy als a man of mekill might.
The Lord of Lorne hes great rowme in the height,
Hy third Neuoy a Knight of great renowne,
Will rise with vs of Brechin the Barroun.
Then said the Bruce, Fell there so sore a chance,
That wee might get againe VVallace from France,
By wit and force hee couth this Kinrike wyn,
Mace, wee haue beene ouerlong holden in twine.
To that language Cumming made no record,
For old done deeds did in his minde remord.
The Bruce and hee compleitit foorth their band,
Syne that same night sealit it with their hand.
This Regiment left Bruce with Cumming there,
With Edward King in England home couth fare,
And there remainit whill this regiment was known,
Three yeere and more of Bruce claimed his owne,
Some men deemes Cumming the Regiment send,
Some men againe the contrare does defend.

None

None may say weill that Cumming was sakleſſe,
Becauſe his Saiſe was Edwards Couſeneſſe.
Hæ ſeruit death by right Law of the King,
Hæ reckleſly miſkeipit ſuch a thing:
Had Bruce paſt by but bade to Sainct-Iohnſtowne,
Ky whole aſſent, and had receiued the Crowne,
On Cumming ſyne, hæ might haue done the Law,
Hæ couth not thole frae time that hæ him ſaw.
Thus Scotland left in hard perpleritie,
Of VVallace moze in ſome part ſpeake will wæ.

THE TWELFTH BOOKE.

How Wallace Conqueſt the Land of Guyane, and how hee was made Lord thereof

CHAP I.

THe ſoze trauell, the earneſt buſineſſe,
The fell labour hæ had in mony place
To win the Land that the good King him gaue:
Into his Reigne hæ would no Suthe ron ſaue.
In Guyane Land VVallace was ſtill at Weire,
Of Scotlands loſſe it did his heart great deir,
Of true Scots in minde hæ had great pittie.
Hæ thought to helpe, his time when hee might ſæ,
Of ſet battels fiue hæ deſcomfiſht haill,
With jeopardie, and mony ſtrong aſſaill.

Syne

Syne they forsuke and durst not him abide,
The Sutheron fled from thence on either side,
To Burdeous into great multiplie,
The Towne they stuffe with vittails by the See.
All Guyane land VVallace tooke to his peace,
To Burdeous hee past ere hee would cease,
On out biggings full great mastrie hee made.
Still twentie Dayes at strong assailzeing bade,
Fortis and warks that were without the towne,
They brake and burnt and put to confusioun.
Hedges and Allayes by labour that was there,
Suilzeit and spilt, they would no fruits spare,
The Englishmen made great Defence againe:
With shot and cast that mekill were of maine,
Of Gunnes they were and ganzeis stuffit weill,
All Artailzie and Weapons of fine stæle,
With men and meat within was buskit bene,
The great Captaine was wise, cruell. and kene.
Of Glocester the huge Lord and Heire,
The Erle had bœne aye vsit into weir.
Keipit his men by wit and hardiment,
Without the towne there durst none from him went
The land without was neir wastit away,
Their men so long into the entrie lay.
In Wallace Hoste sic scant was of vittaill.,
They might not byde no longer to assaill.
Then this wise Lord the Duke of Orleance,
To Wallace said, Syr yœ should kend this chance,
It stands ouer weill with this false Sutheron blood,
For on no wise can wœ now stop their fod.
The Hauen they haue and ships at their will,
From England cummis vittail enought them till,
The land is poore of vittaill should vs beild,
And yœ see weill that they forsake the field,

Yé

Yee may with peice plenish thir lands wide,
They will noght fight thogh yee all yeare should bide
My counsell is in plaine anent this thing,
That yee would passe with worship to the King,
By his assent yee may at laiser waill,
With prouision against them to assaill
VVallace inclynit, and thankit this wise lord,
Then they returnit all with one good accord,
Past vp in France with honour to the King:
And shew him haill the veritie of this thing.
And hee thereof in heart was wonder glad,
French men before that hundreth yeare nought had,
Of Guyan halfe so mekill in their hand,
VVriting by then was new comming of Scotland.
From part of Lords and god Bishop Sinkler,
Besought the King into thir termes fair:
Of his gentrice and of his godly grace,
For their supplie to counsell god Wallace,
To com againe, and bring them from bandoune,
And take to weare the Crowne of that Region,
This write as then hee would not to him shaw,
Right laith hee was for freindship feid or aw
Wallace should passe so sone from his presence,
Ane dwelling place hee toke for his residence.
In Shemon still Wallace his dwelling made,
And held about right lyking lands braid.
A keene Captaine then claimit in Heritage,
Office of it, and great lands into wage,
Therefore hee thought god Wallace for to sla,
Under cullour sic maistrie for to ma,
Long time hee sought to get ane Day and place,
Said, hee desyrit then seruice with Wallace.

Ane Tryst they set, with fifténe on the syde,
Fourty there by hée gart in Bushment byde,
Of men in Armes. When hée with VVallace met,
Right awfully hée bad them on him set.
No armour had Wallace men in that place,
But Sword and Knife they bore on them throw cace,
Part of his men left neir ane Forrest syde.
Right bousteously the Captaine said that tyde,
That VVallace held of his Lands with vnright,
Right soberly hée said to that French Knight,
I haue no Lands but whilke the King gaue mee,
My selfe therefore haue beene in jeopardie.
The Knights then said, Thy life shall hée forlorne,
Or else that Land, the contrare who had sworne,
Backe hée lap, and out a Sword hée drue,
The Bushment broke, when hée that token shew,
Good Wallace thought that matter stood not weill,
Hé gripit swne a sheiring Sword of Steell,
And at one stroke the Knight to death hée draue,
About sixténe then lappit all the laue,
Wallace and his so worthily haue wrought,
Full feill they slew, that forest on them fought,
The Knight Brother, that stalwart was and strang,
And thought they should bée vengit ere they gang,
Of Wallace men some part hée woundit sore.
Bowing there was into a Wedow there,
Nine stout Carles, all Seruants to that Knight,
Scythes then they tooke, and ran in all their might,
To the Feighters ere they come neare that place,
But them perceiued right weill hes good VVallace,
No awfull thing of such wæ neuer saw,
Them to resist, himselfe ran to them draw,
To that stour left his Men feighting still,

To meet those Earls that come with eger will,
The first let draw at VVallace with his Syth,
Deliuer hee was, and high ouer-lap the swyth,
Ane acwart stroke hit the Churle on the Head,
Deadly on ground hee hes him left for dead,
The other hee met, ouer-lap the Syth so keene,
On the shoulder als stroke him in that teene,
Throw all the coist the Noble Sword it share,
The third hee met, with a full awfull fare,
The grounden Syth at VVallace hee let draw,
This good Chiftaine cleanly ouer-lap them aw,
With his good Sword hee made an hideous woun
Left him for dead: syne on the fourth can found:
On the right bone in great yre can him tae,
Cleued the coist right cruelly in twae,
Three formost Syths good Wallace ouerlap,
And foure hee slew, they saw such was his hap.
For aye a man hee slew at euerilke straike.
The last fled first, thus can their power flaike,
VVallace fast followed, and syne the fifth ouer-tae
Stroke him to death, that no further hee gaes,
Syne sped him syne vnto his men againe,
By then they had the Knights brother slaine,
Fiftie and fyre deadly to death were dight,
Except seuen men that fled out of their sight:
Fyue Powers als, that VVallace selfe with met.
To French-men sen syne no such tryst was set.
Because that they him brought to such a case:
The King heard tell weill shaped was Wallace.
Send for him syne, syne prayed him to bee,
Of his House-hold, and liue in good safftie,
For weill hee saw they had him at enuy,
Still with himselfe hee gart him byde for thy,
Two yeares there VVallace with mirth abade:

Still into France, many good Journey made,
The King him pleased in all his goodly maine,
From him hee thought hee should not part againe.
Lords and Ladies honourit him reuerently.
Wretches and Shrews aye held him at enuy.

How VVallace slew the two Champions. Chap. II.

TWo Champions that time dwelt with the King,
Had great despite at Wallace in all thing.
Together yeid aye those two Champions,
Of felloun force and froward of conditions.
Right great despite they spoke aye of Scotland,
Whill on a Day it hapned vpon hand,
VVallace and they were leaued them allone,
By auenture into an House of Stone.
They vsed to beate no Weapons in that Hall,
They trowed therefore amisse they might not fall,
There communed they of Scotland scornefully,
Then VVallace said, Yee wrong vs vtterly:
Sen wee are bowne in friendship to your King,
And hee of vs is pleased of all thing.
All Scots men hes helped this Realme from dread,
Yee thinke yee should giue good word for good deid,
What may yee speake of your enemies but ill:
In lightlinesse they made answere theretill.
And him despited in their language als,
The Scots, they said, haueeuer yet beene false,
Wallace tooke one on the face in his teene,
With his good Hand, whill mouth, nose, and eene.
Throw the braith blow all bushed out of blood,
Forflings to ground hee smote him where hee stood,
The other hint to Wallace in that steid,

Full weill hée weind his Fellow had béene dead,
And hée againe in grieke him grippit sore,
Whill his spirit failed, that hée might doe no more,
The first freicke rose, and smot on VVallace fast,
Both to the death hée brought them at the last,
Upon a Piller their braines out hée dang,
And with his hands out at the Doore them flang,
And said, What Deuill moued yond Carles at mée,
Long time in France I would haue let them bee,
Trust weill in trueth, thus were they gone to dead,
Though French-men now likes not thereof to read,
Als I will cease, and put it out of minde,
Better it is, who right can loke in time,
Many great Lords was displeasit in France,
But the good King who knew all the whole chance,
Right great despite of Scotland spoken had they:
This passit ouer, whill that vpon a Day,
Was none of them that durst it ouertake:
Hée had done wrong, or therefore Battell make.

How Wallace slew the Lyon in the Barrace. Chap. III.

THis Royall Roy an high Worship him gaue.
As Conquerour him honourit of the laue,
A fell Lyon this King gart bee brought,
Within Barrace, for great harme that hée wrought
Tyrlised with Pyne, no more power him gaue,
Of woodnesse hée exceeded ouer the laue.
But hée was faire, and right felloun in deid,
Into that strong strength hée gart men him feid,
Keipit him close, for Men and Beistiall.
In Court their dwelt two Squyers of great vaill,
That Cousens were to the Champions two.

T

The quhilke before WVallace hapnit to slay,
A band they made in priuy conclusion,
At their power to worke his confusion,
By any meanes, through fraud and subtiltie:
After therefore they thought not for to die,
To death or shame so that they might him bring,
Upon a time they went vnto the King:
This Scot they said, that they so weill fare make,
Hee sees not heere but hee would ouer-take,
By his great force to put to confusion,
Now hee desires to fight with your Lyon,
And bade vs aske of you the Battell strong,
Yee grant him leaue in the Barrace to gang:
Sadly againe to them answerit the King,
Sore mee forethinkes hee desires such a thing,
But I will neither for right nor yet pleasance,
Deny VVallace what hee desires in France.
Then went they forth, and sone met with Wallace:
A figured tale they tolde him in that case,
Wallace, they said, the King desires that yee,
Direnze Battell so cruell for to see,
And chargeth you to fight with this Lyon,
Wallace answered in hastie conclusion.
And I shall doe, what bee the kings will,
At my power, right gladly to fulfill,
Then passed hee vnto the King but more,
A Lord of Court, when hee approached there,
Anwisely speared, without prouision.
VVallace, dare yee goe fight with our Lyon:
And hee said, Yea, so the King suffer mee,
Or with your selfe, if yee ought better bee.
What will yee more: This thing admitted was,
That Wallace should vnto the Lyon passe,
The King charged to bring him good Harnesse,

And hes said, Nay, GOD shield mee from such cace,
I should it take if I sought with a man,
But for a Dog, that nought of Armes can,
I will haue none, but single as I goe,
A great Mantle about his hand can tae,
And good Sword, with him hee tooke no more,
Abandounly in Barrace entred there:
Great Chaines were wrought in the Yate with a gin
And pulled toe, when VVallace was thetein,
The wood Lyon on Wallace where hee stood,
Ramping hee brayed. for hee desired blood,
VVith his round polles in the Mantle wrought so,
Athwart the Backe good Wallace can him tae,
VVith his good Sword that was of birneist steill,
His body in two it cutted euerilk deill.
Syne to the King hee raked in great yre,
And said on lowde Was this all your desire,
To ware a Scot thus lightly into paine:
Is there moe Dogs that yée would yet haue slaine,
Goe bring them foorth, sen I man Dogs quell,
To doe bidding, whill that I with you dwell.
It gains mée weill to graith mee in Scotland:
For greater déeds there men hes tane on hand.
Then with a Dog in Battell to enchieue,
At you and France for euer I take leiue.
The King perceiued that VVallace greiued was,
So earnestly hée asked leiue to passe.
Rewed in his minde that it was hapned so,
So lewd a déed to let him vndergoe.
Knowing the VVorship and the great Noblenesse,
Of him whilke sprang that time in many place.
Homely hee said, It should displease you nought,
Yée it desired, it bred neuer in my thought.
And by the Faith I owe the Crowne of France,

I thought neuer to charge you to ſuch chance,
But men of Baill that asked it for you,
V Wallace anſwered, To GOD I make a Vow,
I liked neuer in ſuch Battell to bæ in,
Upon a Dog no Worſhip is to win.
The King conceiued, how this falſed was wrought.
The Squyers both were to his preſence brought,
Could not deny when they come him before.
All their treſpaſſe they told withoutten more.
The King commanded they ſhould bee done to dead,
Smote off their heads, without any remead.
The Champions, loe, for Enuy cauſeleſſe,
To ſudden death V Wallace them brought throw caſe,
The Squyers als, frae their falſeneſſe was kend,
Enuy them brought both to a ſudden end.
Lords, behold, Enuy the euill Dragon,
In cruell Fire hee burneth this Region.
For hee is not that abounds in Enuy,
To ſome Miſchiefe it brings him haſtily,
Forſake Enuy, thou ſhalt the better ſpæd,
Hæreof as now I will no further ræd.
But in my matter, as I before began,
I ſhall declare as plainely as I can.

WHen Wallace ſaw they had him at enuy,
Longer to bide hé thought not then plainly.
Better him thought in Scotland for to bee,
And auenture take, either to liue or die,
To helpe his owne hé had far more pleaſance.
Then there to byde, with all the Wealth in France,
Then his whole minde, manhood and courage.
Was plainly ſet to win out of Bondage.
Scotland againe from paine and mekill ſhore,
Hé vowed hee ſhould, or elſe to die therefore.

The King hes seen how good Wallace is set,
The Letter then him gaue withouttin let.
The quhilk of late from Scotland was him send.
VVallace it saw, and weill there harms kend.
By the first writ thereto accordiall.
Them to supply he thought hee would not faill.
Where fore should I hereof long processe make?
VVallace of France a goodly leaue can take.
The King hes seene that it would not els bee,
To Chamber went, behold him might not hee,
For great languor. When VVallace can remoue,
The King to him keeped kindnes aye and loue.
Jewells and Gold his worship for to saue.
Hee bad them giue as mekill as they would haue.
Lords and Ladies weeped wonder fast,
When VVallace there so tooke his leaue and past,
No man hee tooke, bot whom he thither brought.
Again with him Longoueill foorth sought.
For paine nor blisse that good Knight left him neuer,
For case befell, whill death made them disseuer.
Towards the Sluce in goodly feir past hee:
A Vessell got, and made him to the See.
Eight Shipmen hired and goodly Wage them gaue:
To Scotland fure, the firth of Tay they haue,

How Wallace came in Scotland againe at the Battell of Elchocke Parke. Chap. IIII.

VPon the Night Wallace the Land hes taner
At Ernis-mouth, and is to Elchocke gone.
He gart the Ship in couert saile away,
So out of sight they were ere it was day.
At Elchocke dwelt then Wallace Cousen deir,
That Crawford heght: the house when they come neir

On

On the back-side VVallace a Window found:
And in hee called, then Crawfurde come at hand,
Frae time hee wist that it was good VVallace,
Into his Barne hee ordainde them a place.
A Mow of Corne hee builded them about,
And closde it weill, none might perceiue there out,
But at one place where Meat was to them brought,
And Bedding too, as goodly as hee mought,
Unto the Water, whereof Wallace was glad,
A derne hole foorth on the North side they had,
Foure Dayes or fiue in rest sojourned there,
Whil meat was gon, thē Crawfurd bouned for more
To Sainct-Iohnstowne, their purveyance to buy.
Englishmen thought hee tooke more aboundantly,
Then hee was wonte in any time before.
They haue him tane, and put in prison sore,
What Guests hee had to tell made him request?
Hee said, It was but to a Kirking Feast,
Yet they presumed the cumming of Wallace,
Knowledge to get they set a subtill case,
They let him passe with thing that hee had bought.
Syne after soone in all the haste they mought,
To Harnesse yeed the power of the Towne,
Eight hundreth men with Butteller made them boun
Followit on driegh whill that this man came home
Wallace him saw, and said, Hee seruit blame,
In my sleeping a fell Vision mee tolde,
Till Englishmen that thou shouldst mee haue sold.
Crawfurd then said, hee had beene tormented sore,
With Englishmen, that had him at despaire,
Therefore rise vp, and soone some succour see,
I dread full sore they set Watches on mee,
The worthie Scots graithit them in good speed,
Their weapons took, syn from that House they yeed.
Then

Thus suddenly feill Sutheron they saw:
Too few they were to fight against them aw,
That kænly come with young Butteller the Knight,
Then Wallace said, In plaine Lands is not right,
But Elchocke Parke that is neare hære beſyde,
The firſt Sailzie wee thinke there to abyde,
Nintæne they were, and Crawfurde with good will,
The twentieth man, the number to fulfill
The Park they took, where VVallace a place hes ſene,
Of great Holline, that grew both high and græne:
With thoztour trées a maner of ſtrẽgth there made he
Ere they were wun, they thought to gar feill die.
The wood was thicke, but little of breath and length,
And they had meat, they thought to hold that ſtrẽgth,
The Engliſhmen then paſſe to Crawfurds place,
Found in the Barne the lodging of VVallace.
Then Crawfurds Wife in hands ſoon haue they tane
And aſked at her what way the Scots were gone?
Right weill they trowit that VVallace ſhould there be
From France to Tay hee was come thzow the See,
Shée would not tell, foz boaſt noz yet reward,
Then Butteller ſaid, Quer long thou haſte been ſpard,
And gart them big a full bzoad burning fire,
Therewith hee grew in matalent and yre,
The Sutheron ſwoze therein ſhee ſhould burnt bee.
Then VVallace ſaid Shée ſhall not end foz mee.
Great ſinne it were, yone ſakleſſe Wight to ſlae,
Ere ſhee ſhould end, in Faith there ſhall die mae.
Hee left the Strength, and the plaine Field can tae,
On lowde hee cryed, and ſaid, Loe, heere thy fae,
Thinkes thou no ſhame foz to tozment a Wife?
Come foozth to mee and make end of our ſtrife.
Frae Butteller had on Field good Wallace ſeene,
Foz olde malice hee wore neare wood foz teene.

Upon

Vpon the Scots they chuip all with great mane,
Good Wallace soone the Strength hee tooke againe:
Ane fell bicker the Englishmen began,
Assailzeit sore with manie cruell man.
But they within were Noble of Defence,
Wade great debate with force and violence,
At the entrie fyfteene they put to dead:
Then all the laue remoued from that stead.
Yeed to Array againe to sailzie new,
VVallace beheld whilke weill in weir him knew.
Fellowes hee said, Againe all at this place.
They will not faill, but this stands the case.
Yone Knight thinkes for to deuyde his men,
In feir places the suith yee shall weil ken.
Againe on vs to proue how it may bee,
As now behoues some other way to see,
Contrare their might a good defence to make,
Now Longoueill thou shall sire with thee take.
VVilliam mine Eme als many with you goe,
And syue with me as now wee haue no moe,
Knight Butteller then parted his men in three,
Wallace desyit where Butteller chuip to bee,
Thither then past that entrie for to weir.
Quhilke syde they did assailzie with great feir.
VVallace leit part on the entrie begin,
But none yeid out that on the Scots come in,
Seuen formost was that in the front first yeid,
VVallace syue men that doughty were in deid.
Ake one slew one and VVallace gart two die,
Butteller was neist and said, this will not bee,
Abacke hee drew and leit his courage slaike,
The worthie Scots preuit weill for Scotland sake,
Good Longoueill his Counter made so sore,
And Crawfurde als they sailzeit them no more,

Right

Right neare by then approached to mirke night,
And Starres to appeare began into their sight,
Sutheron set Watches and to their Supper went,
The Butteller was sore greiuit in his intent.
Yet sure they weill of good Stuffe Aill and Bread,
Wallace and his they wist of no remead,
But cald Water that ran out throw a strand,
In that lodging none other food they fand,
Then VVallace said, Good Fellowes thinke not long,
Will GOD wee shall bee soone out of this throng,
Suppose wee fast an Day or yet an Night,
Take all in thanke this paine for Scotlands right,
The Erle of Yorke was in Sainct-Johnstoun still.
To Butteller send and bade him bide at will.
To him full soone there should come new power,
And als himselfe thus told the Messenger.
Butteller would faine that Wallace had yeilden bene
Or the Erle come, and for this cause was sene,
His Grandsher and his Father both hee slew,
This knight therewith towart the Parke him drew,
What cheare they made, vpon the Scots hee cald,
Then Wallace said, Far better then thou wald.
The Butteller said, I would faine speake with thee,
Then Wallace answered, thou mayest for little fee.
VVallace, hee said, thou hes done mee great skaith,
My Father and my Grandsher thou slew both,
Then Wallace said, For that state thou art in.
It were my det for to vndoe thy kin,
And I thinke als, as GOD of Heauen mee saue,
That my two hands shall graith thee to thy graue,
The Butteller said, That is not likely now,
But wee thee haue, wee shall gar syds sowe,
Of this I aske, and thou would make mee grant,
What I thee heght, that thing thou shalt not want,

Say

Say fooꝛth, quoth hee, be thy deſire reaſonable,
I ſhall it grant withoutten any fable,
The Butteller ſaid, VVallace thou knowes right,
Thou may not ſcaip by power noꝛ by ſlight.
And ſen thou ſees it may no better bee,
Foꝛ thy gentriee thou would thee yeeld to mee,
Then Wallace ſaid, Thy will vnſkilfull is,
Thou would mée doe quhilke is ouer hie amiſſe,
Yeilden I am, to better I can pꝛoue,
To whom? hée aſkit, to the Great GOD aboue,
Foꝛ euer ilke Day, ſen I had wit of man,
Befoꝛe my woꝛke to yeild mée I began,
And als at Euin when that I failzeit light,
I mée betaught to the maker of might,
The Butteller ſaid, Mée thinks thou hes done weill,
Yet of one thing I pꝛay thée let mée ſeill,
Foꝛ thy manheid this to mée manifeſt,
When that thou ſées thou may no longer leſt.
On this ilke place quhilke I haue tane to weir,
That thou come fooꝛth and all other foꝛbeir,
Then VVallace leugh at his cruell deſire,
And ſaid, I ſhall though thou were wood as fire,
And all England the contrare had ſwoꝛne,
I ſhall come out thereat ilke place the moꝛne,
Oꝛ elſe this night truſt weill that I thée ſay,
I byde nought here whill nyne houres of the Day,
Butteller ſend fooꝛth the chake watch on the ſyde,
In that ilke place boldly hée bownit to byde.
Thus ſtill they baid, whill Day began to peare,
Ane thicke miſt fell. the Planeit was not cleare,
Wallace aſſayit all that place about,
Leit as hée would at ſome ane place breake out.
Whill Buttellers men away from him couth goe,
To helpe the laue, when they ſaw it was ſo.

Wallace

Wallace and his fast sped them to that steid,
Where Butteller baid feill men they brought to deid
The worthie Scots sone past throw that mellie,
Crawfurd therewith was sore hurt in the knee,
At eird hee was god VVallace turnit againe,
And at one stroke the Butteller hes hee slaine.
Hint vp that man vnder his Arme so strong,
Defending him out of that felloun throng:
God rowm hee made among them where hee goes,
With his right hand hee slew fiue of his foes,
Bure out Crawfurd by force of his persoun,
Nine aiker brod or euer hee set him downe,
The Sutheron fand that their Chiftaine was deid,
Semblit him about, but then was no remeid,
Thirty with him of the wightest hee brought,
Deid on that place whereat the Scots out sought.
VVallace and his by then was from their sight.
Sutheron baid still for great lose of that knight,
The Myst was mirke, that Wallace likit weill,
Himselfe was glad, and said to Longoueill,
At Methuen Wood is my desyre to bee,
For their is bestiall to get in great plentie.
By then they were weill commin to the hight,
The Myst slaikit, the Sunne shynit fair and bricht.
Sone were they war ane little space them by,
Of foure and thirty in ane company.
Then Wallace said, Wee yone friends or foes,
Wee will them see sen that they are no moe.
When they come neir, ane Noble knight it was,
The whilke to name heght Syr Hew of Dundas.
And Syr Iohn Scot a wise and worthie knight:
Into Stratherne a man of mekill might,
For there hee had great part of Heritage,
Dundas Sister hee had in Mariage.

Passing

Paſſing they were, and might no longer laſt,
To Engliſhmen their fewtie for to feſt,
The Lord of Brechin ſic command had them made,
Of King Edward to hold their lands braid,
But frae they ſaw that it was wight Wallace.
Held vp their hand and thankit GOD of Grace,
Of his great helpe whilke he had ſend them there,
To Methuen Wood with one aſſent they fare.
Sone gat them meat of beſtiall that they fand,
Reſtit that Day when night was commin on hand,
To Birnane Wod but reſting are they gone,
Where they haue found the Squyer good Ruthuen,
In outlaw vſe hee had long liuit there,
Of beſtiall quhill hee might get no more.
They taryit not but into Athoill yeed,
Wher meat was ſcant there Wallace had great dreid
Paſſit to Lorne right little fand they there,
Of wylde and tame that Countrie was made bare,
But in the ſtrengths there food was leauit none,
Thir worthie Scots then made ane pitteous mone,
Syr Iohn Scot ſaid, Hee had far rather die,
Into good name, and leaue his Aires free,
Then for to byde as bound in ſubjection,
When Wallace ſaw thir good men of renowne
With Hunger ſtad almoſt might leiue no more,
Wit yee for them hee ſighit wonder ſore,
Good men, hee ſaid, I am the cauſe of this,
At your deſire I ſhall amend this mis,
Or leaue you free ſome cheuiſance for to mae,
All him alone hee bounit for to ga.
Prayit them byde whill hee might come againe,
Out ouer ane Hill hee paſſit into plaine.

Out

Out of their sight into ane Forrest syde,
Hee set him downe vnder ane Aike to byde,
His Bow and Sword hee lennit to ane tree,
In anguish great on grouf then turnit hee,
This pitteous mane was for his men so wrought,
That of himselfe little thing hee them sought.
O Wretch hee said, that neuer couth bee content,
Of ouer great might that the Great GOD thee lent;
But thy fierce mind wilfull and variable,
With great Lordship thou couth not so byde stable,
And wilfull wit, for to make Scotland free,
GOD likes not that I haue taken on mee,
Far worthier than I, of birth was borne,
Throw my desire, for Hunger are forlorne
I aske at GOD them to restore againe,
I am the cause, I should haue all the paine.
Whill studying thus, while syting with him sell,
Whill at the last vpon a sleeping hee fell.
Three Dayes before there had him followit fiue,
The quhilk was bound, or els to losse their lyue.
The Erle of Yorke bade them so great guardoun,
That they by thift thought to put VVallace doun,
Three of them was borne men of England,
And two was Scots that toke the deid on hand,
And some men said, the third brother betraisit:
Kindrome east where great sorrow was raisit,
Ane Childe they had quhilke helpit to beare meat,
In Wilderneese among the Mountaines great,
They had all seene the dissenerance of VVallace,
From his good meu and where hee bade on chace,
Among thicke Wood in couert held them law,
Whill they persauit hee could on sleeping saw.
And thir fiue approachit Wallace neir.

Whats

Whats beſt to doe, at other faſt they ſpeir?
Ane man ſaid thus, It were an hie Renowne,
And wee might leid him quicke to Sainct-Ionhſtoun;
Loe how hee lyes, wee may our grips waill,
Of his Weapons hee ſhall haue none anaill.
Wee ſhall him bind in contrare of his will,
And leid him thus on back-ſide of yone Hill,
So that his men ſhall nothing of him know,
The other foure aſſented to that ſawe,
And then thoſe fiue made them vnto VVallace,
And thought throw force, to bind him in that place,
What? trowed thoſe men for to had Wallace doun;
The manlieſt Man, the ſtarkeſt of Perſoun,
Liuing hee was: als, ſtood into ſuch Right,
Wee truſt weill Great GOD his deeds hes in tight;
They griped him, and out of ſleep hee braid,
What meaneth this, then ſadly Wallace ſaid?
About hee turnit, and vp his Armes throng:
On thoſe Traytors with knightly force hee dang,
The ſtarkeſt Man into his hands hint hee,
And all his braines hee dang out on a Tree,
His Sword hee got ſone after that hee roſe,
Champion-like amongſt the foure hee goes,
Euer a man hee gart die at a dint,
When two were dead, the other three would not ſtint
Bade them to flee, but then it was no bot:
Alas none liuing might paſſe from him on fot.
Hee followit faſt, and ſone to death them brought,
Then to the Childe ſadly againe hee ſought.
What didſt thou heere? The Child with a paill face,
On knees did fall, and aſkit Wallace grace,
With them I was, and knew nothing their thought,
Into ſeruite, as they mee bad, I wrought.
What beareſt thou there? But meat the Child can ſay

Goe take it vp, and paſſe with mee away,
Meat in this time is far better than Gold,
VVallace and hée forth foundit on the fold.
Who brought VValace from his enemies bold?
Who? but great GOD, that hath this world to hold,
Hée was his helpe in mony felloun throng,
Withglade cheare, thus vnto Erne can hée gang.
Both roſted fleſh there was, als Bread and Chieſe,
To ſuccour them that were in poinct to leiſe.
And hee it deals to foure men and fiftie,
Whilke had before faſtit ouer Dayes three,
Syne toke his part, hée had faſted als long,
Where heard yée euer any in ſuch a throng?
In hunger ſo ſléeping and Weaponleſſe,
So weill recouerit, as Wallace did in caſe,
Plainly by force vincuiſt his enemies fiue,
Men of wit this queſtion will deſcriue,
Withoutten gloſe I will tell forth my tale,
How come this Meate, this fellowſhip aſkit whole?
To their deſire VVallace no anſwere yold:
Where fiue were dead hee led them forth and told,
Greatly diſpleaſit was all the Cheualry,
To a Chiftaine they held it fantaſie,
To walke allone, VVallace with ſober mood,
Sayes, Héreof hes come nothing now but good.
To the low land againe full faſt they ſought:
Speired at the Childe, if hee could wiſh them ought
Where they might beſt of purueyance for to win?
Of none hee ſaid, was that Country within,
Nor all about, in als far as I know,
Whill that yee come downe to the Rannach Yaw,
That Lord hes ſtuffe, both Aill Bread, and Wernay
Of King Edward hée takes full mekill Wage.
Then Wallace ſaid, My ſelfe ſhall bée your guide,

I know that Steid, about on either side,
Throw the wild Land hee guided them full right,
To Rannoch Hall hee brought them that same night
A Watch was set and that full soone they tae.
Hee was a Scot, yet would hee not him slae,
But gart him tell the manner of that Place.
Thus enterit they within a little space,
The Yate they wan, for Castell there was none,
But mvd-Wall wight, withouten Lim or Stone,
VVallace in haste stroke vp the Chamber Doore.
With his right foote, that stalwart was and stour,
Then they within awakenit suddenly
The Lord got vp, and mercie can hee cry,
Frae time hee wist that good VVallace was there.
Hee thankit GOD, syne said these words more,
True man I was, and win against my will,
With Englishmen, suppose I like it ill.
All Scots wee are, that in this House are now,
At your command all boldly shall wee bow.
Of our Nation good Wallace had pittie,
Tooke Waths of them, and syne meat askit hee,
Good Cheare they made, whill light Day on y morne
This true man then soone semblit before,
Three Sonnes hee had that stalwart were and bold,
And twenty men of kin, in his House hold.
VVallace was blyth they made him some supplie,
Said, I thanke GOD that wee thus multiplie,
All that Day ouer, in good liking they rest:
Watches they waill, to kepe them that couth best,
Apon the morne, the light Day when they saw,
Then Wallace said, Our Power for to know,
Wee will take Field, and vp our Banner raise:
In right of Scotland, and contrare of our foes,
Wee will no more now vs in Couert hide.

Power to vs will semble on ilke side,
Then Horse they got, the best that could bee there,
Towards Dunkeld the gainest way they fare.
The Bishop then got him to Sainct-Iohnstowne,
The Scots slew that were of that Nationn.
Both Poore and Rich, and Seruants that they fand,
Left none aliue that borne was of England,
The Place they tooke, and made them weill to fare,
Of Purueyance that Bishop had brought there,
Iewels they got, both Gold and Siluer bright,
With good Cheare there fiue Dayes sojournit right.
On the sixe Day VVallace to Counsell went,
Gart call the best and shew them his intent.
No man wee haue to assault Sainct-Iohnstowne,
Into the North therefore, let vs make bowne.
In Rosse yee know good men a Strength hes made,
Yeare they of vs, they come withoutten bade,
Als into Bute is good Bishop Sincklair.
Frae hee get wot; hee comes withoutten mair.
Good West land-men of Arranc and Rouchlie,
Frae they bee warnit, they will all come to mee.
Thus purpose tooke, and in the North they ride,
No Englishmen durst in their gat abide,
Whom Wallace tooke, they knew the olde Ransoun,
Frae hee come home to flee they made them bowne,
And Scots men semblit to VVallace fast,
In awfull feir out throw the Land they past,
Strengths were left, wot yee all desolate,
Against thir folke no man durst make Debate,
In rayed Battell they rade to Aberdeene,
In whole nnmber seuen thousand then were seene,
But English men had left the Towne all waste,
On euer ilke side away then can they haste,
In all that Land left neither more nor lesse,

Lor

Lord Bewmont tooke the Sea at Buchane-Neſſe.
Throw Scotland then was manyfeſt in plaine,
The Lords that fled in heart were wonder faine.
The Knight Clement of Roſſe come ſuddenly,
In Murray Land with their good Chevalry.
The Houſe of Narne that good Knight weill hes tane
Slew the Captaine, and good men many one,
Out of Murray and Buchane Land come they,
To ſeeke Bewmont, but hee was paſt away,
Then thir good men to VVallace paſſed right,
When Wallace ſaw Syr Iohn Ramſay the Knight,
And other good men that had beene from him long,
Great courage then was raiſed them among,
The Land hee ruled as that him likit beſt.
To Saint-Iohnſtowne ſyn rade ere they would reſt.

The Siedge of Saint-Iohnſtowne.

AT euery Port a ſtalwart Watch hee made,
Confirmit a Siedge, and ſtedfaſtly abade,
Biſhop Sincklair in all good haſte him dight,
Come out of Bute with ſeemly men in ſight,
Out of the Ples of Rauchly and Arrane,
LINDSAY and Boyde, with good men many one
Adame Wallace, Barroun of Richartowne,
Full ſadly ſought to Wallace of renowne,
At Saint-Iohnſtowne bade at the Sailzie ſtill,
For Sutheron men they might weill paſſe at will,
For in their way their durſt no enemies bee,
But fled away, by Land and eke by See,
About the towne thus ſembled they but more,
For they had beene with good Wallace before,
Keton, Lawder, good Richart of Lundie,
In a good Barge they paſt about by See,

In Saint-Johnstown haue, their Ankers haue they
Two Englisch Ships they tooke withoutten let, (set
The one they burnt, and stuffit the other weill,
With Artailzie and stalwart men in stæle,
To kæpe the Port, there should come no Victuall,
Into the Towne, nor men that might auaill,
From South and North, many from Scotland fled:
Left Castells waste, feill left their liues in wed.
The Sutheron Bishop that before left Dunkell,
To London past, and told Edward him sell.
In Scotland there had fallen a great mischance,
Then send hee soone for Aymer the Wallange.
And askit him, what then was best to doe?
Hæ hecht to passe, and take great Gold thereto,
Into Scotland, some meanes there to make,
Against Wallace on hand thus can hæ take,
Hæ said, Hee would vndoe King Edwards Crowne,
Except hee might throw Treason put him downe,
King Edward hecht what thing that Wallange band,
Hæ should it keepe, thereto hee gaue his hand.
Wallange tooke leaue, and into Scotland went.
To Bothwell come, syne cast in his intent,
What man there was might Wallace best beguile,
And soone hee found within a little while.
Syr Iohn Menteith that VVallace Gossop was,
A messenger sir Aymer hes gart passe,
At Rugline kirke those two together met,
Him to betray the Bargane there was set.
Then Wallange saide, Syr Iohn, thou knowest this
Wallace againe ryses contrare the King. (thing
And thou mayst haue what Lordship thou wilt waill,
And thou wouldst worke as I would giue counsell,
Pone Tyrant holdes the Realmes at trouble both,
To thrifty men it doeth full mekill skaith,

Hee trusteth thée thou mayst full weill him take:
Of this matter I rede an end thou make.
Were hee away, wé might at liking ring,
All as Lords, and liue vnder an King.
Then Menteith said, Yé is our Gouernour,
For vs hé bade in many felloun stour.
Fought for himselfe, but for our Heritage:
To sell him thus it were a great out-rage.
Then VVallange said, And thou weill vnderstood,
Great Merite it were, hee spilles so mekill blood,
Of Christen men putteth Soules in perrill,
I bind mé als hee shall bee holden whole.
As for his Life, and keepit into Prison,
King Edward would haue him in subiection,
Then Menteith thought so they would keep cunnand
Hee would full faine haue had him off Scotland,
Vallange saw him into a study bee,
Thré thousand pound of fine Golde let him see.
And hecht hee should the Lennox haue at will.
Thus treasonablie Menteith granted theretill,
In Obligation with his owne hand hé made,
Syne tooke the Gold, and Edwards Seale so braid,
And gaue them his, VVhen hee his time might see,
To take VVallace, ouer Sulway giue him free,
To Englishmen by this treasonable concord,
Sir Iohn should bé of all the Lennox Lord,
Thus Wallace should in England képed bee,
So Edward might make Scotland to him free.
There Couetise was ouer great Maister seene.
Bone example takes how an othere hath beene.
For Couetise put in paines strong and fell.
For Couetise the Serpent is in Hell.
For Couetise good Hector tooke the deid,
For Couetise there can bee no remeid.

Throw couetise good Alexander was lost,
And Iulius als, for all his Reise and boast,
Throw Couetise died Arthure of Britaine,
For Couetise there hes died mony one.
For Couetise the Traytor Ganillion.
The flowre of France hee put to confusion.
For Couetise they poysoned good Godefray,
In Antioch, as the Author will say.
For Couetise Menteith vpon false wayes,
Betrayed Wallace, that was his Gossop thryse,
Wallange in haste, with blyth will and good heart,
To London past, and shewde to King Edward,
Of their Contract hee had far moze pleasance,
Then of fine Gold giuen in the Ballance.
Of greater weight then his Ransoun might bee.
Of Wallace foorth yet speake some part will wee.

AT Saint-Iohnstoune yet was the siedging still,
In a morning the Sutheron with good will.
Fiue hundreth men in Armes right egerly,
They ished foorth to make a Jeopardy.
At the South Port vpon Scot and Dundasse,
Whilke in their time right wise and worthie was,
Against their foes right sharply fought and sore:
In that Counter seuen score to death they bore.
Yet Englishmen that cruell were and keene,
Full derdly fought, where doughty deed was seene,
From the Vvest side, done all the Scots whole.
To the Feighters. When they saw nought auaile,
But in againe full fast they can them speed.
The Knight Dundasse full doughty proued in deed,
Quer neare the Yate full bandounly hee bade.
With a good Sword full great maistrie hee made.
Nought knowing weill his fellowes were him frae,

In

In at the Yate the Southeron can him tae.
Unto the Erle they led him hastily.
When hee him saw, hee said hee should not die,
To slay this one it may vs little remeid,
Hee send him foorth to VVallace in that steid,
Unto the North his Battels hes hee brought,
Whill hee him saw, of this hee wist right nought,
Send to the Erle, and thanked him largely,
Yeght for to quite when hee such cause might see,
But yet therefore Souerance hee would not grant,
Though they were yeilden, and come recryant.
For Gold nor Good, hee would no Tribute take,
A great assault then hee began to make,
The Erle of Fyfe dwelt vnder Trewes long.
Of King Edward, and then hee thought it long,
That Wallace so was sledging Saint-Iohnstoune,
But if hee come in right helpe of the Crowne.
To Englishmen hee would not keepe that band,
Then come hee sone with good men of the Land,
And Iohn Wallange was then Shyrreffe of Fyfe,
To Wallace passe, and sterked him in that strife,
The Erle was come of good true Noble blood,
Of the olde Thane, whilke in his time was good,
Then all about to Saint-Iohnstowne they gang,
The felloun fault was hiddeous sharp and strang.
Full feill Faggalds into the Dyke they cast,
Hadder and Hey about the Stakes they fast.
With Trees and eird a great passage they made,
Out ouer the Walles they yéd in Battell braid,
The Sutheron then made great Defence againe,
Whill at the Walles there was a thousand slaine,
VVallace yeid, and his rayed in Battell right,
All Sutheron men derfly to death they dight.
To saue the Erle, Wallace the Yerauld send.

Good Iop himselfe, the whilke before him kend,
For Dundasse sake, hee said hee should not die,
VVallace himselfe thus ordainde for to bee,
A small Yaickney to him hee gart be take,
Siluer and Gold his charges for to make.
Set on his Cloake a token for to see,
A Lyon in ware, that should his conduct bee,
Conuoyed him fordth, and no man him withall,
Wlomen and Bairnes, Wallace gart freith them all:
And syne hee cryed, True Scots to their owne,
Plenisht the Land whilk long had bene ouerthrowne
Then Wallace past, the South Land for to see:
Edward the Bruce, in his time right worthie,
That yere before hee had in Ireland beene,
And there with him were cruell men and keene,
Fiftie in feire were of his Mothers kin,
At Kirkcubright in Galloway entered in,
With those fiftie hee had vanquisht nine score,
And syne past withoutten tarry more.
To VVigton sone, and that Castell hath tane,
Sutheron were fled, and left it all alone.
VVallace him met, with true men reuerently,
To Lochmabane went all that cheualry,
They made Edward both Lord and Leader there,
This condition Wallace made him but more,
But a short time to bide Robert the King,
If hee come not in this Region to ring,
That Edward should receiue the Crowne but faill,
This heght Wallace, and all the Barnage whole.
In Lochmabane Prince Edward leinded stile,
And Wallace past to Cummocke with good will.
At the Blacke-Bogge, where hee had wont to bee,
Upon that steid a Royall House held hee.
English Wardens to London past but more,

And

And told the King of all their great misfare.
How Wallace can Scotland from him reduce.
And how hee had receiued Edward Bruce,
The Commons swore they should come neuer more,
Upon Scotland and VVallace liuing were.
Then Edward wrote to Menteith priuely,
Prayed to haste, the time was passed by.
Of the promises to quhilke hee was bounden,
Sir Iohn Menteith into his wit hes founden,
How hee should best his purpose to fulfill,
His Sister Sonne in haste hee called him till.
And ordained him in dwelling with WVallace.
And Oath againe hee gart him make on case,
What time hee wist Wallace in quyet draw,
Hee should him warne what auenture might faw,
This Man granted that sic thing should bee done,
With Wallace thus hee was in seruice sone,
But of treason, Wallace had little thought,
His labrous minde in other matters wrought.
Thus VVallace thrise hes made all Scotland fres,
Then hee desired in lasting Peace to bee.
For as of weir hee was in some part irke,
Hee purposed to serue GOD and the Kirke.
And for to liue vnder his righteous King,
That hee desired aboue all earthly thing.

How VVallace was betraised by Syr Iohn Menteith, and had in England, and was martyred there. Chap. V.

THe Herauld Iop in England soone hee send,
And wrote to Bruce right heartly his commend,
Beseiking him to come and take his Crowne,
None should gain-stād, Clarks Burges nor Barroū.

The

The Herauld past when Bruce saw his credence,
Thereof hee toke ane perfite great pleasance,
With his owne hand againe wrote to Wallace,
And thankit him of lowtie and kindnesse.
Beseeking him this matter to conceill,
For him behoued out of England to steill.
For long before was keipit the Regement,
Whilke Cumming had to byde the Parliament,
Into London and if they him accuse.
To come from them hee should make some excuse.
Hee prayed VVallace on Glasgow mure to waike.
The nixt first night of Iulie for his sake.
And bade hee should but into quiet bee,
For hee with him might bring few Cheualry,
Wallace was blyth when hee this writting saw,
His houshold sone hee gart to Glasgow draw,
That Moneth there hee ordained them to byde.
Keirlie hee tooke ilke Night with him to ride.
And this young man that Menteith to him send,
Wist none but they what way that Wallace wend,
The whilk gart warne his Eme the aughteene night,
Sirty full soone Syr Iohn Menteith gart dight,
Of his owne kin and allya was borne,
To his Treason hee gart them all bee sworne,
From Dumbartane they sped them hastilie,
Neir Glasgow kirke they busked them priuilie,
Wallace past foorth where that the tryst was set,
Ane spy they made and followit him but let,
Robert Ralstoun was neir the way besyde,
And but ane House where Wallace vsed to byde,
Hee woke on foote whill passed was mid Night,
Keirlie and hee then for ane keepe them dight,
They bade this man that hee should waike his part.
And waken Wallace, come men from any kirt.

When

When they sleipit the Treatour toke good heid,
Hé met his Eme, and bade him haue no dreid,
On sléep hé was, and with him but one man,
Yé may him haue for any craft hé can,
Without the House their Weapons laid them fra,
For weill they wist gat VVallace one of tha,
And on his féte his ransome should bé sold.
Thus semblit they about this febill hold,
This Treatour watch from Wallace then hé stall,
Both Knife and Sword his Bow and Arrowes all,
After mid-night in hands they haue him tane,
Slummerit on sléepe with him no man but ane,
Keirlie they toke, and led him from that place,
Did him to death withoutten longer space,
They thought to bind Wallace with strengths strong,
On foote hé gat these fell Treatours among:
Hé gripped about but no Weapons hee fand,
Yet with ane Stule that did besyde him stand,
The backe of one hé brist it in that thrang,
And of ane other the harnes out hé dang,
And als many as hands couth on him lay,
By force him hint for to haue him away.
But that power ane sute might not him lead,
Out of that House whill they or hé were dead,
Sir Iohn saw weill by force it might not bee,
Or hé were tane rather hé thought to die,
Menteith bade eeis, and then spake to Wallace,
Syne shew him forth ane full right subtill cace.
Yé haue so long here wist you allone,
Whill wit thereof is into England gone.
Therefore heare mé, and sober your courage
The Englishmen with ane full great barnage,
Are semblit heere, and set this House about,
That yé by force on no wise can win out.

Sup-

Suppose yée had the strength of good Hector,
Among the Hoste yée may not long endure:
And they you take in haste your death is dight,
I haue spoken with Lord Cliffard that Knight,
Their Chiftaine is, and weill meanit for your life,
They aske no more but bée quyte of your strife.
To Dumbartane yée shall passe forth with mée,
Syne in your House yée may in saiftie bée.
Sutheron sic vse with Menteith long had they.
That Wallace trowit some part that hée would say.
Menteith said, Syr, loe, Weapons none wee haue,
Wée come in traist, your life if wée might saue,
Wallace trowit weill, and hée his Gossop thrise,
That hée would nought by no manner of wise,
Him to betraise for all Scotland so wyde,
Ane oath of him hée askit in that tyde,
There wanted wit, what should his oaths more,
Forsworne to him hée was long time before.
The oath hée made, VVallace come in his will,
Right fraudfully all thus hée showed him till,
Gossop, hee said, As Prisoner they must you sée,
Or else throw force they will take you from mée,
Ane Courch with slight vpon his hands they laid,
And vnder syne with sicker Cords they braid.
Both sharp and teuch and fast together drew:
Alace, the Bruce might sore that binding rew.
Which made Scotland sone broken vpon cace,
By Cummings death and lose of good Wallace.
They led him forth in feir among them aw,
Keirlie hée mist, and syne the Southeron saw.
Then wist hée weill that hée betraised was,
Nowart the South with him when they can passe,
Yet they him said, In trueth hée should not die,
King Edward would keepe him in good safetie.

For

For the honour of Weir that hee had wrought,
But the sore bands so troubled all his thought,
Credence thereto forsuith hee could not giue,
That hee wist weill they would not let him liue.
Ane false foull case that Menteith hes him sald,
When on this wise good Wallace hee was cald,
Some men sayes, It was to saue his Lord,
They leyit all out that made that false record,
At the Fawkirke the good Stewart was slaine,
Our Chronicles rehearses that in plaine,
On Magdalane Day the aughtene yere before,
Cummings death therefore it witnesses more.
And at Restoun Wallace was treasonablie,
Thus falsly stollen from his good Cheualry,
In Glasgow lay, and wist not of this thing,
Thus was hee lost, in byding of his King.
South they him led, aye holding the waist land,
Deliuered him in haste ouer Sulway sand,
The Lord Cliffurd and Wallange toke him there,
To Carleil Towne full fast with him they fare,
In Prisoun him set, that was an great dolour,
That House after they called Wallace Tour.
Some men syne said that know not weill the case,
In Barwike Towne to death they put Wallace,
Contrare is knowne by this opinioun,
That Sutheron men had not then Barwike towne.
To Scotland frée it was, till Soullis it gaue,
For Lord Cumming to England with the laue,
Ane other point is the Treators durst not passe,
That sould him so where Scots men Master was,
The third point is, the Commons of England,
What they deny they will not vnderstand,
That thing bee done for witnesse that may bee,
No credence gaue further then they may see.

To

To ſée him die Edward had moꝛe deſyꝛe,
Than to bee Loꝛd of all the whole Empyꝛe.
And foꝛ this cauſe they keipit him ſo long,
Whill the commones might vnto London gang,
¶ Alace, Scotland, to whome ſhalt thou complaine?
Alace, from paine, who can thée now reſtraine?
Alace, thine helpe is fallſie bꝛought to ground,
Thy beſt Chiftaine in bꝛaith bands is bound.
Alace, thou hes now loſt thy gyde of light,
Alace, who ſhall defend thée in thy right?
Alace, thy paine appꝛoaches wonder neare,
With ſoꝛꝛow ſone thou mon bée left on ſteare,
Thy gratious guide, thy greateſt Gouernour,
Alace, ouer neare hes come thy fatall houre.
Alace, who ſhall now beat thée of thy baill?
Alace, when ſhall of harmes thou bee haill,
Who ſhall defend? who ſhall thée now make ſtée?
Alace, in Weir, who ſhall thine helper bée?
Who ſhall thée kéepe? who ſhall thee now redéeme,
Alace, who ſhall the Saxons from thée ſleme?
I can no moꝛe but beſeike GOD of Grace,
Thée to reſtoꝛe in háſte to Wealth, and Peace.
So good Wallace may ſuccour thée no mair,
The loſſe of him increaſes mekill cair.
Now of his men in Glaſgow ſtill they lay,
What ſoꝛꝛow raiſe, when they miſt him away,
The cruell paine the woefull compleaning,
Theꝛefoꝛe to tell it were ane heauie thing,
I will let bee and ſpeake of him no mair,
Little rehearſe is ouer mekill care,
And principally where redemptioun is none,
It helps not to tell their pittéous mone.
The dead thereof is yet in remembꝛance,
I will let ſtaike of ſoꝛꝛow the Ballance.

But Longoueill to Lochmabane can passe
And there heght hée where good Prince Edward was
Out of Scotland hée should passe neuer more,
Losse of Wallace sought to his heart so sore,
The Realme of France hée vowed neuer to sée,
But reuenge Wallace, or else therefore to die,
There hee remained, whill comming of the King,
With Bruce in Weir this good Knight forth did ring
Remembrance syne is in the Bruces Boke,
Second hee was, when they Sainct-Iohnstown took,
Followed the King at winning of the Towne,
The Bruce therefore gaue him full great Guardoun.
All Chartris Land the good King to him gaue.
Charteris sensyne of him commen are the laue,
Where to should I far in this Story wend?
But of my Boke to make ane finall end.

Robert the Bruce came home on the third Day
In Scotland, after that Wallace was away,
To Lochmabane, where hee found good Edward,
Whereof hée was greatly rejoyced in heart,
But frae hee wist Wallace away was led,
So mekill baill into his brest was bred,
Neare off his wit hée worthed for that deid,
Edward full soone then to his Brother yeid,
A sudden chance this was, in woe from weill,
Good Edward saith, This helpeth not a deill,
Let mourning bée, it may bée no remeid,
Yée haue him tint, yée should reuenge his deid,
But for your cause hée tooke the Warres in hand,
In your defence and thrise hath fred Scotland.
The whilke was lost, from vs, and all our Kin,
Were not Wallace wée had neuer entered in.
Mirrour hee was of Lawty and Manheid,
In Warres the best that euer power shall leid,

Had hée liked for to haue tane the Crowne,
Would none him let that is in this Regioun,
Had not beene hée, yée should had none entresse,
Into this Realme for tressoun and falsenesse,
That shall yee see the Traitour that him sold,
From you hée thinkes Dumbartane for to hold,
Some comfort take, and let slaike of this sorrow,
The King charged Edward vpon the morrow,
Redresse to take of wrong that wrought him was,
To Dalswyntowne hée ordained him to passe.
And men of Armes if they found Cumming there,
Put him to death for no dread they would spare.
They found him nought, the King him after slew,
Into Drumfeis where witnesse were a new.
That hapned wrong ouer great haste in ane King,
To wirke by law it may skaith mekill thing.
I need not here no further for to shaw,
How that was done is knowne to you aw.

But young Dowglas first to the King can passe,
In all his weir that wight and worthie was,
Nor how the King hes tane on him the Crowne,
Of all that heir I make but short mentioun.
Nor how Lord Soullis gaue Berwike towne away:
How after soone als tint was Galloway.
How Iohn of Lorne againsthis right King rose,
On either side how Bruce had many foes,
How bold Brichen contrair the King couth ryde,
Right few was then in weir with him to byde,
Now how the North was giuen from the good King,
Whilke made him long in painefull weir to ring.
But true to him was Iames the good Dowglas,
For Bruces Right baid weill in many place.
Under the King hée was the best Chiftane.

But VVallace I set ane Chiftaine him allone,
Therefore to him is no comparisoun,
And of ane man, saue reuerence of the Crowne,
But so many as of the Dowglas hes bene,
Good of ane thing was neuer in Scotland sene.
Comparisouns I can not weill declare,
Of Bruces Boke, as now I speike no mair.
Maister Iohn Barbour, which was an cunning clark
Hes of the Bruce said mekill in his warke,
In this matter I am prolixt almaist.
To my purpose breifly I will mee haste,
How good Wallace was set among his foes,
To London with him Cliffurd and Wallange goes,
Where King Edward was right faine of that fang,
They haue him set fast in ane Prisoun stronge.
Of VVallace end my selfe would leaue for dread,
To say the worst, but righteousnesse mee lead,
Mee finde his Life was als so verray trew,
His fatall houre I will not fenzie now,
Menteith him sold, and that ouer weill was knowin,
Feill of that kin in Scotland then was sowne,
Charged to byde vnder the great Iudgement,
That King Robert aged in his Parliament:
Thereof I make no longer continuance,
But VVallace end in world was displeasance,
Therefore I cease and puts not into Ryme,
Scotland may thinke the blissed happie tyme,
That hee was borne, by principall points two,
This is the first, or that wee further goe.
Scotland hee fred, and brought it from thirlage.
And now in Heauen hee hes his Herberage,
Whereof wee haue right sicker confidence,
Sen for his Countrie hee made so great defence,

An Admonition to the Reader.

BEcauſe that the moſte part of theſe things following ſeemeth ſomequhat ſuperſtitious, and not verie agreeable with the trueth of Gods word, wee haue thought it expedient to admoniſh thee (good Reader) that albeit we haue here inſert them after the forme of our Copie. Yet notwithſtanding wee doe not meane to allowe or approue them whollie for infallible trueth.

But rather, on the one part, we haue here retained them ſtill, to ſhow the blindneſſe and errour of that time, wherein men were greatly inclined to credite ſuch vanities and dreames: that now wee may bee ſtirred vp to giue thankes to the *Eternall*, our God, that hath opened our eyes, and deliuered vs from ignorance, that we may clearely diſcerne betweene light and darkneſſe, right and wrong, &c.

On the other part, to ſatisfie the appetites of anie that could not eaſilie permite any thing to bee taken away or altered in this worke: Wherein wee haue borne with that altering almoſt nothing heerein, leſt they ſhould judge vs raſhe and haſtie in doing thereof, at our owne libertie and pleaſure.

Yet notwithſtanding, it is moſte ſure that often times it pleaſeth God of his great mercie, for the deliuerance of miſerable and oppreſſed people, to raiſe vp valiant and notable perſonages, whome hee enndueth with extraordinarie force, both of minde and body: Whoſe faithfull diligence in executing Gods purpoſe, for the reliefe of their Natiue Countrie and *Brethren*, as wee doubt not but it is acceptable in Gods ſight: ſo wee are certaine their names ſhall remaine in honour and eſtimation in all Ages preſent and to come. As is eaſilie to bee ſeene in the hiſtories of diuers Nations: If anie liſt, peruſe the ſame.

Ane Monke there was in Burie Abbay then,
Into that time a right Religious man:
Ane young man als, with him ni ordour stood.
Whilke knew his life was cleine perfite and good,
This Father Monke was vexit with seiknesse.
Out of the World, as hee should passe on cais,
His Brother saw his spryte lykly to passe.
Ane band of him right earnestly couth hee as,
To come againe and schow him of the meid,
That hee should ask of God for his good deid.
Hee granted him at his power to prieue,
To come againe, if God will giue him leaue,
His spryte changed out of this worldes paine,
In that same time come to the Monke againe.
Sic thing hes beene, and is by boyce and sight,
Where hee appeared, there shined mekill light.
Like to Lanternis they illuminate so cleir,
That worldly light thereto might bee no peir,
Ane boyce thus said, God hes mee granted grace,
That I shall keepe my promise in this place.
The Monke was blyth, of this cleine figure faire,
But ane fire-brand in his fore-head hee bare,
As that him thought mislyked all the laue,
Where art thou Spryte: Answered, So God mee saue,
In Purgatorie. How long shall thou byde there,
But halfe a yeere to come, and little more,
Purgatorie is, I let thee weill to wit,
In any place where God will it commit.
Ane houres space I was there judged to bee,
And that passes suppose I speake with thee.
Why hes thou that, and all the laue so haill,
For in science I thought mee most anaill.
Who prydes therein, their labour is in waste.

For Science comes but of the holy Gaist,
After thy houre where is thy passage euen?
When time comes, hee said, to lesting Heauen,
What time is that? I pray you now declare?
Two are on life, must bee before mee there,
Whilke two are they, the veritie mee ken?
The first hes beene ane great slayer of men,
Now they him keepe to martyr in London towne,
On Wedinsday, before the King and Commoun,
Is none on life that hes so many slaine,
O brother, hee said, this taile is but in vaine:
For slaughter is to God abominable,
Then said the Spryte, Forsuith this is no fable.
Hee is VVallace defender of Scotland,
For righteous weir that hee tooke vpon hand,
Righteousnesse there is loued ouer the lane.
Therefore in heauen hee shall that honour haue,
Syne ane poore Preist is mekill to commend,
Hee tooke in thankes what thing that God him send,
For godlinesse and good deuotioun,
Heauen hee shall haue to lasting warisoun,
I am the third granted throw Gods grace,
Brother hee said, tell I this in our place,
They will but deeme Either dreame or rane,
Then said the Spryt, This witnesse thou shalt haue,
The Belles shall ring for ought that yee doe may,
When they him slay halfe an houre of the Day,
And so they did, the Monke wist what they ailled,
Throw braid Bretane the word thereof was scailled:
The Spryte tooke leiue at Gods will to bee,
Of Wallace end to heare is great pittie.

AND I wald not put men in great dolour,
But lightly passe out ouer this fatall hour.

On Wednisday false Southeron forth him brought
To martyr him as they before had thought,
VVallace was martyred, the trueth to you to tell,
As were Osweld, Edmond, Edward with paine fell,
With men of Armes led him a full great rout,
With a bold spryte then VVallace blent about,
Ane Preist hee asked for him that died on tree,
King Edward then commanded his Clergie,
And said, I charge in paine of lose of life,
None bee so bold yon tyrane for to shryfe:
Hee hes rung long in contrare mine hienesse:
A blessed Bishop sone present in that place.
Of Canterberie hee then was righteous Lord,
Against the King hee made his right record.
And said, My selfe shall heare his confessioun,
If I haue might in contrare of thy Crowne,
Or thou throw force shall stop mee from this thing,
I vow to God, whilke is my righteous King,
Ouer all England I shall thee Interdyte,
And make it knowne thou are ane Heritike.
The Sacrament of Kirke I shall him giue,
Syne take thy chois to sterue or let him leiue,
It were more vaill in worship of thy Crowne.
To keepe sic one on life in thy bandoun,
Then all the land and good that thou hes reft,
But Couetise thee aye from honour dreft.
Thou hes thy life rung long in wrongous deed,
That shall bee seene on thee, or on thy sede.
The King gaue charge they should the Bishop tae,
But wise Lords counselled to let him gae.
All wise men said, that his desyre was right,
To Wallace then hee raiked in their sight,
And sadly heard his confessioun to the end,
Humblie to God his Spryte hee did commend.

Laytie him serued with harty Deuotioun,
Upon his knees, and said ane Oraisoun,
His leaue hee tooke, and to Westminster raid,
The Cleuchmen there they buir VVallace but baid,
Unto a place his martyrdome to take,
For to his death hee willed them furthring make,
Frae the first night hee was tane in Scotland,
They keeped him into the samine band.
Nothing hee had that would haue done him good,
But Englishmen him serued of carefull food,
The worldly life desires the sustenance,
Though hee it gat in contrare of pleasance,
Thay thirtie Dayes his bands they durst no slaike,
Whill hee was bound to a scamyll of Arke.
With yron Chainzeis that were both starke & keene
Ane Clerke they set to heare what hee would meene,
Thou Scot, hee said, that so great wrong hes done,
Thy fatall houre thou sees approaches soone,
Thou should in mind remember thy misdeid,
That Clerks may when they their Psalmes reid,
For Christin soules whilke oft maks them to pray,
In their number thou may bee one of thay.
For now thou sees on force thou most deceis,
Then Wallace said, For all thy round reheirs,
Thou hast no charge suppose thou had done mis.
Yone blissed Bishop hes beght I shall haue bliss,
And I trow weill that GOD shall it admit,
Thy simulat words shall not thy conscience smit,
Comfort I haue of way that I should gang,
Most paine I feill that I byde heir so lang.
Then said the Clerke, Our King send off thee till,
Thou might haue had all Scotland at thy will.
To hold of him, and ceaset of thy strife,
So as a Lord to rungin foorth thy lyfe.

Then

Then Wallace said, Thou speakes of mightie thing,
Had I lasked and gotten my righteous King,
And worthie Bruce receiued had his Crowne,
I thought haue made England at his bandoun,
That vtterly it should beene at his will.
What pleased him to saue, or else to spill.
Weill said the Clerke, I se thou repents nought,
Of wickednesse thou hes a felloun thought.
Is none in world that hes so many slaine,
Therefore to aske, me thinke thou should be baine,
Grace at our King, and syne at his barnage:
Then Wallace smilled a little at his language.
I grant hee said, some Englishmen I slew,
In my querrell me thought not halfe anew,
I moued no weir, but for to win our awne.
Both God and man the right full weill hes knowne,
Thy frustrat words does nought but tyres mee,
I thee command in Gods Name let mee bee.
A Shyrreffe gart this Clarke soone from him passe,
Right as they durst granted what hee would asse,
A Psalter Booke Wallace on him had euer.
From his Child heid with it hee would not seuer.
The better hee trowed in veyage for to speid,
But when hee was dispuilzeit of his weid,
This grace hee asked at Lord Cliffurd that Knight,
To let him haue the Psalter Booke in sight.
Hee gart ane Priest open before him hold,
Whill they to him had done what that they would,
Stedfast hee read for ought they did him there,
Feill Sutheron said, that Wallace felt no sore,
Good deuotioun so was his beginning.
Continued there with, and swa was his ending,
Whill speich and Spryte atteines all can faire,
To lesting blisse wee trust for euermore.

I will not tell how hée deuyded was,
In fyue parts and ordained for to paſſe,
Yet his Spryte thus bée liklineſs was weill,
Of VVallace life who hes a better feill.
Way thow forth more with wit and eloquence,
For I to this haue done my diligence,
After the Proſe giuen from the Latine Booke,
Whilke Maiſter Blair in his time vndertoke,
In faire Latine compylled to an end,
Wilth good witneſſe quhilke more is to commend.
Biſhop Sinkler that Lord was of Dunkell,
Hée got this Booke and confirmed to him ſell,
For verie trueth thereof hée had no dreid,
Himſelfe had heard great part of Wallace deid,
His purpoſe was to haue ſend it to Rome,
Our Father of Kirke therein to giue his dome,
But Maiſter Blair and als Syr Thomas Gray,
After Wallace they liued many a day.
Thir two knew beſt of Syr Williams deed,
From ſixtéene yére whill nine and twentie yéed,
Fourtie and fiue VVallace of age was calde,
That time that hée was to the Sutheroun ſalde,
Though this matter bée nought to all pleaſance,
His ſuithfaſt deid is worthie to auance,
All worthie men that reads this turall dyte,
Blame not this Booke though I bée imperfyte,
I ſhould haue thanks, ſen I no trauell ſpaird,
For my trauell no man hecht mée reward.
Nor charge I had of King nor other Lord,
Great harm I thoght this good deid ſhould be ſmord,
I haue ſaid here neare as the proces goes,
And kenzeit nought for friends nor yet for foes.
For coſts hereof was no man bound to mée,

In this Sentence I had no will to see.
But in as much as I rehearsed nought,
So worthilie as Noble VVallace wrought:
But in one point I grant I said amisse,
These two Knights should blamed bee of this,
The Knight Wallace of Craigie rightesus Lord,
And Liddaill too causde mée make wrong record.
On Allartoun Pure the Crowne hee tooke one day.
To get Battell as mine Author will say.
These two causde mee say on an other wise,
To Maister Blaire wee did part of suppryse.

Thus endeth WILLIAM WALLACE *wight,*
Behind him left not such a Knight:
Of worthinesse and deed of hand,
From thraldome thrise hee fred this Land.

THE

THE CONCLVSION of this Booke.

GOe Noble Booke fulfilled of Sentence,
Suppose thou bee barren of *Eloquence*,
Goe worthy Book fulfilled of worthy deed
But thee to help of language thou hast neid
When good Makers rang weill into *Scotland*,
Great harme it was that none of them thee fand.
Yet there is part that can thee weill aduance,
Nowe byde the time and bee in remembrance.
I you beseik of your benevolence,
Who will nought loif, lack nought mine eloquence.
It is well knowne I am a rurall man,
And here haue done as goodly as I can,
My tongue did neuer ornate termes embrace.
I beseik God, that giuer is of Grace.
Made Hell and Eird, and set the Heauen aboue,
That hee till vs grant his deir lasting Loue.

FINIS.

A Table of the Contents of this Booke.

The first Booke.

THe Genealogie of VVallace Fol. 2
The Battell of Berwicke 4
The Battell of Dumbar idem
How King Edward and Corspatrik came to Scone, Fol. 5
How Wallace slew the Constables Sonne of Dundie 7
How Wallace past to the water of Irwin, to take Fish 12

The second Booke.

How Wallace slew the Churle with his owne staffe 15
How Wallace slew Lord Pearsies Stewart 17
How Wallace was imprisoned in Air, and escaped 20
The Battell of Lawdon hill 26

The third Booke.

How Wallace slew Fenwik 32. 33. 34. &c.
How Wallace tooke peace with the Englishmen 37
How Wallace slew the Buckler-player 49

The fourth Booke.

How Wallace wan the Peill of Cargunnocke 43
How Wallace slew the Captaine of Sainct Iohnston, and wan Kincleuin 55
How Wallace went to Shortwood shawis 59
How Wallace was sold to the Englishmen 64

The fifth Booke.

How Wallace escaped out of Sainct Iohnston 67
How Wallace past to Lochmabane, &c. 88
How Wallace wan the Castell of Crawfurd 99

The

Of the spousage of Wallace, and how Hessirige, &c. 102
The Battel of Bigger 112
How Wallace wan the Strength on the water of Cree 126

The seuenth Booke.

How Wallace burnt the Barnes of Air, put B. Biecke out of Glasgow, and slew Pearsie 131
How Wallace slew Mackfadzeane 151
How Wallace wanne Sainct-Iohnstowne 159
How Wallace laid siege to Dundie, and gaue battell at the bridge of Striuiling 163

The eight Booke.

How Wallace put Cors-Patricke out of Scotland 170
How Cors-Patricke brought in Scotland Bishop Bieck, and Robert the Bruce and Wallace, gaue battell, 176
How Wallace past in England, and remained there three quarters of a yeere, &c. 183
The siedge of Yorke 193
How the Queene of England spake with Wallace 206

The ninth Booke.

How Wallace Past into France Fol. 219
How Wallace fought with the Red-Reauer, & vanquished him 223
How Wallace Past in Guyane 236

The tenth Booke.

How Wallace wan Sainct-Iohnstone by a jeopardie 244
The Battell of Blacke-Yrne-side Forrest 247
The winning of Lochleuin 258
The winning of Airth 261
How Wall. burnt the Englishmen in Dumbartane 264
How sir Will. Dowglas wan the Castle of Sanquhair by a jeopardie: and how Wall. rescued him, &c. 270

The eleuenth Booke.

The Battell of Faw-kirke. 283
How Wall. met with Iohn of Lin vpon the sea 307
How Edward King of England, came in scotland and made whole Conqueis thereof 312

The

How Wallace conqueſt the Land of Guyane 318
How Wallace ſlewe the two Champions 323
How Wallace came againe into Scotland at the Battell of Elchocke Parke 328
The ſiedge of Sainct-Iohnſtone 341
How Wallace was betraiſed by ſir Iohn Menteith, and had in England, and martyred there 347
Of the dreame of the Monke of Burie, and other thinges following the death of Wallace. 357

FINIS.